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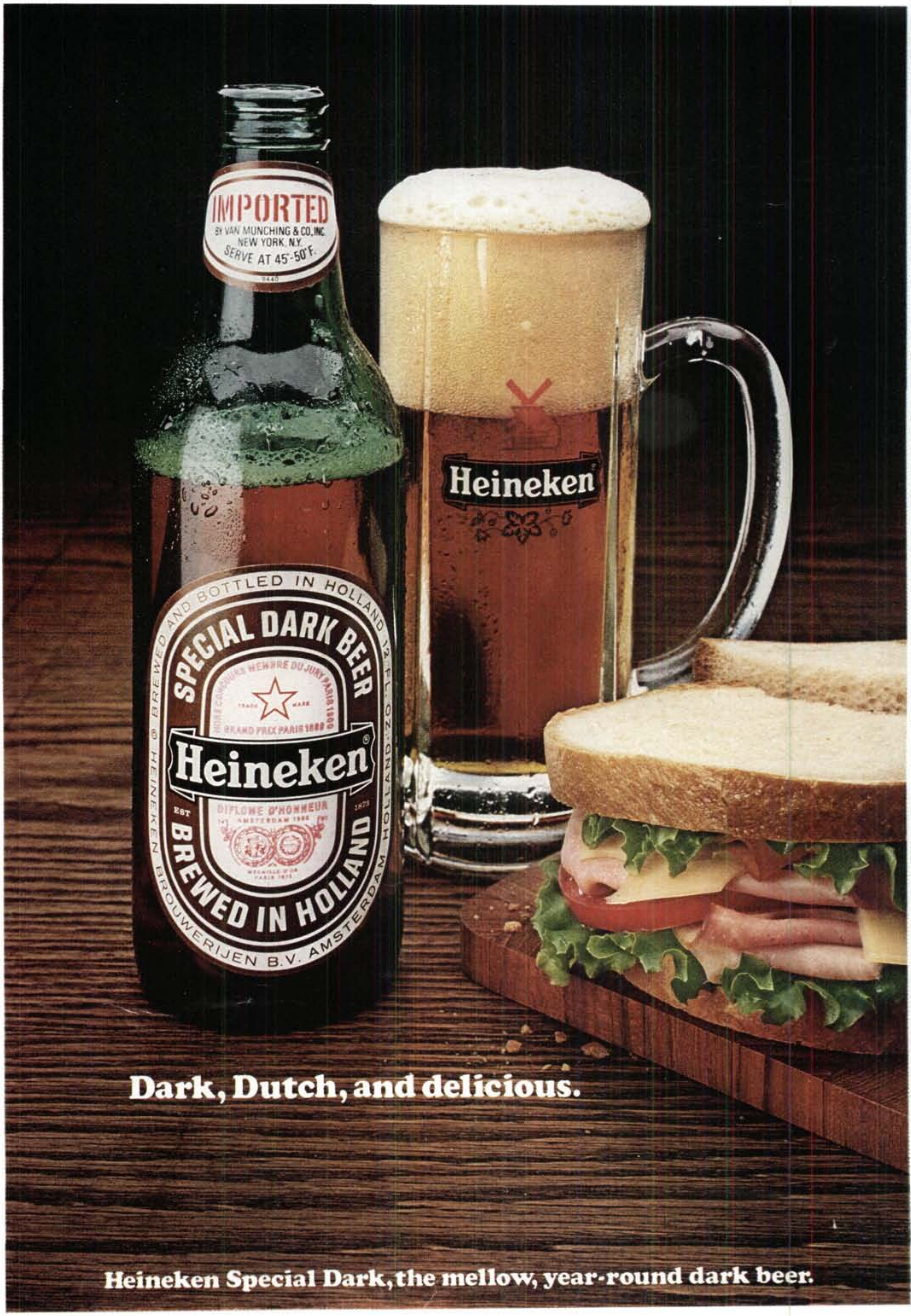
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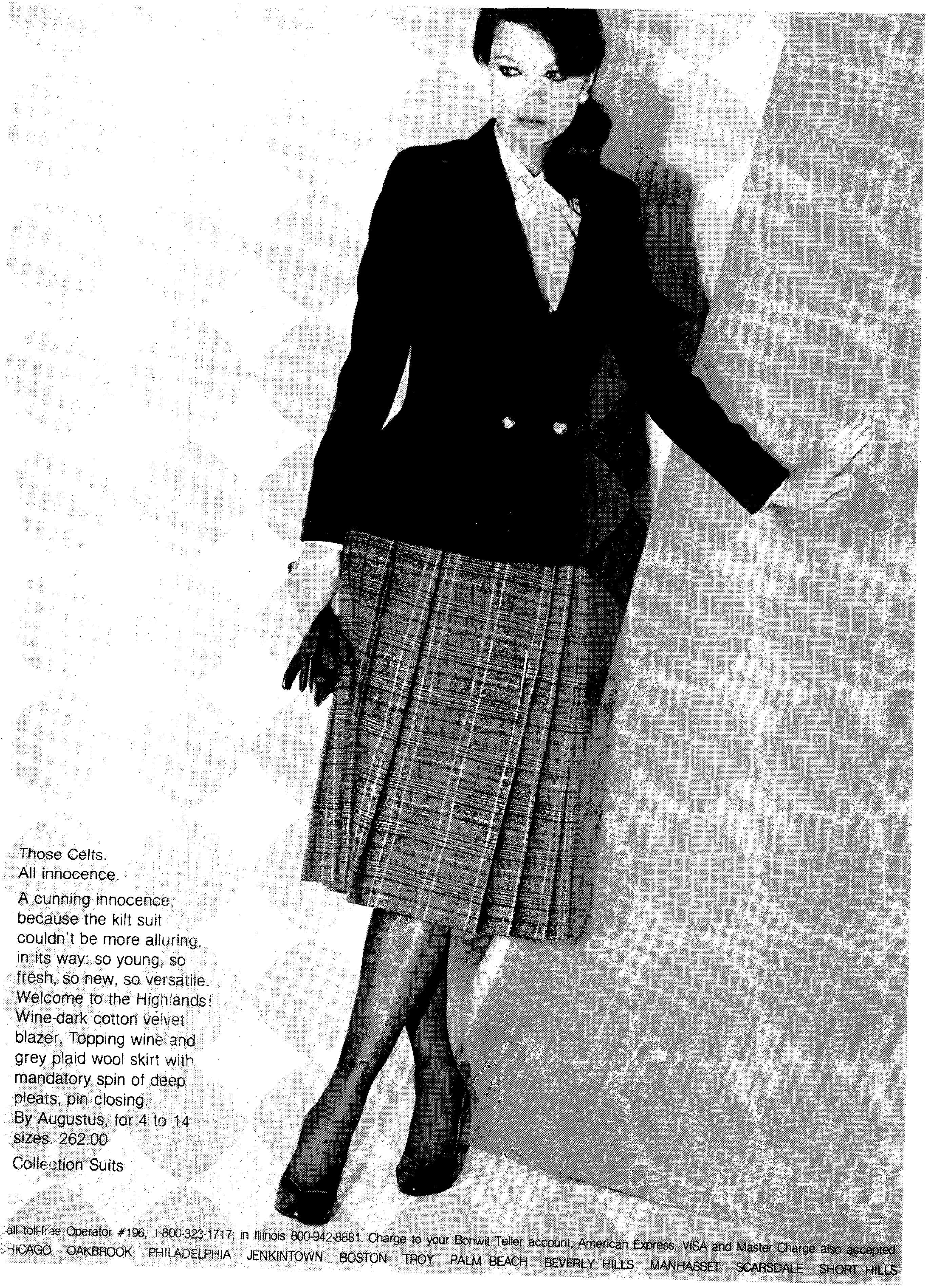

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Barnum—A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Billy Bishop Goes to War—Eric Peterson playing seventeen roles in a fantastic comedy about the First World War. The author, John Gray, is also onstage to play the piano, sing, and make curious grumbling sounds. Cedric Smith fills in for Mr. Peterson at the 10-o'clock show on Saturdays and at Sunday matinées. (6/9/80) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Blackstone!—A superlatively clever magic show. Harry Blackstone is not quite as witty a performer as he appears to think, but he is an excellent magician. (6/2/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Branches from the Same Tree—A play by Marge Eliot. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, July 27.)

Camelot—Richard Burton is the star of this admirable new production of the Lerner-Loewe musical, which he starred in twenty years ago. His King Arthur is a touching, lonely man. Christine Ebersole plays Guenevere and Richard Muenz is Lancelot. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Children of a Lesser God—An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich as the woman and John Rubinstein as her troubled teacher-husband-friend-enemy. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by William Mastrosimone, **the woolgatherer**, with Peter Weller and Patricia Wettig: Wednesday through Friday, July 16-18, at 8; Saturday, July 19, at 7 and 10; Sunday, July 20, at 3; Wednesday and Thursday, July 23-24, at 8; Friday, July 25, at 7; and Saturday, July 26, at 10:15. . . . **macready**, a play by Frank Barrie: Previews Sunday, July 20, at 7; Monday and Tuesday, July 21-22, at 8; Friday, July 25, at 10:15; and Saturday, July 26, at 7. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Dixie Carter and Dorothy Lyman in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: a Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fallen Angels—A revival of Noël Coward's comedy, with Valerie French and Carol Teitel at the head of the cast. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home—A young playwright named Samm-Art Williams has composed a paean of hope and confidence about black life in the South. With Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—The latest of Neil Simon's many plays about the endlessly wisecracking mind of Neil Simon. With Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Leavings and How Do You Do—Two one-act plays by Ed Bullins, for which George Stubbs has provided the music. (Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. 228-8032. Sundays at 6.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 20: **h.m.s. pinafore.** . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, July 23-27: **the zoo, trial by jury,** and **cox & box.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Look Back in Anger—A revival of John Osborne's play, with Malcolm McDowell in the leading role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A very funny comedy by Kaufman and Hart, written in 1939 and young for its age. The hero, played by Ellis Rabb, is a greedy, ungrateful monster, modelled after the real-life figure of Alexander Woollcott, who knew everybody and trafficked in everybody, and is worth remembering for the single-mindedness of his self-promotion. (7/7/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mass Appeal—Bill C. Davis's play about a middle-aged priest and an earnest young seminarian who comes to him for instruction has a good first act but tends to fall apart in the second. The excellent Milo O'Shea is the priest and Mr. Davis has assumed the role of the seminarian. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (5/19/80) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 20.)

Morning's at Seven—A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 23

"NOW AT WEST EGG" . . . . *Veronica Geng* 28

"DULSE" . . . . *Alice Munro* 30

"THAT SATURDAY WITHOUT A CAR" (POEM) . . . . *Stephen Dunn* 36

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS
(DOCUMENTARY FILM—PART I) . . . . *Ved Mehta* 40

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 81

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 82

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 84

JAZZ . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 90

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nuts—Anne Twomey is tall and slender and, in her role as a possibly murderous hooker, riveting. A courtroom melodrama by Tom Topor. (5/12/80) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Oklahoma! A very welcome new production of the thirty-six-year-old classic. Many a new day will dawn before it is done better. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Romantic Comedy—A play about playwrights writing plays, by a playwright (Bernard Slade) who is evidently none too sure how the deed is done. With Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

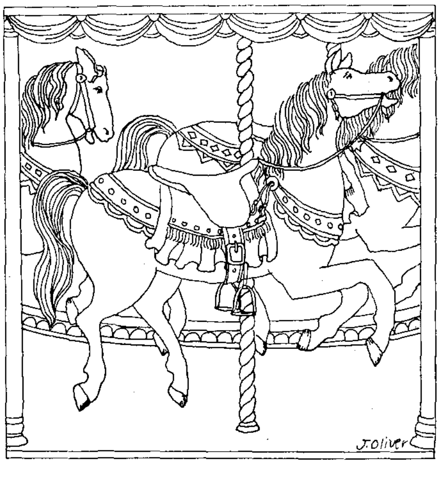
Talley's Folly—The folly is a boathouse in rural Missouri, and the time is the early nineteen-forties. Jordan Charney and Debra Mooney play a couple who quarrel in the boathouse and end up loving each other—all in ninety-seven minutes. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tintypes—An enchanting small revue about the turn of the century in this city, with songs by around fifty songwriters of the period, and with a cast of five young singers/dancers/actors, who are as gifted as any in town. They are Jerry Zaks, Lynne Thigpen, Mary Catherine Wright, Carolyn Mignini, and Trey Wilson. The show was conceived by Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. Musical staging by Miss Kyte, direction by Mr. Pearle, musical direction and arrangement by Mr. Marvin. (5/5/80) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

To Bury a Cousin—A play by Gus Weill, with Harry Goz. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—Age cannot wither nor custom stale this twenty-three-year-old musical version of "Romeo and Juliet." Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Vinnette Carroll has translated the Gospel According to St. Matthew into contemporary black street language, not altogether to its advantage. (6/16/80) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)



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20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Cullum, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jeff Hayenga is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,408 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN:** Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 3.). . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.). . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **PETER PAN:** Why not? (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Tony Roberts and Rhonda Farer. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—This year's summer show is devoted to American musical entertainment (the last hundred years of it). Part of the extravaganza: a re-creation of the Ziegfeld Follies and Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Revue, plus a Carmen Miranda lookalike doing the carioca. The Rockettes—of course. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

DANCE

Berlin Ballet—With Rudolf Nureyev, Evelyne Desutter, and Galina and Valery Panov, in a two-week engagement—"The Idiot": Wednesday matinée and evening, July 16; Thursday evening, July 17; and Thursday and Friday evenings, July 24-25. . . . ¶ "The Nutcracker": Friday evening, July 18; and Saturday matinées and evenings, July 19 and 26. . . . ¶ Monday through Wednesday evenings, July 21-23: "Firebird," "Five Tangos," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Miss Julie.". . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, July 23: "Firebird," "Symphonie Pour un Homme Seul," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Miss Julie." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives

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that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An intimate—there are only four hundred and fifty seats—rock palace. Trumpeter **DONALD BYRD** fronts a combo called the 125th Street Band on Wednesday and Thursday, July 16-17; on Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, two rock bands, the Jags and the Elektrics, will trade sets; on Tuesday, July 22, Dr. Timothy Leary will be present; on Thursday, July 24, the Kingbees, a rock, blues, and rockabilly band, will alternate with Little Buster & the Soul Brothers, a local (they're from Long Island) R. & B. outfit; and on Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, Chicago blues guitarist and singer **JIMMY ROGERS** will share the stage with rock and blues singer **TRACY NELSON**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** through Saturday, July 19; bassist **RED MITCHELL** and guitarist **JOE BECK** on Sunday, July 20; and starting Monday, July 21, pianist **ANDY LA VERNE** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MC PARTLAND** has taken over the keyboard, and she's playing with a trio Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining. Closed Fridays and Saturdays.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays hot chord solos on his beautiful-sounding seven-string guitar, accompanied by his guitar-playing son John. They're here Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ** is playing solo piano in this bar and restaurant, which is located behind Carnegie Hall and which is decorated in chic dark browns. Music nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This downtown rock-and-roll club, with its exposed rafters and weathered, splintery wood posts, looks like the interior of a ramshackle barn. The musicians: Luigi & the Wiseguys, Hoy Boy & the Doys, and the Pits Wednesday, July 16; **MATERIAL,** a New York-based quartet—guitar, bass, synthesizer, drums—and Swollen Monkeys Thursday, July 17; Neighbors & Allies and Son Friday, July 18; and Rudies and Splits Saturday, July 19. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—An acceptable place to break in a new pair of cowboy boots. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dining and dancing.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—**RONNY WHYTE** sings obscure songs and well-known songs by prominent composers of show music and, for the most part, non-rock-and-roll popular music. He accompanies himself on piano, and **JACK SIX** accompanies him on bass. They're here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**MARION WILLIAMS,** a truly uplifting gospel singer, is performing here nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven. On Sundays, **DARDANELLE,** a delight of a singer-pianist, goes on at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. On Sunday, July 20, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will lead a quintet that will feature tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** and trumpeter **TOM HARRELL.** They'll begin about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, and positively first-rate jazz. Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** collaborate through Saturday, July 19; on Tuesday, July 22, vibraharpist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** will bring in a quartet. The first set begins at nine-thirty. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was until last fall—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Thursday through Sunday, July 17-20, Raw Sugar, a pop-gospel-soul troupe, will perform; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 22-23, will belong to vibraharpist **DAVID SAMUELS**; and on Thursday, July 24, saxophonist **JAMES MOODY** will take over with his energetic trio. Music nightly after ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten, and from nine on Sundays. On Sundays, from five to nine, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is present. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **BEN ARONOV** and guitarist **AL GAFA,** and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** Nightly, except Sundays, pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist hold sessions from seven to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one brings in jazz pianists; the other is silent. **RALPH SUTTON** plays lively stride-piano tunes in the dining room Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. Pianist Lou Forestieri's trio performs for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—late-breaking developments in rock and roll. Resident DJs select—with the loving care of curators arranging an exhibit—and play rock records from nine to eleven and between sets. The live sounds: Bush Tetras and ESG Wednesday, July 16; Père Ubu and Noise R Us Thursday, July 17; the Proof and Mission of Burma Friday, July 18; and Quincy and VHF Tuesday, July 22. Live music after eleven. Dancing. Video shows on Mondays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Carpeting, pillow furniture, couches, air-conditioning, *and* live jazz—it is worth the four-flight climb. The guest musicians on Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, will be bassist **ART DAVIS,** drummer **ED BLACKWELL,** and a quintet; and on Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, Brazilian trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** will lead a quintet. On Sundays, the **CHARLI PERSIP** and **GERRY LA FURN** band plays some classic arrangements by Hubbard, Foster, and Gillespie. Music from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** (who will be replaced by Spanky Davis through Saturday, July 19) is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but crowded with good listeners. They're here to listen to **MARY LOU WILLIAMS,** a Kansas City legend and still a rolling and tumbling pianist, who performs with bassist **MILTON SUGGS** Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** form the Sunday and Monday duo. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—One is apt to run across a lot of T-shirts, Bermuda shorts, and sockless loafers in here in the summer. The current schedule includes rock, pop, country, folk, and Kinky Friedman. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A room in a sprawling restaurant complex that celebrates things—especially jazzy pop music—as they used to be. Polly Podewell, an up-and-coming singer, goes on at nine and eleven Mondays through Thursdays, at ten and midnight on Fridays, and at eleven and twelve-thirty on Saturdays. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, July 16, the The, Dots, and Come to Papa; Thursday, July 17, the Know and Locals; Friday, July

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

18. Alan (Suicide) Vega and Circus Mort; Saturday, July 19, Kieran Liscoe & the Attitude and Nitecaps; Sunday, July 20, Luther Thomas & Dazz and Sirius; Monday, July 21, Dates, Cameras, and Fast Food; and Tuesday, July 22, Slick, KPH, and Mental Notes. Shows usually begin long after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The New Orleans Heritage Hall Jazz Band winds up its visit to East 55th Street on Saturday, July 26. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist **AL HAIG** works with a bassist *Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays* and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE.** Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club. Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, has been reserved for the altogether charming hot-jazz violinist **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI**; Thursday through Saturday, July 24-26, singer and pianist Carolyne Mas will perform with her folk-rock band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight; and on Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. The **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** orchestra is in session Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—The King Cole Room offers brass bannisters, a Maxfield Parrish painting, and a trio led by singer and pianist **HAZEL SCOTT.** Music nightly, except Sundays, from eight to eleven. Dining and dancing.

Salt Peanuts, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—Below Canal Street and way out west, one will find tenor saxophonist **HAROLD VICK** leading a quartet through Saturday, July 19. On Tuesday, July 22, Dallas' own **RED GARLAND** will arrive with his quartet to play some bebop. Music nightly, except Sundays, from ten to four. Dining.

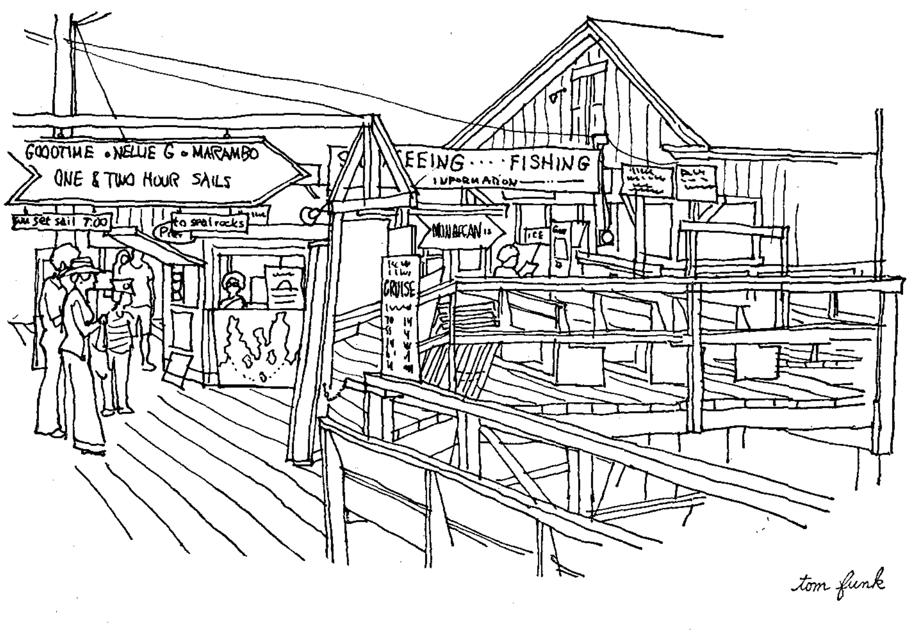
Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—An acoustically bright upstairs jazz room. On Wednesday, July 16, **DOUBLE IMAGE**, a quintet, plays some lyrical jazz; Friday through Sunday, July 18-20, Platinum Hook, a soul-jazz sextet, will be onstage; and on Thursday, July 24, **SONNY FORTUNE**, a fiery alto-sax soloist, will arrive with his quintet. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—A room named the French Quarter, off the hotel lobby, presents the Don Goldie quartet from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A place where one can just wander in, take a seat, and listen to some impressive jazz duos. The duos: bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** Wednesday, July 16; pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** Thursday through Saturday, July 17-19; pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **WALTER BOOKER** Tuesday and Wednesday, July 22-23; and pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and bassist **SAM JONES** Thursday through Saturday, July 24-26. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in very fine, sturdy jazz bands. Singer **JON HENDRICKS** and his singing family—his wife, his daughter, and his son—perform through Saturday, July 19. Sunday and Monday, July 20-21, will be turned over to pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.**, bassist **CALVIN HILL**, drummer **MICHAEL CARVIN**, and saxophonist **RICKY FORD**. On Tuesday, July 22, tenor saxophonist and movie star (he's featured in "The *Last of the Blue Devils*") **JIMMY FORREST** will bring in a quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, and Joan Crawford—line the wall. Pianist **CEDAR WALTON'S** trio provides the music through Saturday, July 19; Tuesday through Saturday, July 22-26, guitarist Freddie Harris and his West Indian nonet will be on hand. Sundays belong to the **LOUIS HAYES-HAROLD MABERN-CLINT HOUSTON** trio (that's drums, piano, and bass).



The music usually begins after nine-thirty, except Tuesday through Saturday, July 22-26, when it begins at about eight-thirty.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—It's not the tattered awning around the side of the building or the dreary surrounding streets but the wonderful jazz on the inside that makes this place palatial. Drummer **JO JONES, JR.**, heads up a quartet through Thursday, July 17; then, on Friday, July 18, drummer **ANDREW CYRILLE** and *his* quartet will take charge for three nights. Music every night but Monday after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A rock, jazz, ska, and blues lineup. Blues-harp player **CAREY BELL** performs with his band on Wednesday, July 16, and on Friday and Saturday, July 18-19. Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, will be claimed by blues singer **BIG MAMA THORNTON.** Shows most nights at ten and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: Falcon Eddy and Nanette Mancini & J.D.B. Wednesday, July 16; Mix Thursday, July 17; Gina Harlow & the Cutthroats Friday, July 18; the Brains Saturday, July 19; and League of Gentlemen Monday, July 21. Music after eleven, usually. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs outsized quarters: vibraharpist **ROY AYERS** is in charge of a combo through Sunday, July 20; on Tuesday, July 22, saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE'S** quartet will move in. On Monday nights, the room is given over to Salsa bands. Music from nine on Mondays, from ten-thirty Tuesdays through Fridays and on Sundays, and from twelve-thirty on Saturdays. Meanwhile out on the sidewalk lounge, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. Trumpeter **BENNY BAILEY** works with saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE**, pianist **JOHN HICKS**, bassist **RUFUS REID**, and drummer **AL HAREWOOD** through Sunday, July 20. On Monday, July 21, drummer **CHARLI PERSIP**, trumpeter **GERRY LA FURN**, and their seventeen-piece band will fill up the bandstand. And on Tuesday, July 22, the wonderful hard-bopping guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will come in with a trio. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—On the western edge of Chelsea and the northern edge of the slaughterhouse district, this little soul-food restaurant lures in loyal patrons and jazz pianists. Esther Blue is the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday pianist; Sadik Hakim has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. Ex-Basie-ites **DICKY WELLS** and **EARLE WARREN** co-pilot their quintet, the **COUNTSMEN**, through Sunday, July 20. On Monday, July 21, ex-Ellington reed player **RUSSELL PROCOPE** will bring in *his* quartet, **ELLINGTONIA.** Music from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Charles Aznavour—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday through Saturday, July 16-19, at 8.

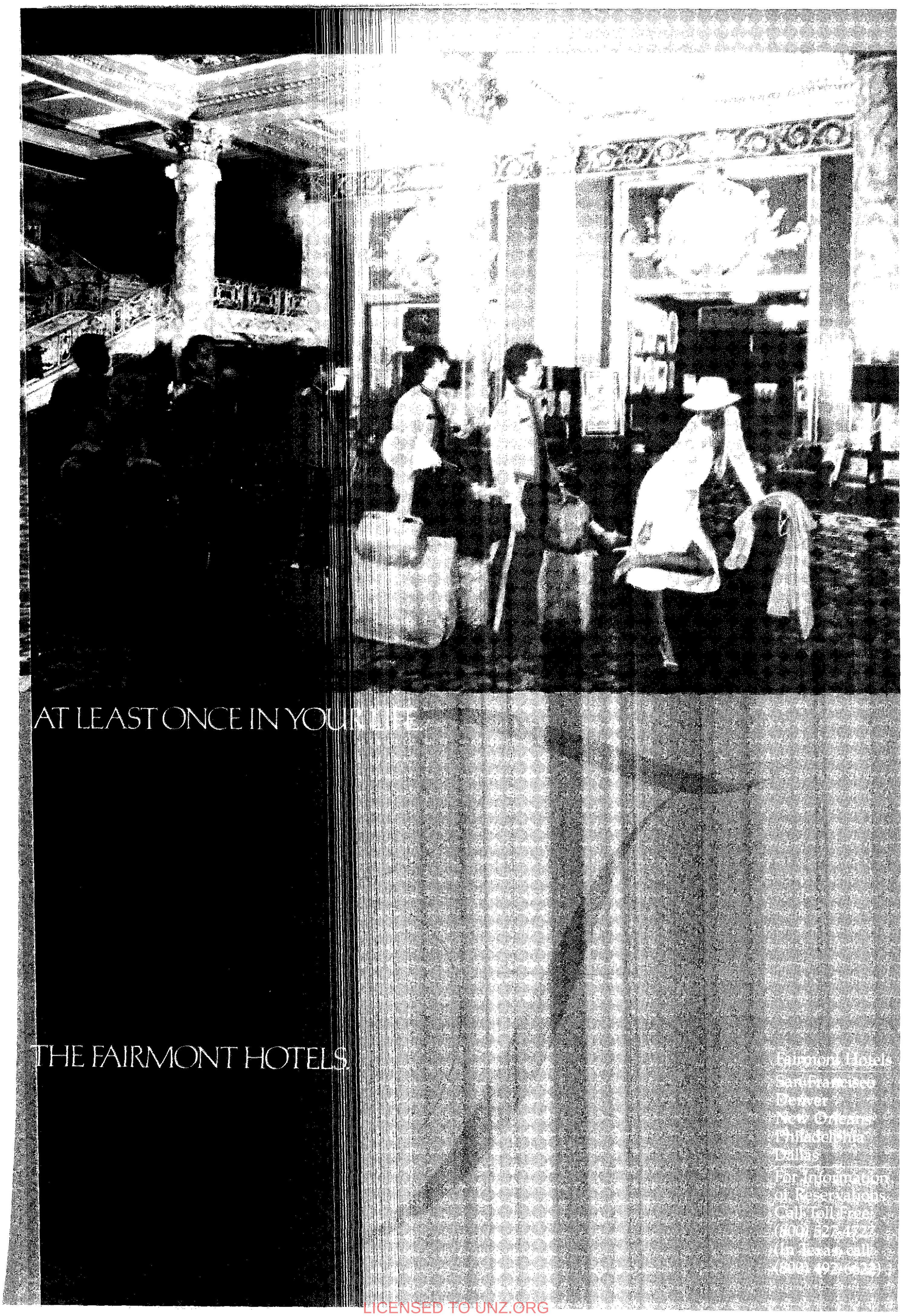
Heart—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, July 17, at 8.

Michael Franks & Friends—With the Heath Brothers. (*Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824.* Friday, July 18, at 8.)

Smokey Robinson—With the Manhattans. (Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, July 24, at 8.)

Irving Plaza—Friday, July 18: Père Ubu. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19: X. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 22: The League of Gentlemen. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 473-5421. Shows start around 11.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, July 16: Chris Anderson. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 18-19: Steve Giordano Quartet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 23: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 25-26: Louis Hayes Quartet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor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Chez Renault

Profiles from the Paris Factory/One of a series

"Even a 5-year old child knows that it's easier...more efficient...and more controllable to pull a wagon than to push it. And that's the simple beauty of front-wheel drive."

Hubert Seznec
Director of Product Development
Regie Renault

Historically front-wheel drive has been a passion of the French auto industry; as early as 1899 a Latil pioneered front-wheel drive assembly. Today, Hubert Seznec is so passionately a "front-wheel drive man" that had not his compatriots laid the groundwork, he seems ready and capable of starting a groundswell all his own. No doubt he would be joined in his mission by the many experts around the world who share his belief that front-wheel drive provides some of the best answers to the myriad problems faced by both drivers and car manufacturers today.

◆

A graduate of France's famed Ecole Polytechnique, Seznec has been involved with cars his entire working career. For the past 11 years at Renault, he has directed his staff of over 700 with the tenacity, independence and, yes, passion, that characterize his Breton antecedents. Not content to be a mere "director," he personally gets involved with the final design and tuning of new cars and with the modifications of existing models. Although Seznec has many other interests outside work – he loves to travel and discover new places – he says, "I'm so bound to my prototypes and, always, the new 'new cars,' I never seem to get away long enough for a good look."

◆

But travel he will if it means an opportunity to expound on front-wheel drive. Five years ago he delivered a definitive paper on front-wheel drive, which he co-authored, to a meeting of the Society of Automotive Engineers in Detroit. At that time he predicted that a preference for front-wheel drive would be a long-lasting trend. Events since then have supported such a view.

Portrait by Marie Cosindas

Tennis, bridge, the movies and cities – are some of Seznec's other passions. "I love cities – the activity, the noise, the things happening all the time – the vitality." Vitality seems to be his keynote whether he's conveying his enthusiasm for a new movie or changing a dry engineering specification sheet to a new kind of reality for today's driver.

◆

Once Seznec starts ticking off the serious advantages that front-wheel drive architecture offers, it's difficult to remain unconverted. "Take the perennial paradox. How do you make a car smaller on the outside – but make it roomier and 'larger' on the inside? Front wheel-drive can do it by eliminating the bulky drive-shaft!" Then there's economy. And efficiency. And road handling – "particularly excellent on bad roads and slippery conditions!" The evidence for front-wheel drive seems to be so irrefutable to Seznec that he seems puzzled by the waywardness that permits any other kind of car even to be considered.

◆

The Seznec family includes a practicing doctor, Mrs. Seznec, whose specialty is problem pediatrics. A soon-to-be-doctor, daughter Anne, is a fifth year medical student; and a neophyte in the business world, daughter Dominique, recently received her *diplome commercial*. Their family life is centered in a high-ceilinged *belle epoque* apartment redolent of the world of Proust and seemingly far from the world of front-wheel drive. Yet just ten minutes away is the car-jammed Champs Élysées where Seznec's daily pre-occupation can be vividly experienced in real life and not just in theory.

◆

"In the world as it is today, I think people will give up all sorts of things before they'll give up their cars. Our aim at Renault is to make cars that are affordable and economical but won't skimp on the creature comforts – so that people won't have to give up on anything. Competition? Of course, we want to beat the others. But for me, the real competition is always with myself. To outsmart the 'me' of yesterday. But as far as front-wheel drive goes – I haven't been able to outsmart 'me' on that one."

◆

We welcome your comments, questions or thoughts about any of the above. Write to Renault U.S.A., Inc., Corporate Group, Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632.

RENAULT
the car company of France

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around 9:30.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, July 18: Markama. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19: Cookbook. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25: ROVA Saxophone Quartet. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 8:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Douglas Abdell—Abstract sculptures, painted black. Through July 31. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30.)

Maureen Connor—Constructions of starched white organdy, in shapes derived from the art of napkin-folding. Through Aug. 28. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—Fourteen collages. Through July 31. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert De Niro / Robert White—Fresh, lighthearted drawings done with colored pencils, mostly of figures and still-lifes. / Medium-sized representational sculptures. Through Friday, July 25. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Ken Greenleaf / Peter Reginato—Welded-steel abstract sculptures built up from found pieces of metal. / Jagged-looking welded sculptures made of heavy steel plate; in one of them patterns have been cut out with a torch. Through Friday, July 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—Twenty-two early watercolors and drawings depicting Berlin decadence with Grosz's characteristic mixture of relish and scorn. Through Saturday, July 19. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

Michael Heizer—Large slabs of raw granite set into niches tailored to fit them. Through Aug. 29. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Mann—Large, rich collages in which utterly mundane objects are given new status as elements in a composition. Through Friday, July 18. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Claes Oldenburg—A replica of as much of the sixty-foot "Crusoe Umbrella" (now in Des Moines) as can be crowded into two rooms of the gallery. Through Sept. 12. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Ernest Shaw—Abstract sculptures combining slabs of stone and slabs of metal in calligraphic shapes. Through Thursday, July 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Sommer (1867-1949)—Watercolors by an artist who lived on a farm near Brandywine, Ohio, claimed Cézanne as his idol, and painted in the manner of Demuth. Through Aug. 1. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Theodoros Stamos—Paintings on paper. Through July 31. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7; Sundays, 11:30 to 7.)

Junko Yoda—Paintings: a layer of neutral-colored acrylic paint laid on rice paper and then cut and gouged and crimped by the artist. Through Friday, July 18. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Northwest Coast Indian Art—A display of a hundred imaginative masks, rattles, fetishes, and the like, made by coastal Indians of the Canadian Northwest—Tlingits, Haidas, Bella Coolas, Tsimshians, Kwakiutls, Bella Bellas. On loan from the Museum of Natural History. Through July 27. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Battery Park City—Sculptures out-of-doors by Alice Aycock, Michael Davis, Heide Fasnacht, Maren Hassinger, Andrew Leicester, Nancy Rubins, Ursula von Rydingsvard, and David Wells. Through Sept. 14. (Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **associated american artists**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: The nineteenth annual Old Master print exhibition: More than two hundred original prints from the fifteenth century through the eighteenth, including Montagna's engraving "Virgin and Child," Rembrandt's etching "Hundred Guilder Print," and Dürer's engravings "Sea Monster" and "Coat of Arms with a Skull." Through Aug. 8. . . . **caldwell**, 383 West Broadway: Abstract works by Susan Weil, Nancy Brett, Ellen Phelan, Ted Stamm, Nancy Haynes, and Johnnie Ross. . . . ¶ In another room, Janet Abramowicz's works on paper, of which the components are delicate stitching, slivers of bamboo, and gesso and gouache in pale tones. Through Friday, July 18. . . . **davis & long**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings and drawings, about thirty in all, by Theodore Robinson, Winslow Homer, Maurice Prendergast, and others. Through Aug. 22. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Works by nine emerging artists who first emerged at this artistic proving ground, among them Frank Moore, James Zwaldo, and Maryam Zafar. Through Aug. 9. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **droll-kolbert**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: The summer show here includes a whole wall covered with small papier-mâché conceits by Claudia DeMonte; large line drawings in ink and oil by Nancy Dwyer; and drawings of architectural forms on heavy rag paper by Andrea Blum. Through Aug. 6. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: Seven artists, including Elisa D'Arrigo, Sidney McElhenney, and Ursula von Rydingsvard. Through July 31. . . . **frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: Two works each—one from the early sixties and one completed recently—by seven gallery artists: Jack Beal (self-portraits from the two periods), Robert Arneson, Joan Brown, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, Peter Saul, and William Wiley. Through Aug. 15. . . . **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A show of symbolist art by more than twenty artists, nearly all American and English, of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 8. . . . **hamilton**, 20 W. 57th St.: Four newcomers to the gallery—Grace Hartigan, Rafael Ferrer, Austé, and Richard Hennessy. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **hammer**, 33 W. 57th St.: Fifty works (paintings, mostly) by American and European artists—Cassatt, Marsh, Renoir, and Henri among them—of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 29. . . . **kornblee**, 20 W. 57th St.: A summertime show, with contributions by Bruce Monteith, Russell Drisch, Alexander Hollweg, and Giancarlo Neri. Through Friday, July 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **parsons school of design**, 2 W. 13th St.: In the exhibition gallery, works in various mediums by thirty Buffalo artists. Through Friday, July 18. (Daily, 8:30 to 8:30.) . . . **thorp**, 419 West Broadway: The summer show here, entitled "Exaggeration," includes an eleven-foot orchid made of painted industrial plastic by Eric Appel; a painting by David True of a fish leaping toward a cloud; and a sort of Pointillist figure painting, in red, by Fangor. Through July 31. (Opens at noon.) . . . **washburn**, 42 E. 57th St.: "Time and Space," an exhibition of paintings, drawings, collages, and reliefs by Ilya Bolotowsky, Burgoyne Diller, Fritz Glarner, Alice Trumbull Mason, and Leon Polk Smith. Through Aug. 29. . . . **weber**, 420 West Broadway: Seven invited artists (none has had a previous one-person show in New York) showing paintings, drawings, and photographs. Through Friday, July 18. . . . **weintraub**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Sculptures by Manzù and Calder, plus a small show of drawings and paintings by Henry Moore, Marini, Matisse, Hopper, and others. Through Aug. 29.

Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of works by gallery artists, or others, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **bromm**, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **gimpel**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **hutchinson**, 138 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **jack**, 138 Prince St. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **long**, 7 W. 57th St. . . . **mckee**, 140 E. 63rd St. (Closes at 4:30 Tuesdays through Fridays.) . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **pace**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **pearl**, 29 W. 57th St. . . . **sperone westwater fischer**, 142 Greene St. (Closes at 4.) . . . **zarre**, 41 E. 57th St. (Closes at 4:30 Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lucien Aigner—Forty vintage prints from the thirties of Parisians celebrating Bastille Day. Through Aug. 15. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.)

Imogen Cunningham (1883-1976) / **Laura Gilpin** (1891-1979)—Sixty less well-known prints selected by Judy Dater, and thirteen portraits of friends and associates of Imogen Cunningham taken by Ms. Dater. / Forty platinum prints from the gallery's collection. Through Aug. 22. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Wednesdays through Fridays.)

Alfred R. Waud (1828-78) / **Edwin Casper** (1884-1951)—Mid-nineteenth-century tintypes of ordinary people in ordinary surroundings. / Early-twentieth-century photographs on rice paper, watercolor paper, and even on the back of textured wallpaper. Through Aug. 9. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: "Likely Stories": narrative photographs by Sandy Skoglund, Cindy Sherman, Brian Weil, and others. Through Friday, July 25. . . . **pfeifer**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Lighthearted photographs by the well-known (William Henry Jackson, Cartier-Bresson, Elliott Erwitt, Robert Doisneau) and by the less well-known. Through July 31. . . . **prakapas**, 19 E. 71st St.: Inanimate objects—masks, mannequins, dolls—in photographs from the twenties and thirties exploring the notions that "seeing is believing" and "the camera does not lie." Three signed Hans Bellmers and several Man Rays are included. Through Aug. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **soho photo**, 15 White St., between West Broadway and Sixth Ave.: Six photographs each by fourteen original members of this coöperative gallery. Lee Romero, Jill Freedman, and David Chalk are among them. Through July 29. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—In addition to the sculptures, decorative objects, furniture, and so forth displayed in the newly opened American Wing, there is a special exhibition of about two hundred drawings, watercolors, and prints from the museum's collections. . . . ¶ Fifty-one paintings by European artists (three apiece by Klee, Léger, and Matisse), temporarily on loan from the otherwise occupied Museum of Modern Art. Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, cos-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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20	21	22	23	24	25	26

tumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. Through Aug. 31....¶ Twenty-eight drawings by French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; from the Lehman Collection. Through Oct. 26....¶ About forty works on paper by the Belgian symbolist Leon Spilliaert (1881-1946). The exhibition has been organized by the Phillips Collection. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Pablo Picasso retrospective. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily—members only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Louise Nevelson: Seven environmental sculptures created between 1955 and 1977. Through Sept. 7....¶ An exhibition of twentieth-century figurative paintings and sculptures from the permanent collection—nearly two hundred works in all. Through Sept. 28....¶ Twenty works by Charles Burchfield, the majority of them landscapes in watercolor. Through Aug. 17. ...¶ A show of gifts received by (or promised to) the museum in celebration of its fiftieth-anniversary year—"Achilles Heel," by Mark di Suvero, "Black Place Green," by Georgia O'Keeffe, and "A Woman in the Sun," by Edward Hopper. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Notable nineteenth-century landscapes—the Hudson River Valley, the New England coast, and the White, Sierra, and Rocky Mountains—recorded in paintings and drawings by Albert Bierstadt, John F. Kensett, Asher B. Durand, and others. Through July 31. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Some hundred and twenty paintings on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (bumped by Picasso) are on the fifth floor. Through Sept. 28. (Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer but in general the hours are Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Through Sept. 1.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Photographs of Pacific Northwest Indian tribes by Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952). Through Aug. 6. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—Felt sculptural works by eleven contemporary artists. Also, a group of twentieth-century traditional felt objects from the Mideast. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—More than a hundred oil sketches by the nineteenth-century landscapist Frederic Edwin Church; a number of drawings of his villa (Olana) overlooking the Hudson are included. Through July 27....¶ A historical survey of hair styles and hair ornaments, and an exploration of hair as a symbol in literature and religion. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Vases, figures, and tableware produced in the second half of the eighteenth century at the French national porcelain factory, which was first housed at Vincennes and later at Sèvres. Through Aug. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of about seventy-five traditional paper and bamboo Japanese kites made by contemporary craftsmen. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Rubens and Rembrandt in Their Century," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch Old Master drawings.... ¶ A show of triptychs, enamels, and manuscripts, centering on the twelfth-century Romanesque, gold-and-enamel Stavelot (Belgium) triptych—a reliquary of the True Cross, and a high example of Mosan School art. (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) Both shows through July 31.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Sixty-five English naïve paintings, mostly occupied with hunting and animal themes and dating from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from a private collection. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two exhibitions tied to American architecture: a group of two dozen drawings (dated 1885 to 1935) by architects rooted in the beaux-arts tradition, among them Charles McKim, Grosvenor Atterbury, and William Delano; and another group of drawings by seventeen contemporary architects, all of whom teach and none of whom is over forty. Through Sept. 21. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of books and manuscripts by twenty-five authors whose works have been added over the past twenty-five years to the illustrious Berg Collection of English and American Literature. Among the items are the papers of Muriel Rukeyser, H. G. Wells' letters to Lord Beaverbrook, and some early love letters that Eugene O'Neill wrote to Beatrice Ashe. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A six-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 16: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with James Galway, flute, and Marisa Robles, harp. (No pre-concert recital.)...¶ Thursday, July 17: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Emanuel Ax, piano, and Raphael Hillyer, viola....¶ Friday and Saturday, July 18-19: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Ax, and Cho-Liang Lin, violin....¶ Monday, July 21, and Wednesday, July 23: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra, with Yefim Bronfman and Stephanie Brown, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; and Michael Tree, viola.... ¶ Tuesday, July 22: Mr. Schneider, violin; Miss Brown; Mr. Tree; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Julius Levine, double bass, in a chamber-music program....¶ Thursday, July 24: Pinchas Zukerman and Mr. Laredo, both violin and viola; Mr. Bronfman; the Misses Robinson and Brown; Stuart Canin, violin; Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; and Marc Neikrug, piano, in a chamber-music program.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 25-26: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano; the Messrs. Laredo and Stoltzman; and Miss Robinson. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 23.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing a program of Bach cantatas. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, July 20, at 4:30. For information about tickets, call 864-6765.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 17, at 8:30: Joseph Silverstein, violin; Arnold Steinhardt, violin and viola; and Yehudi Wyner, piano and harpsichord....¶ Friday, July 18, at 7: Kathleen Battle, soprano.... ¶ Friday, July 18, at 9: André Previn conducting the Boston Symphony in a Rachmaninoff-Elgar program, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano....¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: André Previn conducting the Boston Symphony in a Haydn-Mahler program, with Miss Battle....¶ Sunday, July 20, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in Beethoven's Sixth Symphony and Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps."... ¶ Friday, July 25, at 7: André Previn, piano, with members of the Boston Symphony.... ¶ Friday, July 25, at 9: Joseph Silverstein conducting members of the Boston Symphony in a Vivaldi-Mozart program....¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Puccini's "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, soprano; Veriano Luchetti, tenor; Sherrill Milnes and Italo Tajo, baritones; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. (A dress-rehearsal performance will be held Thursday, July 24, at 8:30; tickets available at Tanglewood on that day only.) ...¶ Sunday, July 27, at 2:30: Klaus Tennstedt conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Haydn program, with Jules Eskin, cello. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York. Through Sunday, Aug. 24.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 17, at 4: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble....¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson conducting an all-Brahms program, with Elmar Oliveira, violin....¶ Sunday, July 20, at 5:30: Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; and Marc Neikrug, piano. ...¶ Thursday, July 24, and Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: Michael Feldman conducting the American première of Haydn's opera "La Vera Costanza," in an English translation by Robert Hess, with Kathryn Bouleyn and Pauline Tinsley, sopranos, and John Brecknock, tenor....¶ Sunday, July 27, at 5:30: Garrick Ohlsson, piano. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 17. On Saturdays and Thursday, July 24, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The New York City Ballet in a three-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 26. Wednesday and Thursday, July 16-17, at 8:15: "Interplay," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."...¶ Thursday, July 17, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Apollo," and "Bournonville Divertissements."...¶ Friday, July 18, at 8:15: "Fancy Free," "Ballade," and "Symphony in C." (A benefit performance.)...¶ Saturday, July 19, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," and "Diamonds" from "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:15: "Tchaikovsky

LÁSZLO
THE BEACH SHOP

Suite No. 2," "Apollo," and "Union Jack." . . . [NOTE: A special concert will be given by the Doobie Brothers on Sunday, July 20, at 7.] . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 22, at 8:15: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Fancy Free," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 23, at 8:15: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 24, at 2: "Serenade," "Allegro Brillante," and "Diamonds" from "Jewels." . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 8:15: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 2: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:15: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Fancy Free," and "The Four Seasons." (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Summerfare '80—A five-weekend festival of theatre, dance, and music that is taking place at the State University of New York, at Purchase. *Un Soupçon:* Friday, July 18, at 8: "Isaac & Ingrid & Michael," a three-character musical entertainment by Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford, performed by June Gable, Charles Kimbrough, and Fredricka Weber. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 19, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Direct-from-Paris Crow's Nest Dramadance Concert," a theatre/dance work based on a story by Anouilh, and performed by Carmen de Lavallade, William Bolcom, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8: "Isaac & Ingrid & Michael." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 11: Joan Morris and William Bolcom, mezzo-soprano and piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 3 and 8: "Isaac & Ingrid & Michael." . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 8: "Suzanna Andler," a play by Marguerite Duras that stars Estelle Parsons; Stephen Porter is the director. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 8:30: The Copasetics. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 11: Ramsey Lewis, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 2:30 and 8:30: The Copasetics. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8, and Sunday, July 27, at 3 and 8: "Suzanna Andler." (For information about tickets to any of the above events and other events not mentioned, call 914 253-5900. Through Sunday, Aug. 10.)

Jazz in Newport—A Newport festival not to be confused with the twenty-six-year-old megalith in town only two weeks ago. Friday, July 18: Roberta Flack, Herbie Mann, Spyro Gyra, Ramsey Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19: Aretha Franklin, the Buddy Rich Big Band, Stanley Turrentine, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20: George Benson, Chick Corea, Maynard Ferguson, and the Gary Burton quartet. (Fort Adams State Park, Newport, R.I. Evenings at 5:30. For tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet, and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 19: Bowyer & Bruggeman, Martha Bowers & Mitchell Rose, and Trisha Brown. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 22-26: Trisha Brown Dance Company and Rosalind Newman and Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Wednesday and Thursday, July 16-17, at 8. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, at 8, and Sunday, July 20, at 2. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Monday, July 21, at 8: Tuesday, July 22, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader); and Wednesday, July 23, at 8. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Cincinnati, Friday, July 25, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 26, at 2:05.

Racing—At BELMONT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 28. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 19; the Tom Fool, Sunday, July 20; the Tremont, Monday, July 21; and the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:45 and noon.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 1. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 19, and the Sorority, Saturday, July 26. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 13. The Kelly-Olympic, Friday, July 25. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Daily at 1; through Saturday, July 19.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Seattle, Sunday, July 20, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. San Diego, Wednesday, July 23, at 9. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, Aug. 7. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6. The Meadowlands Pace, Friday, July 18.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 19.) . . . ¶ America's Cup observation trials. (Newport. Saturday, July 19, through Wednesday, July 30.)

ET ALIA

Republican National Convention—Continues in Detroit, through Thursday, July 17.

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30.)—Thursday, July 17, at 2: Modern and contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental rugs. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 22, at 2: Old Master and nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 23, at 2, and Thursday and Friday, July 24-25, at 10:15 and 2: English, French, and other Continental furniture; decorations and clocks; tribal art and antiquities; Art Nouveau and Art Deco works; and prints and posters. Exhibition starts Friday, July 18.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—The Festival has put Shakespeare aside this year in favor of Gilbert and Sullivan. Free performances of THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE, with Linda Ronstadt, Patricia Routledge, George Rose, Kevin Kline, Rex Smith, and Tony Azito, will be presented through the summer. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday, July 18: Jakie. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19: Mary Lou Williams. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 25-26: Rutgers/Livingston Jazz Professors. (East River at Fulton St. Evenings at 8.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sunday, at 8.) . . . ¶ Martin Josman directing the National Chorale. (Saturday, July 19, at 8; rain date, Monday, July 21.)

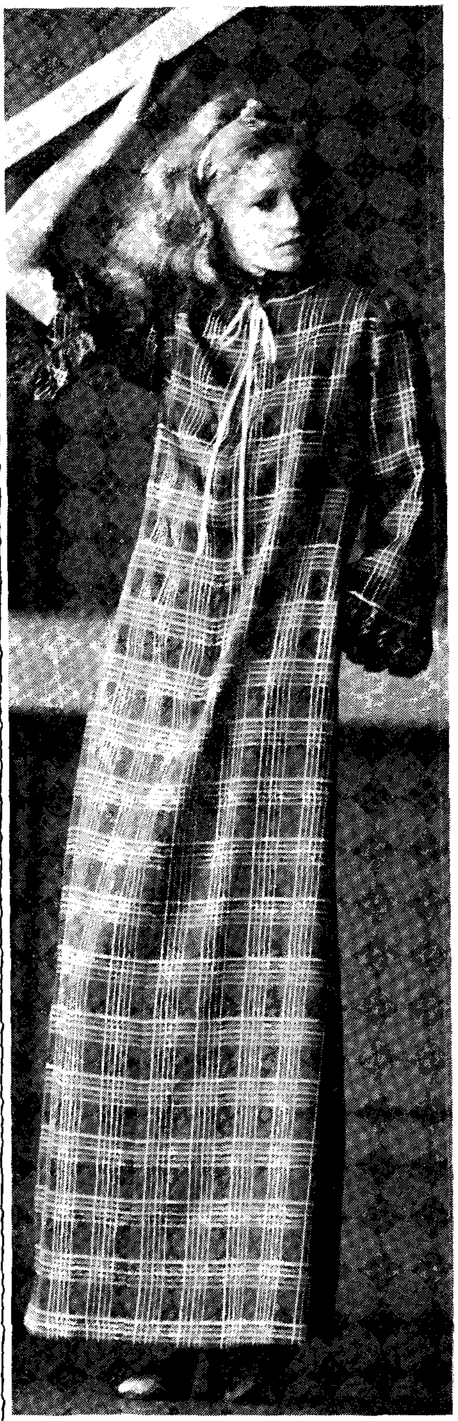
Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the second and third in a series of five productions. Thursday, July 17, at 8:30 (rain date, Tuesday, July 22): Puccini's "Tosca." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 24, at 8:30 (rain date, Tuesday, July 29): Verdi's "La Traviata."

Washington Square Park—Maria Tunicka conducting the Festival Orchestra. The first in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, July 22, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

Wollman Rink—Wednesday, July 16: Willie Nile and Rachel Sweet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19: Jan and Dean with Papa Doo Run Run and Richard Belzer. . . . ¶ Monday, July 21: Devo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 23: Judy Collins. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25: Eddie Money and Pat Benatar. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26: Joan Armatrading and Livingston Taylor. (Evenings at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of THE SOUND OF MUSIC, with Constance Towers, Earl Wrightson, and Lois Hunt, is this summer's production. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers daily except for workday rush hours. The Park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.



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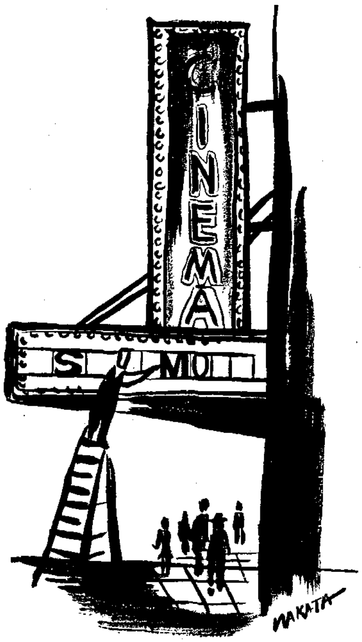
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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20	21	22	23	24	25	26

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 16. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 20: A daily program of one silent Greta Garbo film, at 6 and 8, and a Sam Fuller film at 10, through July 18. On Wednesday, July 16, Mr. Fuller will be present. . . . On Saturday, July 19, Mr. Fuller's "Dead Pigeon on Beethoven Street" at 4, 6, 8, and 10. . . . On Sunday, July 20, Mr. Fuller's "Pickup on South Street" at 4, 6, 8, and 10.
July 21: Theatre closed.
From July 22: "Ludwig."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through July 17: "The Projectionist."
From July 18: "No Regrets for Our Youth" and "Floating Cloud."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 17: "Kramer vs. Kramer" and "Julia."
July 18-24: "The Long Riders" and "The Missouri Breaks."
From July 25: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Brubaker."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Urban Cowboy."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Blues Brothers."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Bronco Billy."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through July 17: "The Shining."
From July 18: "Honeysuckle Rose."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Fame."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through July 17: "Brubaker."
From July 18: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Brubaker."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Airplane!"

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Rough Cut."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through July 17: "The Canterbury Tales."
From July 18: "My Brilliant Career."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through July 17: "The Tin Drum."
From July 18: "No Nukes."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through July 17: "The Blue Lagoon."
From July 18: "The Tin Drum."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Blues Brothers."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Muppet Movie."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through July 17: "The Long Riders."
July 18-24: "The Big Red One."
From July 25: "Dressed to Kill."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through July 24: "How to Beat the High Cost of Living."
From July 25: "Caddyshack."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Urban Cowboy."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through July 17: "Kramer vs. Kramer."
July 18-24: "Coal Miner's Daughter."
From July 25: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through July 17: "Being There."
From July 18: "The Blue Lagoon."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 17: "The Children."
From July 18: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Kill or Be Killed."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Fame."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Blues Brothers."
Theatre 2: Through July 17: "The Blues Brothers." From July 18: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through July 17: "In a Year of 13 Moons" and "The Marriage of Maria Braun."
From July 18: To be announced.

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through July 17: "Bronco Billy."
From July 18: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Fame."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through July 17: "The Long Riders." From July 18: "My Brilliant Career."
Theatre 2: Through July 17: "Wholly Moses!" From July 18: "The Shining."
Theatre 3: "Carny."
Theatre 4: "Meetings with Remarkable Men."

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
July 16: "Jack's Wife" and "Martin."
July 17: "Martin" and "The Crazies."
July 18-19: "Don't Look Back."
July 20: "Renaldo & Clara."
July 21-22: "Monterey Pop" and "Keep on Rockin'."
July 23-25: "David Bowie."
July 26: "Having a Wild Weekend" and "Jailhouse Rock."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Great Santini."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Can't Stop the Music." (No evening performances on Tuesday, July 22, and Thursday, July 24.)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Airplane!"

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through July 24: "The Blues Brothers."
From July 25: "Dressed to Kill."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Come Have Coffee with Us."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Practice Makes Perfect."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Barocco."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Blue Lagoon."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through July 19: "Peppermint Soda."
From July 20: "Les Petites Fugues."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Norma Rae" and "Breaking Away."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 24: "The Long Riders." From July 25: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Brubaker."
Theatre 3: "Superman."
Theatre 4: "The Shining."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through July 17: "Mary Poppins."
From July 18: "My Brilliant Career."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Fame."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 17: "Kill or Be Killed" and "The Dark."
July 18-24: "The Long Riders" and "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."
From July 25 (tentative): "The Shining."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through July 17: "The Shining." (†) From July 18: "Honeysuckle Rose." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Blue Lagoon." (†)
Theatre 3: Through July 17: "Bronco Billy." (†) From July 18: "The Long Riders." (†)
Theatre 4: Through July 17: "The Muppet Movie." (†) From July 18: "The Shining." (†)
Theatre 5: "Wholly Moses!" (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through July 24: "Brubaker." (†)
From July 25: "Dressed to Kill." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through July 17: "Mary Poppins." (†) July 18-24: "The Black Stallion." From July 25: "Brubaker." (†)
Theatre 3: "Urban Cowboy." (†)
Theatre 4: "Rough Cut." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Friday the 13th."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Airplane!" (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through July 17: "Superman." (†)
From July 18: "The Big Red One." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through July 24: "How to Beat the High Cost of Living." (†)
From July 25: "Caddyshack." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through July 17: "The Children." (†)
From July 18: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Kill or Be Killed." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Blues Brothers." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Fame." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 16: "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "The Clowns" (1971), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.
July 17: "Pat and Mike" (1952), directed

by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Aldo Ray; and "Adam's Rib" (1949), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne.

July 18-19: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967), directed by Roman Polanski, with Polanski, Jack MacGowran, and Sharon Tate.

July 20: "Duck Soup" (†); and "The Gang's All Here" (1943), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Alice Faye, Carmen Miranda, Charlotte Greenwood, and James Ellison.

July 21: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.

July 22: "Samurai: Duel on Ganryu Island" (1956) and "Daredevil in the Castle" (1961), both films in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.

July 23: "Forbidden Planet" (1956), directed by Fred M. Wilcox, with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen; and "The Time Machine." (†)

July 24: "The Green Room" (†) and "The Story of Adèle H." (†)

July 25-26: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina; and "Alphaville." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

July 16: "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli; and "Pierrot le Fou" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina.

July 17: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane.

July 18: "Andrei Roublev" (1969), in Russian, directed by Andrei Tarkovsky.

July 19: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde.

July 20: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley.

July 21: "Bus Stop" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan, with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.

July 22: "Luna." (†)

July 23: "Seven Beauties" (1976), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini; and "The Seduction of Mimi." (†)

July 24: "Olympia" (1938), a two-part German documentary, directed by Leni Riefenstahl.

July 25: "Madame Rosa" (1978), in French, directed by Moshe Mizrahi, with Simone Signoret.

July 26: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through July 17: "Norma Rae" (†); and "The Rose" (1979), directed by Mark Rydell, with Bette Midler, Alan Bates, and Frederic Forrest.

July 18-19: "Richard Pryor" (1979) and "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974), both filmed concerts.

July 20-21: "Till Marriage Do Us Part" (1974), in Italian, directed by Luigi Comencini, with Laura Antonelli; and "The Seduction of Mimi." (†)

July 22: "Best Boy" (1980), directed by Ira Wohl, a documentary; and "Harlan County, U.S.A." (1977), directed by Barbara Kopple, a documentary.

July 23-24: "All the President's Men" (1976), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford; and "The Candidate." (†)

July 25-26: "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan; and "Autumn Sonata" (1978), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through July 24: "Rockers" (1980), a Jamaican film in Jamaican patois, directed by Theodoros Bafaloukos, with Leroy Wallace.

From July 25: "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

July 16: "Bordertown" (1935), directed by Archie Mayo, with Paul Muni, Bette Davis, and Margaret Lindsay; and "Black Legion" (1936), directed by Archie Mayo, with Humphrey Bogart, Ann Sheridan, Erin O'Brien-Moore, and Dick Foran.

July 17-19: "Marked Woman" (1937), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, and Eduardo Ciannelli; and "That Certain Woman" (1937), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, Ian Hunter, and Anita Louise.

July 20-21: "Each Dawn I Die" (†) and "The Roaring Twenties." (†)

July 22-23: "The Oklahoma Kid" (†); and "Dodge City" (1939), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Ann Sheridan.

July 24-26: "Jezebel" (1938), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "Dark Victory." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 16: "Lovers and Thieves" (1957), in French, directed by Sacha Guitry, with Jean Poiret, Michel Serrault, and Magali Noel; and "How NOT to Rob a Department Store" (1965), in French, directed by Pierre Grimblat, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Marie Laforêt.

July 17: "The Killing" (1956), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards; and "Killer's Kiss" (1955), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Frank Silvera.

July 18-19: "Outrageous!" (1977), directed by Richard Benner, with Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren; and "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

July 20: Two programs of film outtakes, interviews with performers, screen tests, and other formerly unseen footage.

July 21: A program of cartoons by Frank Tashlin; and "Son of Paleface" (1952), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Bob Hope, Jane Russell, and Roy Rogers.

July 22: "Way Out West" (†); and "Blockheads" (1938), directed by John G. Blystone, with Laurel and Hardy.

July 23: "Breathless" (†) and "Les Biches." (†)

July 24: "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.

July 25-26: "Quadrophenia" (1979), directed by Franc Roddam; and "The Last Waltz" (1978), directed by Martin Scorsese.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 16: "Marked Woman" (1937), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, and Eduardo Ciannelli; and "It's Love I'm After" (1937), directed by Archie Mayo, with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland, and Patric Knowles.

July 17: "War of the Worlds" (1953), directed by Byron Haskin, with Gene Barry, Ann Robinson, and Les Tremayne; and "When Worlds Collide" (1951), directed by Rudolph Maté, with Richard Derr and Barbara Rush.

July 18: "Passage to Marseille" (1944), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan, and Sydney Greenstreet; and "High Sierra" (1941), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie, and Arthur Kennedy.

July 19-20: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

July 21: "Double Indemnity" (†); and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

July 22: "Counsellor-at-Law" (†) and "World Première." (†)

July 23: "Made for Each Other" (†) and "Swing High, Swing Low." (†)

July 24: "The Case of the Curious Bride" (1935; Michael Curtiz) and "The Case of the Lucky Legs" (1935; Archie Mayo),

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both Perry Mason mysteries, with Warren William as the lawyer.

July 25-26: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner for Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 16 at 6: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman, Jon Voight, Brenda Vaccaro, and Sylvia Miles. . . . ¶ July 16 at 8:30: "Night of the Living Dead" (1968), directed by George A. Romero, with Duane Jones. . . . ¶ July 18 at 6: "Barren Lives" (1963), a Brazilian film, in Portuguese, directed by Nelson Pereira dos Santos; English subtitles. . . . ¶ July 18 at 8:30: "In the Year of the Pig" (1969), a documentary, directed by Emile de Antonio. . . . ¶ July 19 at 6: "La Ronde" (1950), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Anton Walbrook and Simone Signoret; English subtitles. . . . ¶ July 19 at 8:30: "Billabong" (1969) and "Watersmith" (1969), both directed by Will Hindle, and "Pluto" (1969) and "Porch Glider" (1969), both directed by James Herbert. . . . ¶ July 20 at 6: "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" (1969), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Natalie Wood, Robert Culp, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon. . . . ¶ July 20 at 8:30: "Easy Rider" (1969), directed by Dennis Hopper, with Hopper, Peter Fonda, and Jack Nicholson. . . . ¶ July 21 at 6: "The Model Shop" (1969), directed by Jacques Demy, with Anouk Aimée and Gary Lockwood. . . . ¶ July 21 at 8:30: "Stolen Kisses" (1968), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Delphine Seyrig; English subtitles. . . . ¶ July 22 at 6: "The Comic" (1969), directed by Carl Reiner, with Dick Van Dyke, Michele Lee, and Mickey Rooney. . . . ¶ July 22 at 8:30: "Camille" (1936), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor. . . . ¶ July 23 at 6: "Shame, Sham Everybody Knows Her Name" (1969), d rected by Joseph Jacoby, with Gerri Mille . . . ¶ July 23 at 8:30: "Castle Keep" (1969 directed by Sydney Pollack, with Burt La caster and Patrick O'Neal. . . . ¶ July 25 a 6: "Gaily, Gaily" (1969), directed by No man Jewison, with Beau Bridges, Melin Mercouri, and Brian Keith. . . . ¶ July 25 a 8:30: "Alice's Restaurant" (1969), directe by Arthur Penn, with Arlo Guthrie, Pa Quinn, and James Broderick. . . . ¶ July 26 a 6: "More" (1969), directed by Barb Schroeder, with Mimsy Farmer. . . . ¶ July 2 at 8:30: "Teorema" (1968), in Italian, d rected by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Silvan Mangano and Terence Stamp; English sub titles. (A limited number of tickets are avai able, but only to those applying for them i person at the museum after 10 on the day c the showing.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226 0010)—Programs by Brakhage, Bree Broughton, and Peterson. Showings July 1 19 and 24-26 at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane!—With Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty, Robert Stack, and Lloyd Bridges; directed by Jerry and David Zucker and Jim Abrahams. (Baronet, Festival, and Forum.)

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction, with mixed results. He found enough of the future in present-day Paris to create a vision of a new world without constructing sets, but his comic-strip story (involving Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina) is uninspired. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 25-26.)

Barocco—With Isabelle Adjani, Gérard Depardieu, and Marie-France Pisier; directed by André Téchiné. In French. (Cinema 3.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and direction as a movie. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through July 17.)

Les Biches (1968)—Saint-Tropez in December, and a sexually ambiguous threesome: a mope (Jacqueline Sassard), a dope (Jean-Louis Trintignant), and a chic, slinky lesbian (Stéphane Audran). Claude Chabrol directed this languorous exercise in classy eroticism; very little of anything goes on. In French. (Thalia; July 23.)

The Big Red One—With Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill, directed by Sam Fuller. (Loews State 1; starting July 18. . . . ¶ Beekman; July 18-24.)

The Blue Lagoon—A remake of the 1949 film, with Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins. Directed by Randal Kleiser. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paramount, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through July 17. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting July 18.)

The Blues Brothers—A musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their taciturn style doesn't allow them to reveal enough personality for this full-length movie, and they don't really click together in the slightly hallucinated way one expects them to. It's a good-natured, sentimental folk-bop movie, in which the Blues Brothers antagonize so many people in the course of rounding up their old band that thousands of vehicles chase them and converge on unlucky streets and plazas. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film's big joke is how overscaled everything in it is; this has an unfortunate result—Landis is working with such a lavish hand that his miscalculations in timing are experienced by the audience as a form of waste. There are too many jokes that miss, too many musical numbers that fizzle. The film, however, brings Aretha Franklin to the screen, and she's so completely there and so funny as she sings "Think" that she transcends the film's incompetence. The picture's tragedy is that she has only one number. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson, Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (7/7/80.) (34th St. East, Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through July 24.)

Breaking Away (1979)—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscapes of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Breathless (1959; "A Bout de Souffle")—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with the twenty-six-year-old Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood, and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and just as casually turns him in to the police when he becomes an inconvenience. Godard, who dedicated this film (made for ninety thousand dollars) to Monogram Pictures, saw something in the cheap American gangster movies of his youth that French movies lacked; he poeticized it and made it so modern (via fast jump cutting) that he, in turn, became the key influence on American movies of the sixties. Here, he conjoined disharmonious elements—irony and slapstick and defeat—and brought the psychological effects of moviegoing into the movie itself. (His hero was probably the first to imitate Bogart.) The film is light and playful and off-the-cuff, even a little silly. Yet the giddy, gauche characters who don't give a damn—the hood who steals a car, kills a highway patrolman, and chases after some money that is owed him for past thefts so that he and his impervious, passively butch girl can get to Italy—are not only familiar in an exciting, revealing way; they are terribly *attractive.* The well-known director Jean-Pierre Melville appears as a celebrity being interviewed; Daniel Boulanger appears as the police inspector. Jean-Louis Richard and Philippe de Broca turn up, and there are also bit appearances by Godard, as an informer, by Truffaut (who supplied the news item on which Godard based the script), and by Chabrol (who lent his name as supervising producer). In French. (Thalia; July 23.)

Bronco Billy—With Clint Eastwood and Sondra Locke, directed by Eastwood. (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 1, and Criterion Center; through July 17.)

Brubaker—Suggested by the Arkansas prison scandals of the late sixties, this muckraking melodrama has considerable power and some strong performances. In the film, the prison, which is under the control of gun-carrying convict guards who supply slave labor t nearby farms and businesses, is in an uniden tified Southern state. Robert Redford play the warden who tries to clean up the plac but he's the wrong kind of actor for a priso movie—he isn't a tough man of action, an so the character has been mythologized, soft ened, and honeyed, and he seems to be th selfless white knight of the Westerns. De spite some perplexing scenes—probably oc casioned by the fact that the director, Stuar Rosenberg, took over a project that had bee shaped for a different director (Bob Rafel son) and tried to mold the material his way—there are individual sequences that may b the best work Rosenberg has ever done o the screen. The script, by W. D. Richter, ha offhand dialogue with a warm, funny edge the cinematography, by Bruno Nuytten, ha a marvellous ease. And the remarkable cas includes Morgan Freeman, Richard Ward Yaphet Kotto, David Keith, Tim McIntire David Harris, M. Emmet Walsh, and Mat Clark. There are also performers who ar used poorly (Murray Hamilton, John Mc Martin, Jane Alexander) or use themselve poorly (Everett McGill). (7/7/80) (Gramer cy, Manhattan 2, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . ¶ Manhattan 1; through July 17. . . . ¶ Em bassy 1; through July 24. . . . ¶ Embassy starting July 25.)

Caddyshack—With Chevy Chase, Rodney Dan gerfield, Ted Knight, and Michael O'Keefe directed by Harold Ramis. (Loews New Yor 1, and Loews State 2; starting July 25.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comed about a pair of aging homosexuals, one o whom has had a son; the son is eager to mar ry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, an her family wishes to make the acquaintanc of his family. Trouble in paradise, her known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinar directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo To gnazzi. In French. (5/23/79) (68th St. Play house.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Pent house East.)

The Candidate (1972)—We need political films but not this one, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Rob ert Redford) who decides to run for Demo cratic senator in California. Redford's like ness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited i one of the most vulgar pieces of casting i years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Cinem Village; July 23-24.)

The Canterbury Tales (1972)—With Hugh Grif fith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; directe by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated (D. W. Griffith; through July 17.)

Can't Stop the Music—With the Village Peo ple, Valerie Perrine, and Bruce Jenner; di rected by Nancy Walker. (Ziegfeld. No eve ning performances on Tuesday, July 22, an Thursday, July 24.)

Carny—With Gary Busey and Jodie Foster, directed by Robert Kaylor. (Quad Cinema.)

Cheech and Chong's Next Movie—Directed by Thomas Chong. (Manhattan 1, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, and National; starting July 18.)

The Children—With Martin Shakar and Gil Rogers, directed by Max Kalmanowicz.

(U. A. East, and National; through July 17.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly terse, strong-jawed performances. Directed by Michael Apted; with Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (72nd Street East; July 18-24.)

Come Have Coffee with Us (1970)—With Ugo Tognazzi, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Counsellor-at-Law (1933)—John Barrymore seems an unlikely choice for the ghetto-born lawyer of Elmer Rice's play, but this is one of the few screen roles that reveal his measure as an actor. His "presence" is apparent in every scene; so are his restraint, his humor, and his zest. The material is success-story-with-heartbreak—a typical American well-made play of the period: energetic, naïve, melodramatic, good-hearted, and full of gold-diggers, social climbers, and dedicated radicals. The director, William Wyler, sticks close to the play and tells the story in a simple, unadorned way, which has the advantage for us now of preserving the theatrical style of the time. With Bebe Daniels, Melvyn Douglas, Doris Kenyon, Mayo Methot, Thelma Todd, Onslow Stevens, Isabel Jewell, and, as the horrid stepson, Richard Quine. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 22.)

The Crazies (1973)—A science-fiction horror film, photographed in western Pennsylvania. With Lane Carroll, directed by George A. Romero, who did "Night of the Living Dead." (Harold Clurman; July 17.)

The Dark (1979)—With William Devane, Cathy Lee Crosby, Richard Jaeckel, and Keenan Wynn; directed by John Bud Cardos. (Olympia; through July 17.)

Dark Victory (1939)—Bette Davis in a kitsch classic, playing a rich doomed-to-die girl who throws herself away on meaningless pleasures and then finds redemption in unselfish love—with her doctor, George Brent. A gooey collection of clichés, but Davis slams her way through them in her nerviest style. The steals from all over include a Lawrentian stable groom, played by Humphrey Bogart. Ronald Reagan is among the heroine's swains, and Geraldine Fitzgerald is her best friend. Edmund Goulding directed. (Regency; July 24-26.)

David Bowie (1975)—Filmed at a concert in London, in 1973. Directed by D. A. Pennebaker. (Harold Clurman; July 23-25.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan in an affected *cinéma-vérité* film by Donn Pennebaker that features songs and put-downs. With Donovan and Joan Baez. (Harold Clurman; July 18-19.)

Double Indemnity (1944)—Every turn and twist is exactly calculated and achieves its effect with the simplest of means; this shrewd, smoothly tawdry thriller is one of the high points of forties films. The director, Billy Wilder, collaborated with Raymond Chandler in adapting James M. Cain's story (from his book "Three of a Kind"), and it's a tribute to them that one is likely to remember the names of the principal characters. Barbara Stanwyck's Phyllis Dietrichson—a platinum blonde who wears tight white sweaters, an anklet, and sleazy-kinky shoes—is perhaps the best acted and the most fixating of all the slutty, cold-blooded femmes fatales of the *film-noir* genre. With her bold stare, her sneering, over-lipsticked thick-looking mouth, and her strategically displayed legs, she's a living entrapment device. Fred MacMurray's Walter Neff, an insurance salesman, is the patsy she ensnares in a plot to kill her businessman-husband and collect on the double-indemnity clause in his policy; MacMurray's slightly opaque, regular-guy, macho Americanness is perfectly used here (he has never had better audience empathy). And as Keyes, the claims investigator for the insurance company, Edward G. Robinson handles his sympathetic role with an easy mastery that gives the film some realistic underpinnings. It needs them, because despite the fine

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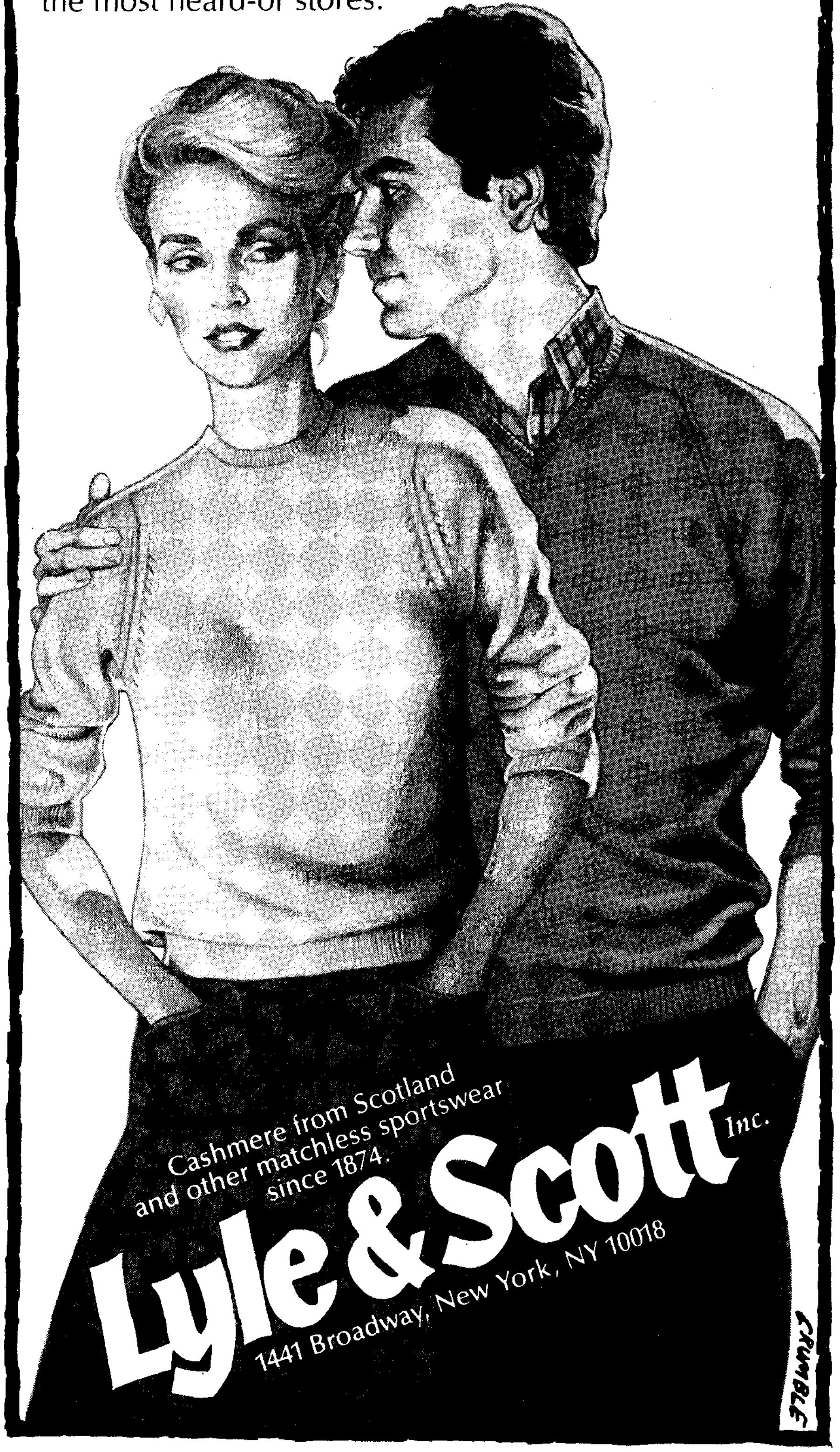
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

use of realistic sets—a cheerless middle-class home, a supermarket, offices—Chandler's dialogue is in his heightened laconic mode, and the narration (Walter Neff tells the story) is often so gaudy and terse that it seems an emblem of forties hard-boiled attitudes. This defect may be integral to the film's taut structure. Another, lesser defect *isn't:* except for the three stars, the cast is just barely adequate. With Jean Heather, Porter Hall, Tom Powers, Bryon Barr, Richard Gaines, and Fortunio Bonanova. Art direction by Hans Dreier and Hal Pereira; cinematography by John Seitz; score by Miklos Rozsa. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 21.)

Dressed to Kill—With Michael Caine, Angie Dickinson, and Nancy Allen; directed by Brian De Palma. (Beekman, 57th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 1; starting July 25.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 20.)

Each Dawn I Die (1939)—The title of this prison picture is superb; convicts have often said that the title describes their feelings exactly. But nothing in the melodrama lives up to it. James Cagney plays an honest, muckraking reporter who is framed and sent up by a crooked D.A.; on his way to prison, he meets George Raft (slick and crooked as usual—which is welcome here). Cagney's virtuous suffering grows tedious, and the script, full of double crosses and jailbreaks, isn't persuasive. The director, William Keighley, brings off some moderately forceful scenes; but toward the end of the thirties the Warners underworld pictures began to get hazy and high-minded, and in this one the pre-Second World War spiritual irradiation blurs the conventions of the prison genre. With Jane Bryan as Cagney's girl, George Bancroft as the warden, Slapsy Maxie Rosenbloom as an amiable con, and Alan Baxter, Victor Jory, and Stanley Ridges. (Regency; July 20-21.)

The Empire Strikes Back—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. Directed by Irvin Kershner, produced by George Lucas. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Murray Hill, Loews New York 2, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Plaza, 86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse 2, New Yorker 2, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

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Floating Cloud (1955)—With Hideko Takamine, directed by Mikio Naruse. In Japanese. (Art; starting July 18.)

The Great Santini—With Robert Duvall and Blythe Danner, directed by Lewis John Carlino. (Guild.)

The Green Room—Truffaut essays Henry James, specifically "The Altar of the Dead" with a bit of "The Beast in the Jungle" thrown in. The film is adequate, barely, to the occasion—one wonders whether the director really wanted to make it or whether it was some kind of contractual obligation. In any case, it's drear and reverential, with enough flickering wax to put Georges de La Tour, the candlelight master, to shame. In French. (9/24/79) (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 24.)

Having a Wild Weekend (1965; "Catch Us If You Can" in England)—Directed by John Boorman, this little English movie featuring the Dave Clark Five and Barbara Ferris came to this country unpublicized, quietly failed, and disappeared. With few exceptions, the reviewers treated it as a poor imitation of a Beatles picture, but although it began like that, it turned into something else. "Having a Wild Weekend" is partly a reaction against the pop world. It isn't sure of itself, its tone is uneven, its style is faltering and somewhat confused, but it's trying to get at something. It's trying to be a success and to question the meaning of success—and inevitably fails on both counts. At the beginning, the musicians are involved in a pop-music happening, but then, as if the inanity of the project overwhelmed them, the hero and heroine try to escape their advertising milieu. They don't want to be turned into products, they don't want to be sold. They begin to look at various escape routes from modern commercialism: drugs, antique collecting, yearning for an island. They encounter middle-aged failures when they're picked up by a dreadful yet sympathetic couple (Robin Bailey and Yootha Joyce), who suggest the Almans—the horribly bickering pair from "Wild Strawberries" (she with her hysteria, he with his Catholicism). The movie seems to discover tentatively, with regret and bewilderment, that the cures are illusory, are only more symptoms. It's as if pop art had discovered Chekhov—the Three Sisters finally set off for Moscow and along the way discover that there isn't any Moscow. The young refugees from urban corruption look for pastoral innocence and solitude, and find that the corruption has infected the countryside. It is total. And the island the girl dreamed of turns out—at low tide—to be attached to the mainland. The pair were drawn together by the quest; when they are defeated, they split. This movie has an aftertaste. It's bittersweet—which is an old-fashioned word with connotations of sadness, of nostalgia, and perhaps of something one might call truth. It is one of those films that linger in the memory—a forlorn little Cinderella that the public never took to the big box-office ball. (Harold Clurman; July 26.)

R.G.Harrison

Honeysuckle Rose—With Willie Nelson, Dyan Cannon, and Amy Irving; directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Sutton, and Criterion Center; starting July 18.)

How to Beat the High Cost of Living—With Susan Saint James, Jane Curtin, and Jessica Lange; directed by Robert Scheerer. (Loews New York 1, and Loews State 2; through July 24.)

In a Year of 13 Moons—With Volker Spengler, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Waverly; through July 17.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1978)—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some funny lines, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 has its own macabre originality. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (Olympia; July 18-24.)

Jack's Wife (1972)—Directed by George A. Romero. (Harold Clurman; July 16.)

Jailhouse Rock (1957)—Elvis Presley, convicted of manslaughter and shorn by a jailhouse haircut, sings and plays the guitar to entertain the prison inmates. At one point, he strips to the waist and is flogged by the guards, though not for his singing. Richard Thorpe directed this package, shrewdly designed to give satisfaction to the new raunchy rock generation. The story ends happily, and the movie made millions, though Presley never begins to suggest the vitality that he showed in documentary footage. With Judy Tyler, Dean Jones, and Mickey Shaughnessy. (Harold Clurman; July 26.)

Julia (1977)—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia, in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. After a while, it becomes apparent that Zinnemann and Sargent are trafficking in too many quotations and flashbacks because they can't find the core of the material. The film's constraint is frustrating, since Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character; she could crack the cautious, contemplative surface and take us places we've never been to. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 17.)

Keep on Rockin' (1973)—Filmed at the September 1969 Toronto rock-and-roll concert, with Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, and others. (Harold Clurman; July 21-22.)

Kill or Be Killed—With James Ryan, directed by Ivan Hall. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Rivoli. . . ¶ Olympia; through July 17.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through July 17.)

The Long Riders—A satisfying, intelligently worked-out retelling of the classic movie-Western folk romance about the James brothers (Jesse and Frank; not Henry and William), the Younger gang, and the outlaws-vs.-Pinkertons Missouri skirmishes, culminating in the bloody Northfield Raid. The cast is full of brothers playing brothers—James and Stacy Keach as Jesse and Frank James; David, Keith, and Robert Carradine as the Youngers; Randy and Dennis Quaid as the Millers; Christopher and Nicholas Guest as the skulking Ford boys. Directed by Walter Hill; with Savannah Smith, Pamela Reed, Fran Ryan, and James Whitmore, Jr. (5/19/80) (Beekman, and Quad Cinema; through July 17. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 24. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; July 18-24. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting July 18.)

Ludwig—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's film about King Ludwig II of Bavaria. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting July 22.)

Luna—A faltering on the part of the admirable Italian director Bernardo Bertolucci, who here brings Jill Clayburgh, as an American opera star, into confrontation with the horribly dreary and painful world of drug addiction; her son (Matthew Barry) sticks a fork in his arm because, we're meant to believe, he's not loved enough. Clayburgh tries to make up this lack by offering to go to bed with him. The film is amazingly silly. (10/8/79) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 22.)

Made for Each Other (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as plain, ordinary struggling young married folk in New York, having money troubles. The film, directed by John Cromwell, manages to jack up a little excitement when their baby gets sick and serum must be flown from Utah. The mercy plane goes through a storm, gales, blizzards, thunder, and lightning. You'll be relieved to know that the serum arrives in the very nick of time, and the husband gets a promotion. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 23.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2. . . . ¶ Waverly; through July 17.)

Martin (1972)—With John Amplas, directed by George A. Romero. (Harold Clurman; July 16-17.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This cheery, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with many parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owen, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (New Yorker 1, and Embassy; through July 17.)

Meetings with Remarkable Men—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the-middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan when movies *could* be filmed in Afghanistan), and discussions of "vibrations," etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema.)

The Missouri Breaks (1976)—Arthur Penn somehow kept this picture afloat in spite of a signal contribution by Marlon Brando that is not so much a performance as a turn, though a scintillating one. He plays what is called a "regulator" in the eighteen-eighties in Montana, brought in to stop horse rustling; Jack Nicholson, who affably allows himself to be overshadowed, gives a very interesting, quiet performance as a roamer become domesticated. Worth seeing for these two performances, but Brando's lazy brilliance at actor's legerdemain sometimes takes the eye off the narrative, which the immensely intelligent Penn probably conceived as a picture about the dying days of the frontier spirit and the undernourished souls of people living on their own myths. Thomas McGuane's script is adept, but jerky and smart-alecky. (St. Marks Cinema; July 18-24.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians. (Harold Clurman; July 21-22.)

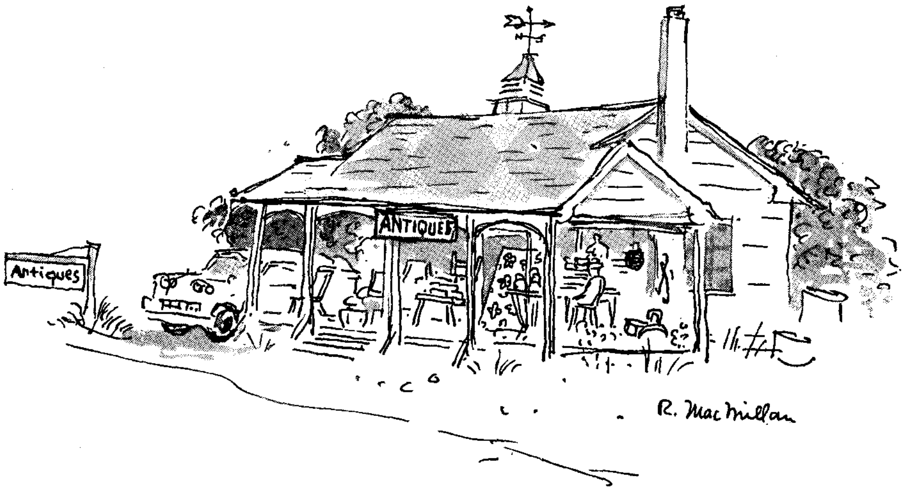
The Muppet Movie (1979)—Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, et al., travel across the country toward Hollywood, pursued by a fried-frogs'-legs entrepreneur. After some scuffles and a few songs, they make it into show biz and become stars. (7/2/79) (Gemini 2. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through July 17.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker 1; starting July 18.)

No Nukes—Filmed at the September, 1979, rock concert in Madison Square Garden, featuring such performers as Jackson Browne, Crosby, Stills & Nash, Bonnie Raitt, Bruce Springsteen, and James Taylor. (Cinema I; starting July 18.)

No Regrets for Our Youth (1946)—With Susumu Fujita and Setsuko Hara, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Art; starting July 18.)

Norma Rae (1979)—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. A first-rate film about the efforts



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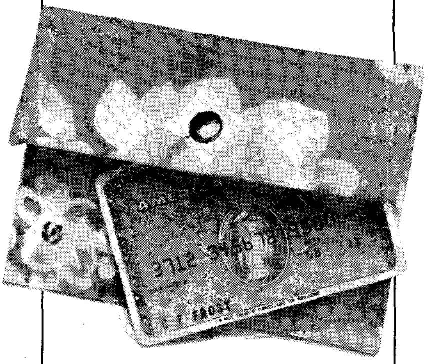

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of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; through July 17.)

The Oklahoma Kid (1939)—Whip McCord, splendidly named, is played by Bogart, and he is a gambler in a black hat. Jim Kincaid is played by James Cagney, in a white hat, and he is the Oklahoma Kid, the most notorious outlaw in the West. There is a terrific scene about taking over a jail. High-class bang-bang. Lloyd Bacon directed. (Regency; July 22-23.)

Peppermint Soda (1979)—Adolescence from a woman's point of view. The film is an account of the minor adventures of two French girls, thirteen and fifteen, acted just right by Eleonore Klarwein and Odile Michel. Written and directed with confidence and precision by Diane Kurys. In French. (7/30/79) (Cinema Studio 1; through July 19.)

Les Petites Fugues—Directed by Yves Yersin. In French. (Cinema Studio 1; starting July 20.)

Practice Makes Perfect—With Jean Rochefort, Danielle Darrieux, and Annie Girardot; directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Paris.)

The Projectionist (1971)—Chuck McCann as a projectionist, and Rodney Dangerfield as a theatre owner. Harry Hurwitz wrote and directed this movie-infatuated movie, which includes bits of old serials and features. With Ina Balin. (Art; through July 17.)

Renaldo & Clara (1978)—Bob Dylan made this three-hour-and-fifty-two-minute film, which was mostly shot during a Bicentennial (1975-76) tour. (The show was called the "Rolling Thunder Revue.") The performance footage is handsomely photographed, but it doesn't build up the excitement that one can sometimes feel at a performance film, because the movie keeps cutting away from the stage to *cinéma-vérité* fantasies of Dylan's life, which occupy more than two-thirds of the running time. Dylan has given himself more tight closeups than any actor can have had in the whole history of movies. (Harold Clurman; July 20.)

The Roaring Twenties (1939)—James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart grow up together, come back from the First World War, and get into the rackets. Too mechanical a view of character; the whole thing is a little simpleminded. Raoul Walsh directed. (Regency; July 20-21.)

Rough Cut—With Burt Reynolds, Lesley-Anne Down, and David Niven; directed by Don Siegel. (Coronet, and Embassy.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)— Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (Cinema Village; July 20-21. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 23.)

The Shining—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. Though taken from a pulp best-seller, by Stephen King, the movie isn't the scary fun one might hope for from a virtuoso technician like Kubrick. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. Nicholson gives the first hour its buzz, but then his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized; Duvall's performance, however, becomes stronger as the film goes on, and she looks more like a Modigliani than ever. With Scatman Crothers, Joe Turkel, Barry Nelson, and Anne Jackson; script by Kubrick and Diane Johnson. (6/9/80) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Sutton; through July 17. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting July 18. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting July 25, tentative.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—A François Truffaut film to rank with "Shoot the Piano Player," "Jules and Jim," and "The Wild Child"—and perhaps his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 24.)

Albert Hubbell

Superman (1978)—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the picture: he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. The film is also likable, but disappointing—it gives the impression of having been made in panic, in fear that style or "too much" imagination might endanger its appeal to the literal-minded. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies made up to that date, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit or miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner, though there's so little consistency that each sequence might have had a different director and been color-processed in a different lab. (Richard Lester is said to have worked on parts of it.) With an enormous cast that includes Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, Margot Kidder, Valerie Perrine, Ned Beatty, Glenn Ford, Phyllis Thaxter, Terence Stamp, Susannah York, Jeff East, Marc McClure, Trevor Howard, Harry Andrews, Maria Schell, Jackie Cooper, and Aaron Smolinski, who plays Superman as a child. The writers involved in adapting the comic strip created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Schuster include Mario Puzo, David Newman, Leslie Newman, Robert Benton, Tom Mankiewicz, and Norman Enfield. Cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth; music by John Williams. (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Loews State 1; through July 17.)

Swing High, Swing Low (1937)—A screwball comedy that tries to be effervescent and is merely overactive. Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Jean Dixon, and Charles Butterworth look giddy and buzz around in bars in Panama and night clubs in New York. Mitchell Leisen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 23.)

The Time Machine (1960)—Entertaining George Pal sci-fi, loosely derived from the H. G. Wells novel and set at about the time the book was written—1895. The plush Victorian furnishings in the home of the time-travelling scientist (Rod Taylor) are contrasted with the catacombs of the cannibalistic future, where Yvette Mimieux is a dainty morsel on the menu. The machine itself is a beauty, with a red velvet seat and gadgets made of ivory and rock crystal, and the time-travel effects help to make this film one of the best of its kind. However, it deteriorates into comic-strip grotesqueries when the fat, ogreish future race of Morlocks torments the effete, platinum-blond, vacant-eyed race of Eloi. With Alan Young, Sebastian Cabot, and Whit Bissell. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 23.)

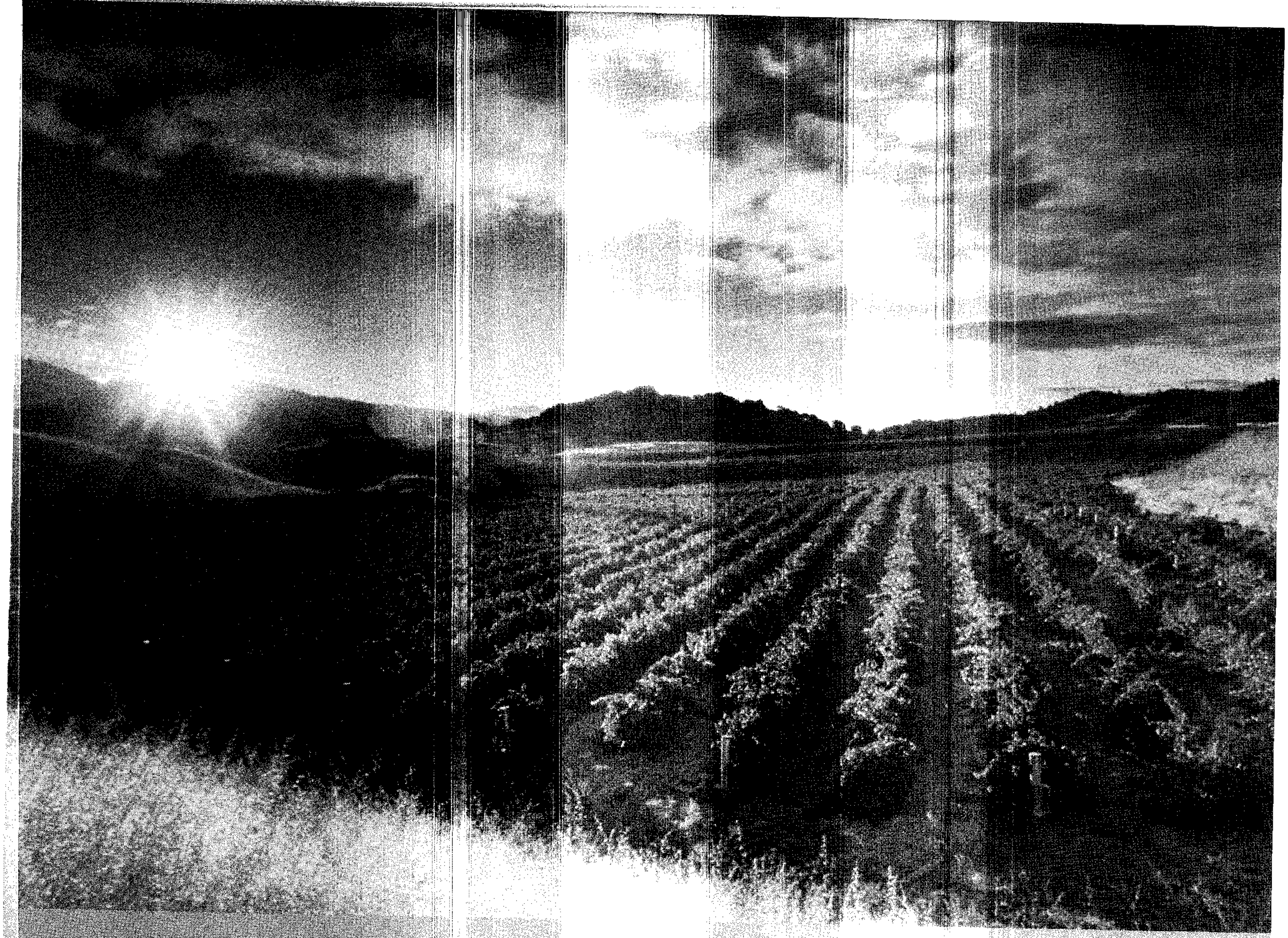
The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema I; through July 17. . . . ¶ Cinema II; starting July 18.)

Urban Cowboy—With John Travolta, directed by James Bridges. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Loews Tower East, and Embassy.)

Way Out West (1937)—This satire of Westerns is probably Laurel and Hardy's most comically sustained feature, and it shows off their vaudeville skills in a couple of musical interludes. They do a classic soft-shoe shuffle outside a saloon; Hardy's lolling elephantine grace has never been more ingratiating. And they sing "In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia." As Mickey Finn, the villain in love with his own villainy, James Finlayson is practically a co-star, and Sharon Lynne is the voluptuous blond saloon girl. The film is leisurely in the best sense; you adjust to a different rhythm and come out feeling relaxed, as if you'd had a vacation. James Horne directed. (Thalia; July 22.)

Wholly Moses!—With Dudley Moore and Laraine Newman, directed by Gary Weis. (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through July 17.)

World Première (1941)—John Barrymore, in his self-parodying period, doing an entertaining lampoon of a movie producer. An insignificant contraption of a movie, directed by Ted Tetzlaff. With Frances Farmer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 22.)



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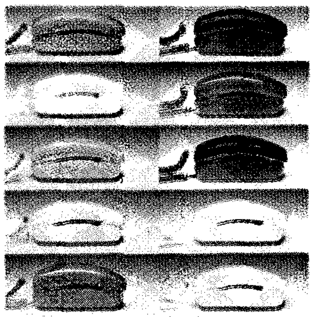

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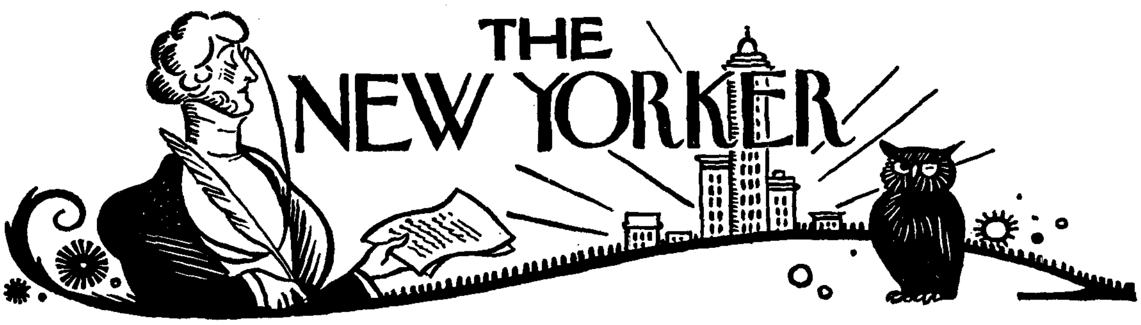

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE mid-July day, at five in the morning, when Columbus Avenue was still gray-blue, a tall young man zoomed out of Eighty-fourth Street on skates with red neon wheels, did a couple of spins and whirls, and vanished down Eighty-fifth without a sound.

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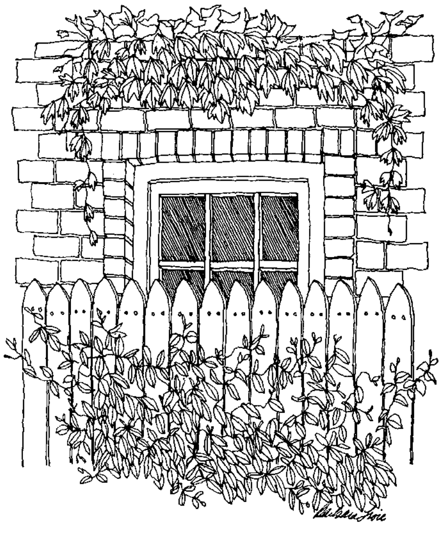
You Don't Get to Know a Chicken the Way You Do a Horse

WE had a midnight dinner last week in the cafeteria of P.S. 166, on West Eighty-ninth Street, across from the old Claremont Riding Academy, because a Peter Yates film called "Eyewitness" was being made in its stables. In the sequence filmed during the previous two hours, a couple of men struggled for a gun on the dirt floor while nine horses and riders thundered past them—it was hoped—at full gallop. Four of the horses were Claremont residents, and five had been trucked in from California for the occasion by Rudy Ugland, the proprietor of Rudy Ugland's Motion Picture Livestock & Equipment Company. Ugland, who had trained the Western animals, was on the scene to supervise their performance, and when the company took a break for dinner, we joined him. He is forty-one years old—a burly, good-looking six-footer with curly yellow hair who looks, dresses, sounds, and moves the way a cowboy should. He has a weathered, amiable face, a quick and kindly grin, and an unaffected manner. Though he gave the impression of being laconic, he readily told us the following:

I've been all over, but this is the first time I've been to New York. Just watching the people is the greatest thing in the world. You don't know *what* you're going to see. I went up the Empire State Building and to the Natural History Museum. I've seen a lot of people I've worked with through the years. They've shown me all over. They want to show me their way of life, and I respect that. I took a train from Pennsylvania Station out to Belmont for the Belmont Stakes. It was my first trip on a train. It was O.K. But I lost my shirt at the Belmont Stakes. I bet a California horse. Codex.

Every day, we exercise my horses in Central Park. Two hours a horse. Central Park's nice. Very comfortable and clean. At home in California, we ride in the high desert. There's lots of chaparral and greasewood and cactus. You can ride for ten miles and come to nothing until you hit the freeway. My father was a horse trader in Saugus, a very small town north of Los Angeles. It was once a stagecoach stop. When I was a kid, my father used to take me to L.A. each week for the horse-and-mule auctions. When I was old enough, I went to work for Fat Jones, who had rental stables in North Hollywood. That's where I got my knowledge of the picture business. Fat Jones went all the way back to silent pictures—to the Tom Mix period. His ranch is gone now. It's office buildings and factories. My ranch is in Saugus. I have about a hundred head, and six people. I'm on the road nine months of the year. I've got four semis with forty-foot trailers that carry eighteen horses each. I rent out stagecoaches and wagons of all sorts, and cows, chickens, pigs, mules, work oxen. I like horses. You don't get to know a chicken the way you do a horse. I've got one horse at home I'm still feeding and he's thirty-eight. He was thirty-two last time I used him in a picture. He's fat and he's healthy, and he still gets around good. The thing that scares me about the business is it's getting so big you're more of a businessman than a cowboy. I used to have one phone. Now I've got six, with three numbers. If you get cut off, it's not because I don't want to talk to you, it's because I get confused with who's on hold and who isn't.

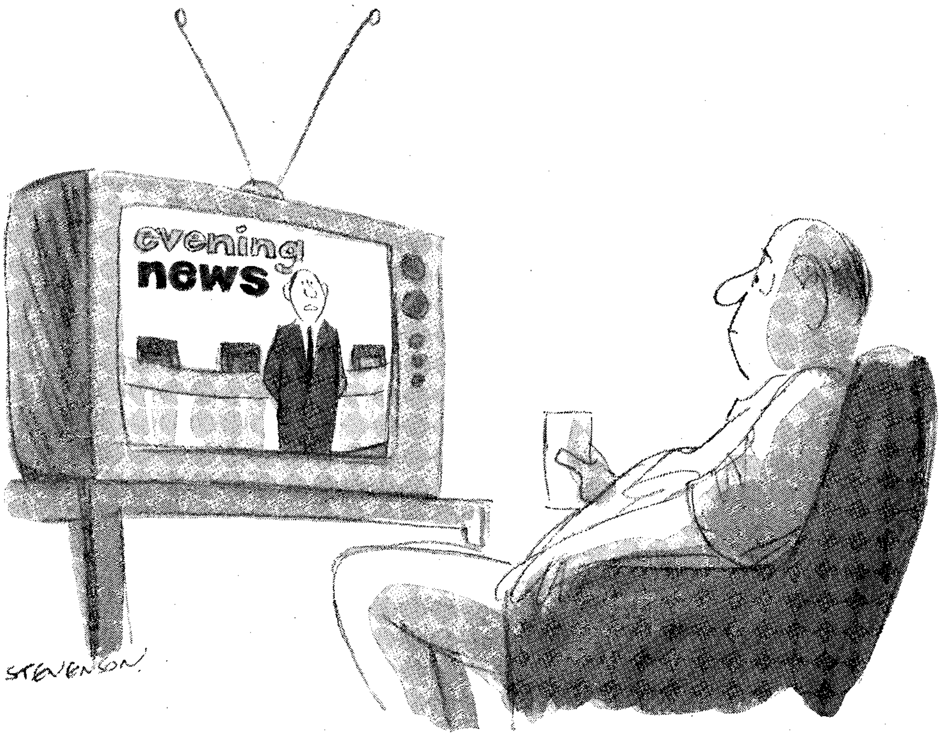


My horses go through a long training program, and by the time they're finished they have to be able to do everything. They're tuned to working twelve, fourteen hours a day. It's too expensive to maintain a specialty horse these days. Now, the lead horse of this picture is a quarter horse named Parsons. He lays down on voice command; sits up; you can drive him in a buggy or in a team or have him lead a six-up in a stagecoach; you can rope steers or calves on him; and my wife has run barrel races on him. You can put any little baby in the world on him. *And* he's *purty!* I've had him for seven years now, and he's been ridden by Jane Fonda, Steve McQueen, John Wayne, and Clint Eastwood. I have horses that jump cars, and I have some falling horses, too. I'll tell you how you train a horse to fall: *carefully*. What you really do is teach him slowly how to lay down, until he has confidence in you, then you get him to do it faster. But most stunt men who fall horses have their own horse. Two pictures I worked on are showing now—"Tom Horn" and "The Long Riders." I can't remember how many pictures I've worked on, but I've been doing it steady for twenty-two years. Thousands of TV shows, too. I'm a movie fan, but if they don't have a horse in it I don't watch it. My all-time favorite movie is "The Westerner," with Gary Cooper and Walter Brennan. I've probably seen it twenty times. I like the authenticity—the old-time saddles and the old-time dress. I tried acting just once. It was a Burt Lancaster film called "Valdez Is Coming." They made it in Spain. I had lines, and everything, but it made me a nervous wreck. Never again! I rope steers in rodeos sometimes. I'm a member of the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association. If there's a rodeo near where we're shooting, and I get a little time off, I'll go over and enter the steer-roping. I learned how to do it on locations where they had steers in the picture. When I was younger, I tried all the events. Riding on the bulls didn't work so good. You're not born a cowboy—you have to learn to be a cowboy. Everybody's had the dream of being a cowboy, and I've just lived mine out. Where else could you live in the eighteen-eighties and get paid for it? We've got about a week more on this picture, and then I'm going to take my first vacation in my life. I'm going to Hawaii and lay down on the beach, and I don't want to see a horse while I'm there. I just came off a picture called "Heaven's Gate," directed by Michael Cimino. It was the biggest challenge I've ever had. I was given an opportunity to put a lot into the film. We had a hundred and fifty wagons and over a hundred saddle horses. Just catching three hundred head of horses and putting the harness on them is quite a sight to see. We took portable corrals with us, and we had semis loaded with hay hauled in every two days, and we fed all the horses by hand. We were shooting near Kalispell, Montana, in the Flathead River valley. It's *green*, with streams and mountains. Now, I'm partial to the whole, entire West, because I've spent my whole, entire life there, and I like Arizona and New Mexico and Colorado and Wyoming, but if any place could look like heaven it's got to be Kalispell, Montana.

Saturday

CUTTY SARK whiskey sponsored, and the Central Park Model Yacht Club presented, a twelve-hour model-sailboat marathon on the Seventy-second-Street Pond the other Saturday. We listened to one young spectator:

Oooh . . . cool! Where do you get little boats like that? Are they racing? I can't even tell who's winning. How can you tell who's winning? Oooh, they're gonna crash! Close one. Cool! If I had one, I'd crash it. Do you think I could have a boat like that? Guess what I'd do if I had a boat like that. I'd glue my Army guys on it. Then guess what else I'd do. I'd put little guns on it and firecrackers and blow up the other boats. Whoa! That black one—it's gonna tip! Boy, it almost tipped. Are all the boats supposed to stop over there? If there's no wind over there, how come there's wind over here but not over there? Is that thing out there a boat? A buoy? What's a buoy? Are these old guys here with the radios controlling the boats? Then who's controlling the buoys? Nobody? So how do you get them back? Look—there's a dog swimming in the water! That boat almost crashed into that dog! Is that water over my head? Is it over Jennifer's head? How come dogs can swim and Jennifer can't swim? If I had a little remote-control boat like a houseboat, could I put it in this pond? Then guess what I'd put on my houseboat. Miniature frogmen. They'd dive off the houseboat and swim around in the pond. Is there such a thing as a toy submarine? If there is, I'd put that in here, too. With real torpedoes. Look—all the boats stopped again. How come there's wind in the trees but not on the pond? Are you allowed to have motorboats in this race? Why not? Hey, there's a kid with a minnow net! Are there minnows in here? Guess what Michael Young told me one time. He said there were golden lobsters in this pond. How come no kids have boats in this race? Would you buy me a boat like this someday? Is that black boat winning? What do you have to do to win? The race isn't over until tonight? You mean they're just going to sail around and around all day? *Ahhh!* A bee! It's chasing me! *Ahhh!* I wasn't bothering it, it was bothering me. I hit it with a stick to get it to go away. How fast are those boats going? Wow, they're really going fast now. Are they going a hundred miles an hour? Look—that one the sail came off! The guy has to go out in that boat to fix it. He's really mad. If I had a boat, guess what I'd make it out of. Cement. You really can make boats out of cement, and they never break. Really. Michael Young's dad told me. Look at that kid over there! He's got a motor-powered skateboard! Let's go look at that!



"I'm sorry to announce there will be no evening news tonight. Absolutely everybody has gone to some other network."

Quartet

THE Muir String Quartet, whose members are all in their middle twenties, went to the Festival d'Évian Concours de Quatuors à Cordes in France recently and beat eleven other string quartets, from various countries in Europe, for first prize. Then the Quartet returned to Yale, which had sent it over for the competition, and where it is supported on a Wardwell Fellowship. At the Yale School of Music, the members heard from Shaw Concerts, Inc., that Harold Shaw, its president, would like to meet with them to discuss representing them for professional appearances.

Before the Muir Quartet's departure for Évian, Edward Houser, who is also in his mid-twenties, and who had just inaugurated a chamber-music department at Shaw Concerts, had gone up to Yale to hear it play at a concert at Sprague Hall, and had taken the members out for pizza afterward. (Houser had heard from Raphael Hillyer, a Yale professor of music and founding violist with the Juilliard String Quartet, that the Muir Quartet was "hot.") Houser told them that Shaw might become interested in adding the Muir, as his first string quartet, to his roster of clients, who included Vladimir Horowitz, Garrick Ohlsson, Eugene Fodor, Miriam Fried, Nathan Milstein, Janet Baker, Pierre Fournier, Julian Bream, Janice Hall, Esther Hinds, Nicolai Gedda, and the Indianapolis, Milwaukee, and Toronto Symphony Orchestras. The Quartet members told Houser that they knew that Harold Shaw was a famous agent, and that they would like it a lot if he would represent them. Over the pizza, they also told Houser that they had named themselves after John Muir, the naturalist—who founded the Sierra Club, and after whom the Muir Woods, near San Francisco, is named—because they are all backpackers, campers, and climbers, and like to be outdoors; whenever they can, they added, they play their music outdoors.

The other afternoon, after returning from their victory in France, the Quartet left New Haven in a 1971 Buick, light-blue with a white top, on a trip to New York. The driver was the cellist: Michael Reynolds, twenty-four, who was born in Bozeman, Montana, and whose parents, both of them professional violinists and teachers at Montana State University, had him begin cello lessons at the age of eight. Beside him in the front seat was the first violinist: Joseph Genualdi, twenty-six, who was born in Clinton, Iowa, and started taking violin lessons at the age of six; his father, who plays the double bass, is the principal of Andrew Warde High School in Fairfield, Connecticut, and his mother, a pianist, is an elementary-school teacher. In the back seat was the second violinist: Bayla Keyes, twenty-seven, who was born in Wichita, Kansas, and started taking lessons at the age of ten, and whose father, a composer, and mother, a pianist, teach at the University of Louisville, in Kentucky. Also in the back was the violist: Steven Ansell, twenty-six, who was born in Minneapolis, and whose father, a well-known urologist in Seattle, and mother are non-musicians but lovers of music and had him start on the viola at the age of ten. The members of the Quartet first got together at the Curtis Institute of Music, in Philadelphia. In the fall of 1978, they began talking about playing together; early in 1979, they won the group fellowship at Yale; and they have been playing together ever since. Genualdi, who is married, lives in New Haven. The others share a small cottage, half a mile from the beach, in Old Saybrook, and the Quartet spends five hours a day rehearsing in the cottage.

"Watch it! The front office is venting krypton this morning."

• •

Reynolds parked the old Buick on Broadway at Sixty-eighth Street, across the street from 1995 Broadway—a new building that is just north of Lincoln Center. They rode up to the ninth floor, where Shaw Concerts has its offices, and there they were greeted by Houser, a cheerful, friendly young man with wild, bright-red hair, who led them into Harold Shaw's office and proudly introduced them: Genualdi, dark and stocky, with a rectangular black mustache and long, thick black hair, who was wearing a pin-striped navy-blue suit; Keyes, trim in a red-and-white printed silk dress and high-heeled sandals, with blond hair cut pageboy style; Reynolds, at six feet by far the tallest member of the group, with sandy hair getting sparse in front, who was wearing horn-rimmed glasses, green pants, and a light-green short-sleeved sports shirt; and Ansell, brown-haired, skinny, wearing steel-rimmed spectacles, a light-blue sports shirt, brown trousers, and black shoes run down at the heels. Shaw's office was big, with windows on two sides, green carpeting, a sofa and a hassock upholstered in matching green-and-orange checked tweed, and a very long desk. A large framed photograph of Vladimir Horowitz, in tails, at his piano, hung on the wall near the desk. The Quartet and Houser sat on the sofa and hassock facing Shaw, a somewhat portly man of fifty-seven with gray hair brushed neatly back from his forehead, who was dressed in a charcoal-gray suit, a white-and-red striped shirt, and a large red bow tie. Shaw, who had studied the violin and the cello in his youth, worked for Hurok Concerts for about thirteen years and branched out on his own as a manager eleven years ago.

Getting up from his desk, Shaw shook hands with each member of the Quartet. "And this is for you, for you, for you, and for you," he said, smiling paternally and giving each one a photocopy of a letter addressed to all four of them.

As Houser, looking very happy, watched them, they read:

> This will confirm that I will manage you in the United States and Canada for your concert, television, and radio record engagements which occur for the actual performance period of June 1, 1980, through May 31, 1982.
>
> Commissions will be deducted in the amounts following:
>
> Regular concerts and orchestra engagements, United States and Canada—20%;
>
> Organized audiences, such as Civic, Community, and CCS, United States, and Canada—15%;
>
> Radio and Television—30%;
>
> Recordings—30%;
>
> Cable Television, Video Cassettes, and Video Discs—to be negotiated.
>
> Commissions for other areas of the world to be mutually agreed upon.
>
> Brochures, posters, heralds, and printed materials will be designed and handled by us, for which you will bear the charges.
>
> Cordially yours,
> HAROLD SHAW, *President*
> Shaw Concerts, Inc.

Shaw was leaning back in his chair, still smiling. Ansell was the first to look up. He waited until the others had finished reading, then said, a bit hesitantly, "My only question is about the recordings. Shouldn't there be—well, probably a sliding scale?"

"When and if the time comes," Shaw said, continuing to smile. "You sit down and figure out what it should be."

Genualdi leaned forward and folded his hands over his knees. "There'll probably be no need for a sliding scale for a while," he said, with a small laugh.

"Maybe we'll have a rock-and-roll hit," Reynolds said, and everybody laughed.

Shaw stopped smiling and looked businesslike. "If you record with a well-known artist—Horowitz, Pavarotti—they're going to take a major portion," he said. He added, "But you sit down and figure out what you think the sliding scale should be."

Ansell, looking serious, nodded. "What about charity performances?" he asked.

"You shouldn't do them," Shaw said quickly and rather sternly. "If the local dentist asks you to play for a cause and offers to fill your teeth in return, that's one thing. But it burns me up when everybody gets something except the artist. Charity begins at home. So many charities are a ripoff. When I'm asked to contribute to a charity, I prefer to say, 'Give me the name of the student, or whoever, and *I'll* send him the money. I'll do it myself.' " The Quartet looked almost transfixed. "Why should you spend five, six, seven years training not to get paid?" Shaw continued, as though unable to stop his momentum. "It burns me up," he said again.

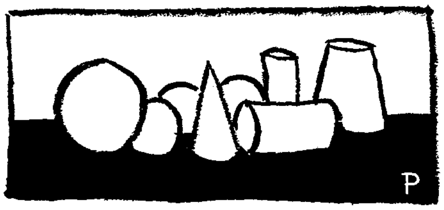
Houser looked at his four charges seriously and nodded.

Reynolds edged forward on the sofa and asked, "What about brochures and posters and all that that it says we're supposed to pay for?"

Shaw looked paternal again. "We'll carry those until you get some dates," he said. "We carry charges of that kind for a while. But when you go out to a community you pay your own hotel bill—but we make the reservations for you." Now he looked businesslike again. "There are two basic categories of what we do for you," he went on. "One is sales. The other is services. In sales, we have representatives for the Northeast, the Midwest, the South, and the West. The first thing I want you to do is get to know those representatives. Let them meet you, see you, hear you, know what you're like. If you play for the sales staff, they can talk about you better. And they're all pretty good musicians, too. People like Seldy Cramer, our representative for the Northeast, who's a cellist."

"We've heard about Seldy Cramer," Ansell said.

Shaw looked pleased. "Enthusiasm on the part of your representative is the essence of getting you an engagement," he said. "Having been a sales representative for seventeen years, I know. *Get to know your representatives.* Your lifeblood at this point in your career is their enthusiasm for you." He leaned back in his chair. The members of the Quartet looked around at each other without saying anything. "Every geographical area has its own character, and our representatives know what its people are like, what they want," Shaw went on. "In Honolulu, people come to a concert in shirtsleeves. In Boston, they come in black tie. In Beaumont, Texas, one-third of the audience comes for social reasons, one-third is there because of social pressure, and one-third comes for the music. In New York, the only reason anyone is there is for the music. New York has your easiest audience. If you're only *half* good, they'll love you, because they hear so much music that's bad. What's your repertoire?"



"We have a wide range," Genualdi said. "Eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth century. We played Bartók's Second Quartet in the final round at Évian. It blew them away."

The Quartet members grinned at each other.

"Are you inclined to balance your programs?" Shaw asked.

"Bartók, Debussy, and one of the more popular Haydn quartets—sort of like that," Reynolds said.

"Always do your contemporary piece first," Shaw said. "That's when their ears are freshest, and they will listen. I don't know how the critics hear *anything*." He sighed heavily. "What kind of repertoire do you have for the smaller communities?" he asked.

"Brahms, Opus 51, No. 1, in C Minor," Genualdi said. "Haydn, Opus 76, No. 6."

"Mozart, K. 590, in F Major," Reynolds said.

"The Debussy Quartet," Ansell said.

"When we played Bartók a few weeks ago, people came to us and thanked us and said, 'We never liked Bartók before,' " Bayla Keyes said.

"We were told 'Never play modern music for old people,' " Reynolds said. "But an old man came over to us and said, 'I loved your Bartók.' "

"Do you sound out a hall before a concert?" Shaw asked.

All the members quickly said yes.

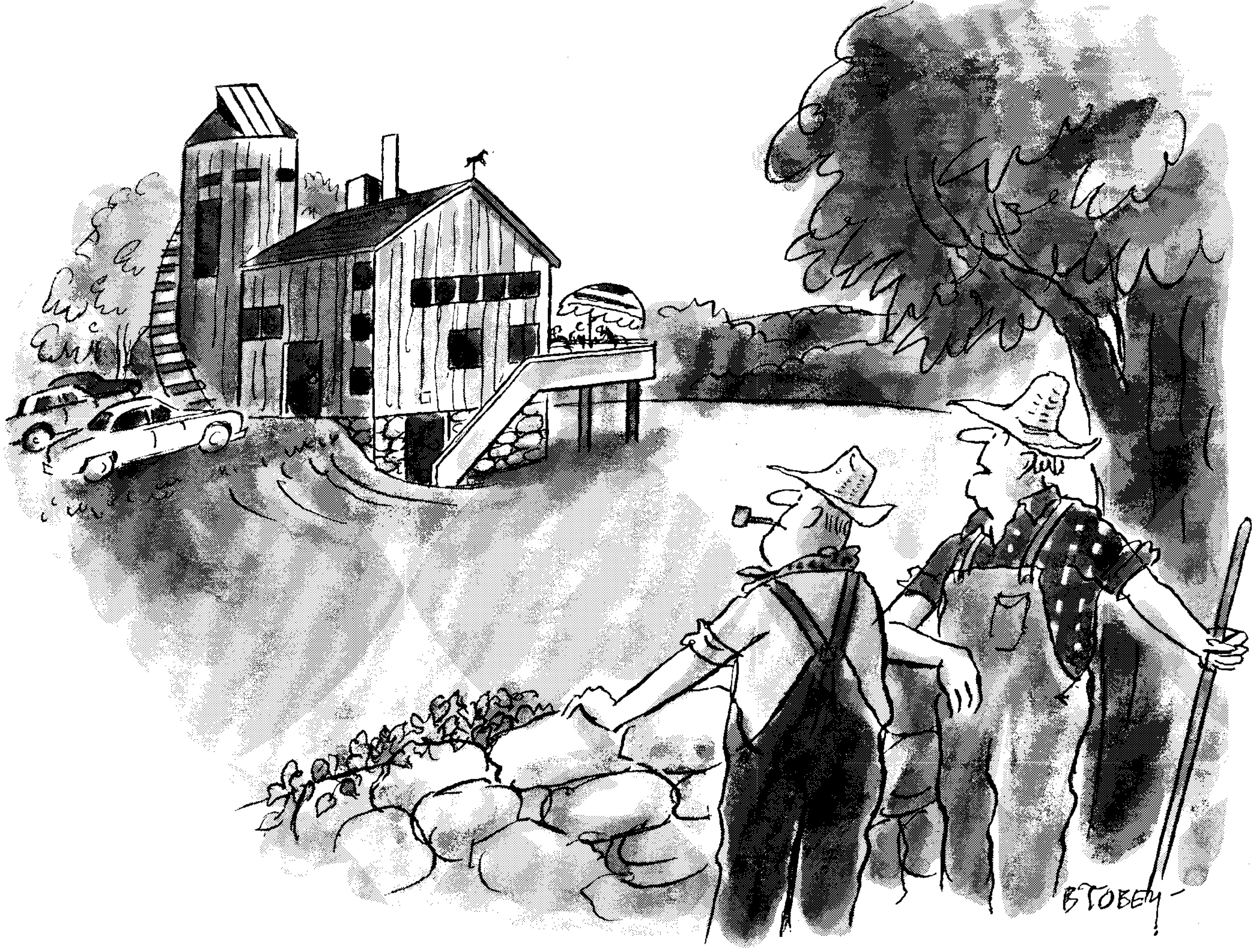
"If it's a very dead hall, you make sure you don't scratch," Ansell said.

"If you're really good, you adjust like that," Reynolds said, snapping his fingers.

There was another brief silence.

"This is no major matter," Genualdi said. "But that photograph of us—that one crummy photograph of us. Shouldn't we have a better photograph taken?"

"Definitely," Shaw said. "And when you're having your photographs taken, if you're dark, use a lighter



"Ed, remember my barn when it had cows in it?"

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background. We're always getting photographs from England with dark backgrounds. Very arty but not very effective." He gave them another paternal smile.

Ansell was studying the agreement again. "One thing," he said. "Does that twenty-per-cent fee cover only the concerts you engage us for?"

Shaw sat up straight. "We *represent* you, we don't *engage* you," he said briskly. "We take the commission on everything you do. The reason is that agents are paid for what they get for you. At the end of the year, when you figure out how much you paid your agent, it doesn't show all the work that did *not* result in an engagement. An artist doesn't know everything you do for him."

There was another pause.

"I have a question," Reynolds said. "This says you'll manage us in the United States and in Canada. What about Europe? Or the Far East? Places like that?"

"You can put it in," Shaw said easily. "I must tell you, your chances of going to Japan or to Australia are not very good. At this point."

"But is your percentage the same?" Reynolds asked.

"We discuss it," Shaw said. "We work a year in advance, concentrating on chamber-music societies, colleges, universities, and museums, mainly. In your first year, you can expect to gross between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars—about that."

"Split four ways," Ansell said.

"*Five* ways now," Reynolds said. "Now we've got another member, but he doesn't *play*."

There was mild laughter all around.

"One thing we thought you might help us with," Genualdi said. "We need instruments. Our instruments are not horrible, but they are nowhere near the instruments of our competitors—the Guarneri, the Amadeus, the Tokyo."

"That's a very serious problem, which you will have all the rest of your lives," Shaw said. "We can guide you and help you. We'll try."

"I played on a three-hundred-thousand-dollar Guarnerius del Gesù this morning," Genualdi said. "At Max Frirsz' shop, when I took my violin in to be fixed. Boy, how it felt to play on that fiddle! Oh, boy!"

"What's yours?" Shaw asked.

"A Gagliano," Genualdi said. "My father bought it for me when I was in high school. He paid six thousand for it. Now, of course, it's worth thirty thousand."

"We thought maybe there were instruments we might get possibly on loan from some of these people with money who buy them just to keep them in a glass case," Reynolds said.

"It's a problem," Shaw said sympathetically.

Houser looked at the young musicians as though he wanted to run out and buy each of them a three-hundred-thousand-dollar instrument, but he didn't say anything.

"Well, anyway, we just love music," Genualdi said. "And if you love music, and you've got the talent, you'll make it."

"We'll make it," Bayla Keyes said.

NOW AT WEST EGG

Once I wrote down on the empty spaces of a time-table the names of those who came to Gatsby's house that summer. It is an old time-table now, disintegrating at its folds... But I can still read the gray names.—*"The Great Gatsby," by F. Scott Fitzgerald.*

FROM the Diners Club International, then, came John Citizen and George T. Worthington and J. N. Travers, and Judith Shaw the account executive and her associate Robert Marston, who had the Diners Doublecards, and Jeffrey Rice and his sales manager, Cato Johnson, who also had the Doublecards until they lost them last summer up in Maine. And Macy Shopper, and John Q. Customer, from 456 Main Street, Anytown, New York, who stood in a corner and showed his Irving Trust checkbook to whosoever came near, and John Q. Public, whose Korvettes charge plate, they say, turned to dust one winter afternoon for no good reason at all.

John Doe came from 1234 Main Street, Hometown, U.S.A., as I remember from his mail-order luggage tag, but once he got drunk and produced a Saks Fifth Avenue charge plate that said he was from 150 Elm Street, Anywhere, U.S.A., and when I knew him at the Hertz No. 1 Club he lived at 123 Main Street, City and State.

Of American Express cardholders there were C. F. Frost, and Jacques LeGrand, reputed to be French, and from England Charles F. Frost. Also from England were J. S. Smith (the son) with his Habitat card, and John Williams, with Access, and H. Stephens, who carried Barclaycard, and Rodney Cake, of Mill House, Nightingale Road, Horsham, Sussex, whose solid-gold business card was said to have cleaned him out at two hundred and twenty-six pounds, and who killed himself by putting his right hand in a cash machine. James P. ("Jim") Hayden came there, too, for he had Carte Blanche, and so did Clark Grimes and J. A. Modern, and Modern's girls.

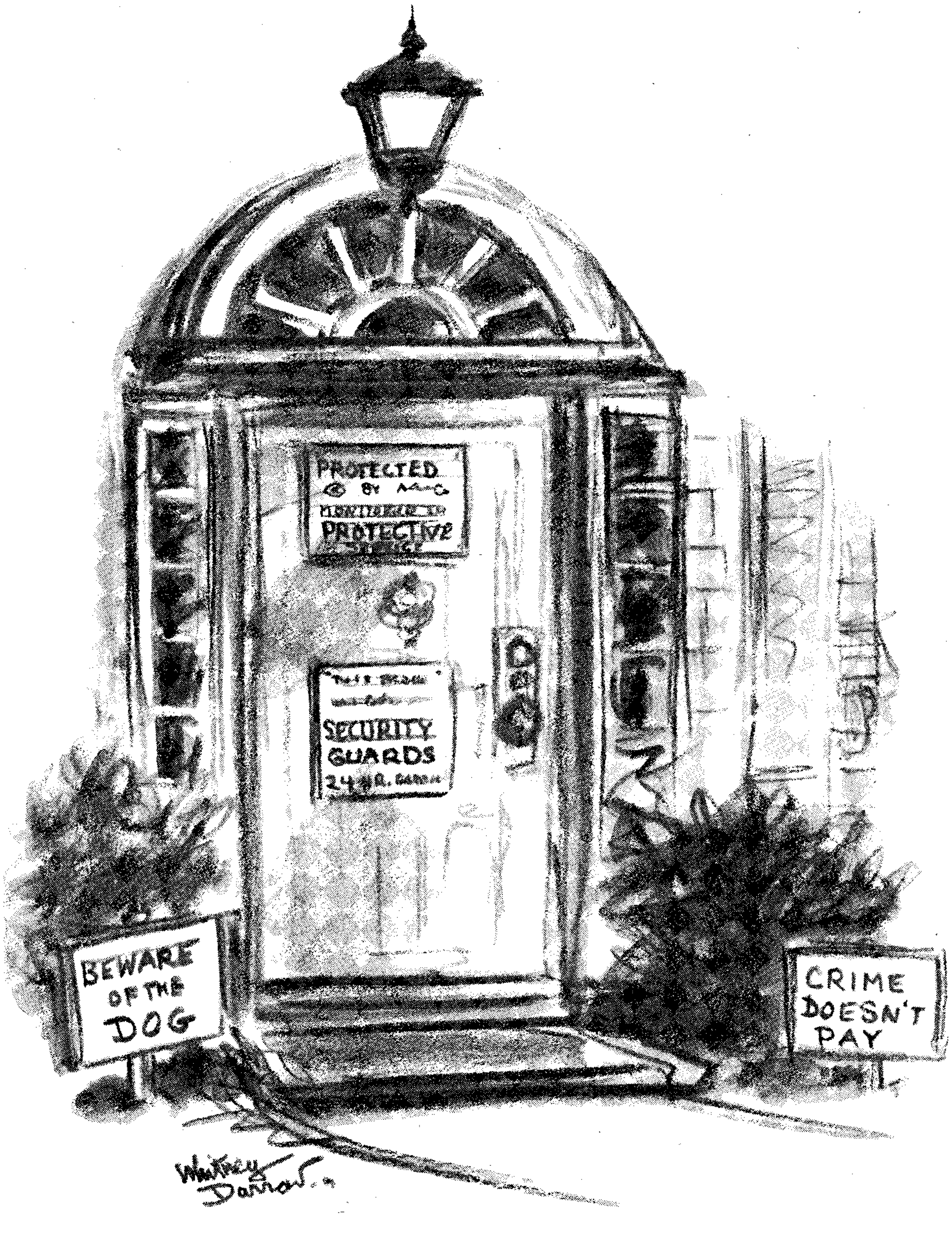
R. A. Hoover was there with Wings, his Eastern Airlines personal credit card, three days before it was declared void. He arrived always with two Bankcard holders. They were never quite the same ones, but they were so like one another that it inevitably seemed they were cousins to the great American capitalist families listed in the telephone directory. I have forgotten their names—J., I think, or else L., and their last names were always Rogers or Harris.

In addition to all these, I can remember that Frank Wright, who controlled the Major Construction Company up in Connecticut, was there at least once—he came to pass out five hundred of his de-luxe raised-print business cards, which he confessed had cost $6.45, with a free cardcase—and Barbara S. Gottlieb, who was well over sixty and had a Social Security card, and Carl Rhodes, with Blue Cross coverage, dead now, and John Parker, the Brooklyn Savings Bank Money Check customer who not long afterward strangled a teller, and Visa's young F. W. Weeks, who had his credit cut off in the war.

A man who claimed that his middle name had been Integrity since 1892 came there often, and so did Your Name Here, whom we called by some other name that, if I ever knew it, I have forgotten.

All these people came to Gatsby's house in the summer, and all of them were turned away.

—VERONICA GENG



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WE NEED AN EAGLE

A shell gives the turtles warmth and security. He has no foes, no cares, nothing to strive for. The eagle flies through the heavens screaming defiance at the elephants. Aroused he is formidable. The eagle, not the turtle, is America's symbol.

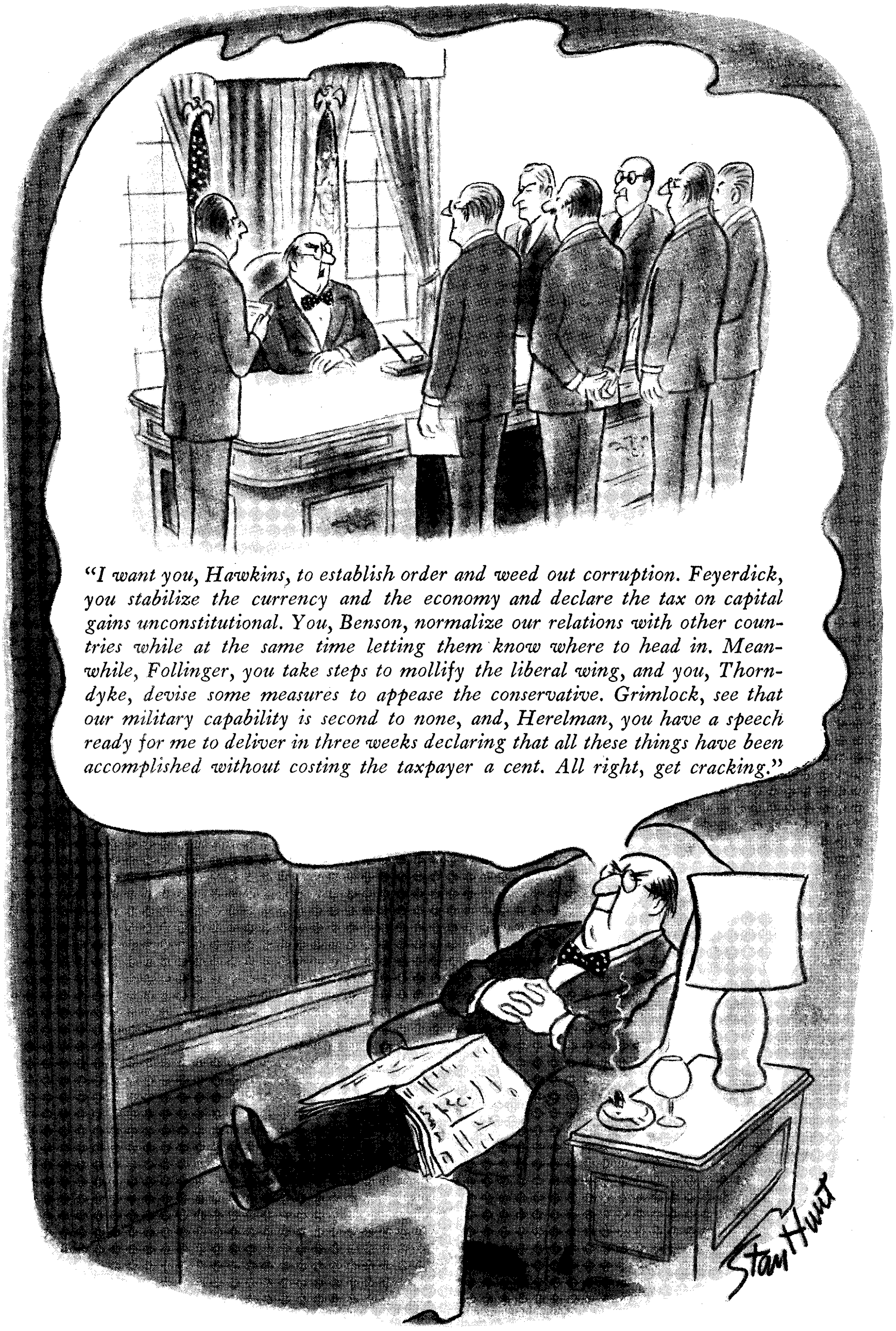
WE NEED AN EAGLE

An articulate achiever with sales experience and contacts in the coal processing industry.

Our company is an aggressive, material handling manufacturing company with primary interest in the coal industry.

If you want a true challenge, with progression based upon your performance, you should respond.—*Adv. in the Nashville Banner.*

With a scream of defiance.



"I want you, Hawkins, to establish order and weed out corruption. Feyerdick, you stabilize the currency and the economy and declare the tax on capital gains unconstitutional. You, Benson, normalize our relations with other countries while at the same time letting them know where to head in. Meanwhile, Follinger, you take steps to mollify the liberal wing, and you, Thorndyke, devise some measures to appease the conservative. Grimlock, see that our military capability is second to none, and, Herelman, you have a speech ready for me to deliver in three weeks declaring that all these things have been accomplished without costing the taxpayer a cent. All right, get cracking."

DULSE

AT the end of the summer I took a boat to an island off the southern coast of New Brunswick, where I was going to stay overnight. I had just a few days left until I had to be back in Ontario. I work as an editor for a publisher in Toronto. I am also a poet, but I don't refer to that unless it's something people already know. For the past eighteen months I had been editing part time, coming into Toronto every month or so, while living with a man in Ottawa. As far as I could see, that was over now.

I had noticed something about myself on this trip to the Maritimes. It was that people were no longer so interested in getting to know me. By people I mean men. I don't mean that I created a stir before, but something was there that I could rely on. I am forty-five, and have been divorced nine years. My two children have started on their own lives, though there are retreats and confusions. I haven't got fatter or thinner, my looks have not deteriorated in any alarming way, but nevertheless I had stopped being one sort of woman and had become another, and I noticed it on the first part of this trip. I was not very sad about it, though I could have used some attention; I just saw it as a fact—a new fact in my life. I was in a strange condition at the time. I made efforts, one after the other. I set little blocks on top of one another, and then I had a day. Sometimes I almost could not do this. Other times the very deliberateness, the seeming arbitrariness of the way I was living exhilarated me.

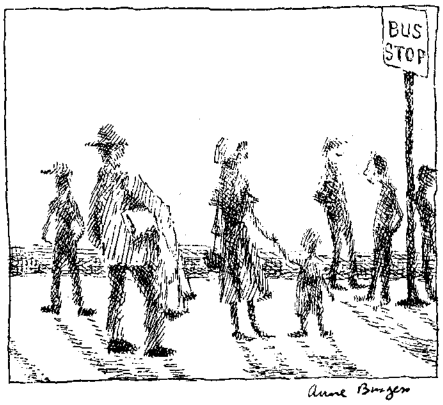
I found a guesthouse overlooking the docks, with their stacks of lobster traps, and the few scattered stores and houses that made up the village. A woman of about my own age was cooking dinner. She took me to a cheap, old-fashioned room upstairs. There were no other guests around, though the room next to mine was open and seemed to be occupied, perhaps by a child. Whoever it was had several comic books on the floor beside the bed.

I went for a walk up the steep lane behind the guesthouse. I occupied myself naming shrubs and weeds. The goldenrod and wild aster were in bloom, and Japanese boxwood, a rarity in Ontario, seemed commonplace here. The grass was long and coarse, and the trees small. The Atlantic Coast, which I had never seen before, was just as I had expected it to be: windy and marshy and chilly. The bending grass; the bare houses; the sea light. I started wondering what it would take to live here, whether the houses were still cheap or if people from outside had started to buy them up. Often on this trip I had busied myself with calculations of this sort, and also with ideas of how I could make a living in some new way, cut off from everything I had done before. I did not think of making a living writing poetry, not just because the income would be so low but because I thought, as I have thought innumerable times in my life, that probably I would not write any more poems. I was thinking that I could not cook well enough to do it for pay but I could clean. There was at least one other guesthouse besides the one where I was staying, and I had seen a sign advertising a motel. How many hours' cleaning could I get if I cleaned all three places, and how much an hour did cleaning pay?

There were four small tables in the dining room, but only one man was sitting there, drinking tomato juice. He did not look at me. A man who was probably the husband of the woman I had met earlier came from the kitchen. He had a blondish-gray beard and a downcast look. He asked my name and took me to the table where the man was sitting. "Mr. Stanley," he said, "this is Lydia Cooper." Mr. Stanley politely asked me to sit down. I took him to be about sixty.

Three men in work clothes came in noisily and sat down at another table. Mr. Stanley bowed in their direction. I could say that he inclined his head, but it really was more like a bow. He said good evening. They asked him what was for supper, and he said he believed it was scallops, with lemon-meringue pie for dessert.

"These gentlemen work for the New Brunswick telephone company," he said to me. "They are laying a cable to one of the smaller islands, and they stay here during the week."



He was older than I had thought at first. It did not show in his voice, which was precise and American, or in his movements or his hands, but in his small, separate, brownish teeth and in his eyes, which had a delicate milky skin over the light-brown iris.

The husband brought our food, and spoke to the workmen. He was an efficient waiter but rather stiff and remote. The vegetables were served in large bowls, from which we helped ourselves. I was glad to see so much food: broccoli, mashed turnips, potatoes, corn. The American took small helpings of everything and began to eat in a very deliberate way, giving the impression that the order in which he lifted forkfuls of food to his mouth was in no way haphazard, that there was a reason for the turnip to follow the potatoes, and for the deep-fried scallops, which were not large, to be cut neatly in half. He looked up a couple of times as if he thought of saying something, but he did not do it. The workmen were quiet now, too, laying into the food.

Mr. Stanley spoke at last. "Are you familiar with the writer Willa Cather?"

"Yes." I was startled, because I had not seen anybody reading a book in the past two weeks; I had not even noticed any paperback racks.

"Do you know, then, that she spent every summer here?"

"Here?"

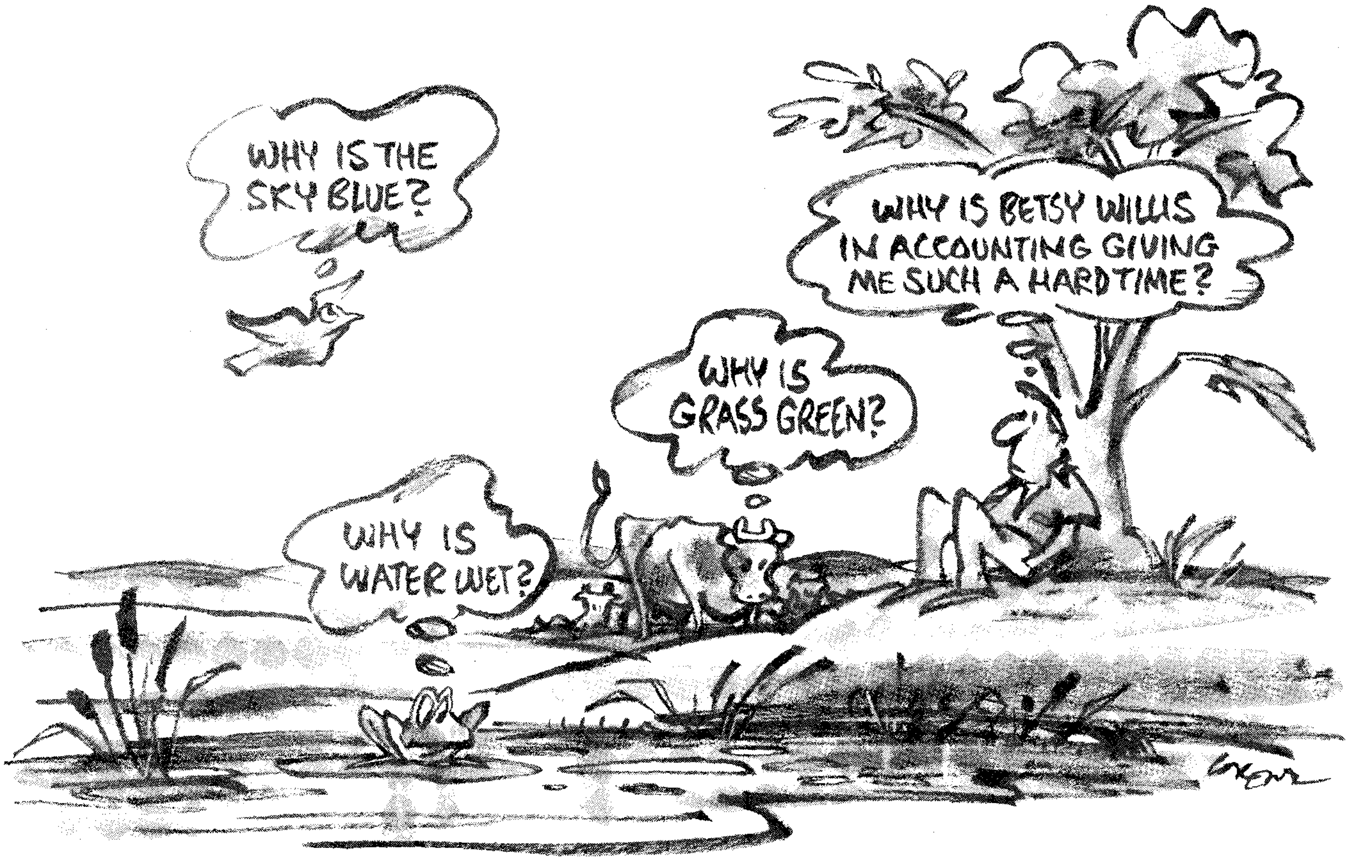
"On this island. She had her summer home here. Not more than a mile away from where we are sitting now. She came here for eighteen years, and she wrote many of her books here. She wrote in a room that had a view of the sea, but now the trees have grown up and blocked it. She was with her great friend, Edith Lewis. Have you read 'A Lost Lady'?"

I said that I had.

"It is my favorite of all her books. She wrote it here. At least, she wrote a great part of it here."

I was aware of the workmen listening to us, though they did not glance our way. I felt that even without looking at us or at each other they might manage to communicate an indulgent contempt. I did not really care, but perhaps it was for that reason that I did not say anything much about Willa Cather, or tell Mr. Stanley that I worked for a publisher, let alone that I was myself any sort of writer. Or it could have been because Mr. Stanley did not give me much of a chance.

"I have been her admirer for over sixty years," he said. He paused, hold-


WHY IS THE SKY BLUE?
WHY IS BETSY WILLIS IN ACCOUNTING GIVING ME SUCH A HARD TIME?
WHY IS GRASS GREEN?
WHY IS WATER WET?

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ing his knife and fork over his plate. "I read and reread her, and my admiration grows. It simply grows. There are people here who remember her. Tonight I am going to see a woman, a woman who knew Willa and has had conversations with her. She is eighty-eight years old, but they say she has not forgotten. The people here are beginning to learn of my interest and they will remember someone like this and put me in touch. It is a great delight to me," he said solemnly.

All the time he was talking, I had been trying to think what his conversational style reminded me of. It didn't remind me of any special person, though I may have had one or two teachers at college who sounded something like that. It made me think of a time when a few people had not concerned themselves with being democratic, or ingratiating, in their speech. They defined themselves as pedants every time they opened their mouths; they spoke in formal, well-thought-out, self-congratulatory sentences, though they knew they lived in a land where their formality, their pedantry, could bring them nothing but mockery. No, that was not true; *it* brought mockery and uncomfortable admiration. What he made me think of was the old-fashioned culture of provincial cities long ago: the high-mindedness, the propriety, hard plush concert seats and dim libraries. And his adoration of the chosen writer was just as out of date as his speech. I thought that he could not be a teacher; such worship was not in style for teachers even of his age.

"Do you teach literature?"

"No. Oh, no. I have not that privilege. I have not even studied literature. In my day there were no scholarships, and I could not go to college. I went to work when I was sixteen—on a newspaper."

I thought of some absurdly discreet and conservative New England paper with a fusty prose style.

"Which paper?" I said, then realized my inquisitiveness must seem rude to anyone so circumspect.

"It was not a paper you would have heard of—just the daily paper of a town in New Hampshire. An industrial town."

"And now would you like to do a book on Willa Cather?" This question seemed to me not out of place, because I was so often talking to people who wanted to do books on something.

"No," he said austerely. "My eyesight does not permit me to do any reading or writing beyond what is necessary."

That was why he was so deliberate about his eating.

"No," he went on, "I will not say that at one time I mightn't have thought of it, of doing a book on Willa. I would just have written about her life here on the island. Biographies have been done, of course, but not so very much about that phase of her life. Now I have given up the idea. I do my investigations for my own pleasure. And I often walk up to her house. I take a camp chair up there, so I can sit on the grass, and I sit underneath that window where she wrote and could look at the sea. There is never anybody there."

"It isn't being kept up? It isn't any sort of memorial?"

"Oh, no indeed. It isn't kept up at all. The people here, you know, were very impressed with Willa, and some of them recognized her genius—I mean the genius of her person, for they would not be able to recognize the genius of her work—but others of them thought her unfriendly and did not like her. They took offense because she was so unsociable, as she had to be, to do her writing."

"It could be a project," I said. "Perhaps they could get some money from the Canadian government and from the Americans, too, and they could preserve the house."

He smiled; he shook his head. "Well, it isn't for me to say. I don't think so. No."

He did not want any other worshippers coming to disturb him in his camp chair. I should have known that. What would this private pilgrimage of his be worth if other people got into the act, and signs were put up, leaflets printed; if this guesthouse, which was now called Sea View, were renamed Shadows on the Rock? He would rather let the house fall down and the grass grow over it.

AFTER my last attempt to call Alex, the man I was living with in Ottawa, I had walked along the street in Toronto, knowing that I had to get to the bank, I had to buy some food, I had to get on the subway. I had to remember the directions and the order: to open my checkbook, to move forward when it was my turn in line, to choose one kind of bread over another, to drop a token in the slot. These seemed to be the most difficult things I had ever done. I had immense difficulty reading the names of the subway stations and getting off at the right one, so that I could go to the apartment where I was staying. It is hard to describe this difficulty. I knew perfectly well which was the right stop, I knew which stop it came after, I knew where I was. But I couldn't make the connection between myself and things outside myself, so that getting up and leaving the car, going up the steps, going along the street all seemed a bizarre effort. I thought afterward that I had been seized up, as machines are said to be. Or I could see myself as something like an egg carton, hollowed out in back.

When I reached the apartment I sat down on a chair in the hall. I sat for an hour or so, then I went to the bathroom, undressed, put on my nightgown, and got into bed. In bed I felt triumph and relief that I had managed all the difficulties and got myself to where I was supposed to be and would not have to remember anything more.

I didn't feel at all like committing suicide. I couldn't have managed the implements, or aids, or even thought which to use. It amazed me to think that I had chosen the loaf of bread and the cheese that were lying now on the hall floor. How had I imagined I was going to chew and swallow them?

AFTER dinner I sat out on the veranda with the woman who had cooked the meal. Her husband was cleaning up.

"Well, we have a dishwasher," she said. "We have two freezers and an oversize refrigerator. You have to. You get the crews staying with you, you have to feed them. This place soaks up money like a sponge. We're going to put in a swimming pool. We need more attractions."

She had a strong, lined face and long straight hair. She wore jeans, an embroidered Indian smock, a man's sweater.

"Ten years ago I was living in a commune in the States. Now I'm here. I work sometimes eighteen hours a day. I have to pack the crews' lunch yet tonight. I cook and bake, and Josh does the rest."

"Do you have someone to clean?"

"We can't afford to hire anybody. Josh does it. He does the laundry—everything. We bought a mangle for the sheets. We had to put in a new furnace. We got a bank loan. I thought it was funny, because I used to be married to a bank manager. I left him."

"I'm on my own now, too."

"Are you? Then I met Josh. He was in the same boat."

"I was living with a man in Ottawa."

"Were you? Josh and I are extremely happy. He used to be a minister. But when I met him he was doing carpentry. Did you talk to Mr. Stanley?"

"Yes."

"Had you heard of Willa Cather before?"

"Yes."

"He'd be happy. I don't read hardly at all; it doesn't mean anything to me. I'm visual. But I think he's a marvellous character, old Mr. Stanley. He's like an old—scholar, or something."

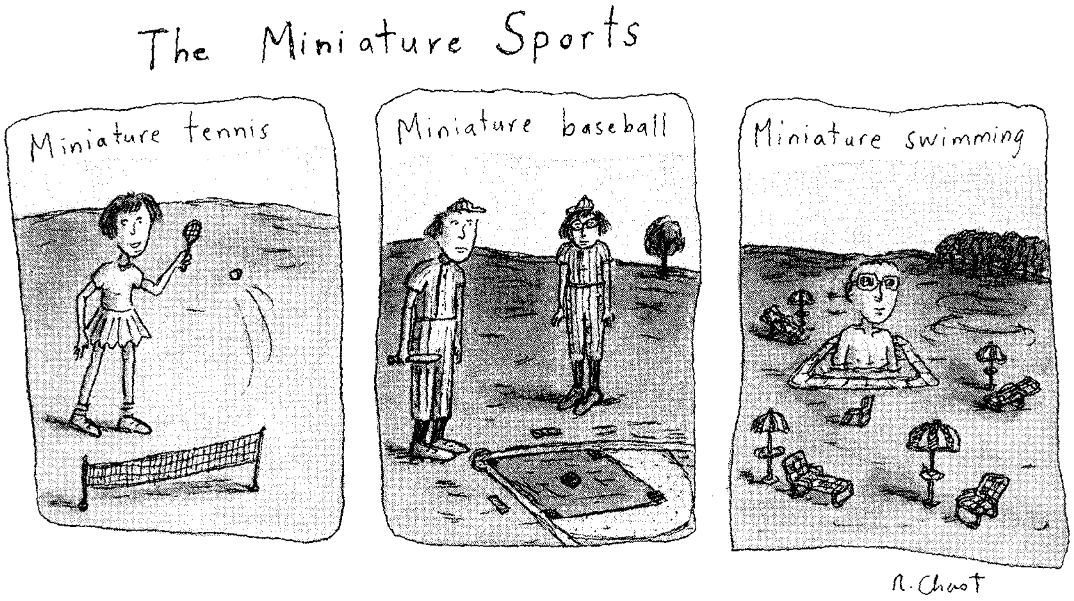
"Has he been coming to the island for a long time?"

"Oh, no. This is just his third year. He had to wait until some relative died. Not a wife. His brother? Anyway, he had to wait. How old do you think he is?"

"Seventy? No. Seventy-five?"

"That man is eighty-one! I really admire people like him. I really admire people who keep going."

"THE man I was living with—the man I used to live with—was once surrounded by polar bears," I said that night in the kitchen. "It was on an island in the Arctic. He could see their eyes all around him in the dark. Then he made out their shapes. It was summer, when it doesn't get quite dark. He radioed the mainland, where there was a party of hunters, Eskimo, and they came over in a boat. In the meantime he just built up the fire and banged on an oil drum.



When the hunters came they shot the bears. They had to skin and butcher them right there so they could take the meat back in the boats. There he was—he said he couldn't believe it—at four o'clock in the morning carrying great bloody sides of bear meat down to the boats."

"What was he doing up there?" said Lawrence, the boss of the work crew. Lawrence and Eugene and Vincent and I were playing cards.

"He's a geologist," I said apologetically. I regretted having told this story. I had brought it up because the men were talking about bears. There wasn't much point to it unless Alex told it, and went on to say that when he was carrying the meat down to the boats he had had a picture of himself as part of a movie—a perplexing comedy. I almost said, to explain it to them, "You'd have to know Alex." The only reason I had told it was to establish that I had known Alex—that I had recently had a man, an adventurous man, an interesting man. I wanted to make sure they knew that and did not judge me as being always alone, going on aimless travels.

Lawrence was not yet forty, but he was successful. He was a free-lance labor contractor and owned two houses in St. Stephen. He had two cars and a truck and a boat. His wife taught school. Lawrence was thickening, but he still looked alert and vigorous. You could see that he would be shrewd enough, in most situations—sure enough, ruthless enough. Dressed up, he might look flashy. Certain places and people might be capable of making him gloomy, uncertain, contentious.

Lawrence said it wasn't true, all the stuff they wrote about the Maritimes. He said there was plenty of work for people who weren't afraid to work. Men or women. He said he was not against women's lib but the fact was and always would be that there was work men did better than women and work women did better than men and if they would both settle down and realize that they'd be happier. His kids were cheeky and had had it too soft, he said. They got everything—that was the way nowadays, what could you do? The other kids got everything, too. Clothes, bikes, education, records. He hadn't had anything handed to him. He had got out and worked and driven trucks. He had seen Ontario, driven as far west as Saskatchewan. He had only got to grade ten and hadn't let that hold him back. But sometimes he wished he had more of an education.

Eugene and Vincent, who worked for Lawrence, said they had never got past grade eight, when that was as far as you got in the country schools. Eugene was twenty-five and Vincent was fifty-two. Eugene was French-Canadian, from northern New Brunswick. He looked younger than his age. He had a rosy color, a downy, dreamy look—a masculine beauty that was nevertheless soft-edged, sweet-tempered, bashful. Hardly any men or boys have that look nowadays. Sometimes you see it in an old photograph—of a bridegroom, a basketball player: the thick water-combed hair, the blooming boy's face on the new man's body. Eugene was not very bright, or perhaps not very competitive. He lost money at the game we were playing, which the men called Skat. I remembered playing it a long time ago and calling it Thirty-one. We played for a quarter a game.

Eugene permitted Vincent and Lawrence to tease him about losing at cards, about getting lost in St. John, about women he liked, and about being French. Lawrence's teasing amounted almost to bullying. Lawrence wore a carefully good-natured expression, but he looked as if something hard and heavy had settled inside him—a load of self-esteem that weighed him down instead of buoying him up. Vincent had no such extra weight, and though he was relentless in his teasing—and he teased Lawrence as well as Eugene—there was no sense of cruelty or danger. You could see that his natural language was a kind of drollery, a rumbling, easy mockery. He was sharp and sly but not insistent; he would always be able to say the most pessimistic things and not sound unhappy.

Vincent had a farm—it was his family's farm, where he had grown up, near St. Stephen. He said you couldn't make enough to keep you nowadays just from farming. Last year he put in a potato crop. There was frost in June, snow in September. Too short a season by a long shot. And you never knew when you might get it like that, he said. The market is all controlled now, it is all run by the big fellows, the big interests. Everybody does what he can, rather than trust to farming. Vincent's wife works, too. She took a course and learned to do hair. His sons are not hardworking, like their parents. All they want to do is roar around in cars. They want snowmobiles and power boats. They get married and first thing their wives want is a stove that practically cooks the dinner by itself and puts it on the table.

It didn't use to be that way. The first time Vincent ever had boots of his own—new boots that hadn't been worn by anybody before him—was when he joined the Army. He was so pleased he walked backward in the dirt to see the prints they made, fresh and whole. Later on, after the war, he went to St. John to look for work. He had been working at home on the farm for a while and he had worn out his Army clothes—he had just one pair of decent pants left. In a beer parlor in St. John a man said to him, "I know where you can pick up a good pair of pants cheap. Follow me." Vincent did, and where did they end up? At the undertaker's! What happened was that the family of a dead man would bring in a suit of clothes to dress him in, and the undertaker would dress him from the waist up—the part that showed when they had the casket open—but never mind from the waist down. Then he'd sell the trousers. That was true, Vincent said as he was sitting there. The Army gave him his first pair of boots and a corpse donated the best pair of pants he ever wore—up to that time.

Vincent had no teeth. This was a definite fact about his face, but it did not make him unattractive; it simply deepened his look of secrecy and humor. His face was long and his chin tucked in, his glance unchallenging but unfooled. He was a lean man, with useful muscles and graying black hair. You could see all the years of hard work on him and some years of it ahead, and the body just equal to it, until he turned into a ropy-armed old man, shrunken, joking.

While we played Skat the talk was boisterous and interrupted all the time by threats, exclamations, laughter. It was afterward that it became more serious and personal. We had been drinking a local beer they called Moose, but when the game was over Lawrence went out to the truck and brought in some Ontario beer, which was thought to be better. They called it the "imported stuff," only half joking. The couple who owned the guesthouse had long ago gone to bed, but we sat on in the kitchen, just as if it belonged to one of us, drinking beer and eating dulse, which Vincent had brought down from his room. Dulse is a kind of seaweed, greenish brown, salty and fishy-tasting. Vincent said it was what he ate last thing at night and first thing in the morning—nothing could beat it. Now that they had found out it was so good for your health, they sold it in the stores, done up in little wee packages, he said, for a criminal price.

The next day was Friday and they would be leaving the island for the weekend. They talked about trying to get the two-thirty boat instead of the one they usually got, at five-thirty, because the forecast was for rough weather; the tail end of one of the tropical hurricanes was due to hit the Bay of Fundy before night.

"But the ferries won't run if it's too rough, will they?" I said. "They won't run if it's dangerous?" I thought of being cut off. I would not regret it.

"There's a lot waiting to get off the island on a Friday night," Vincent said.

"Wanting to get home to their wives," Lawrence said sardonically. "There's always crews working over here." Then he began in an unhurried but insistent way to talk about sex. He talked about the immorality on the island. He said it was so bad that at one time the authorities had been going to put a quarantine around the whole island. On account of the V.D. Crews came over here to work and stayed at the motel, the Ocean Wave, and there'd be parties there all night every night, with drinking and young girls coming along offering to sell their bodies. Girls fourteen and fifteen—oh, thirteen years of age. On the island, he said, it was getting so a woman of twenty-five could practically be a grandmother. The place was known for teen-age pregnancies, and illegitimate children, and V.D. The girls would do anything for a price—sometimes for a beer. "And sometimes for nothing," said Lawrence. He luxuriated in the telling.

We heard the front door open.

"Your old boyfriend," said Lawrence to me.

"The one at the table," said Vincent, seeing I was bewildered.

Mr. Stanley did not come into the kitchen. He crossed the living room and climbed the stairs.

"Hey. Been down to the Ocean Wave?" said Lawrence softly, raising his head as if to call through the ceiling. "Hey. What's the offers?" He shook his head. "Old bugger wouldn't know what to do with it. Wouldn't've known fifty years ago any better than now. I don't let any of my crews go down to that place. Do I, Eugene?"

Eugene was looking flushed and solemn.

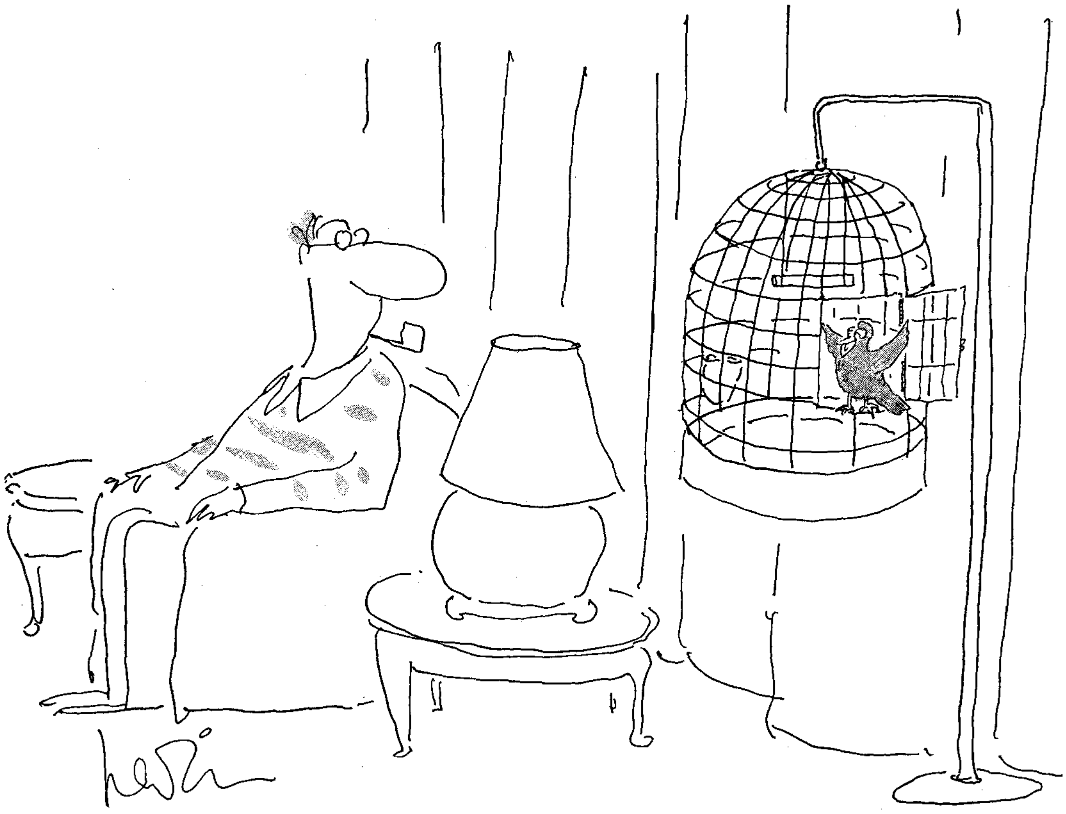
"Eugene, he don't have to," Vincent said.

"It's true, though," said Lawrence, as if somebody had been disputing with him. "It's true what I'm saying, isn't it?"

He looked at Vincent, and Vincent said, "Oh, yeah." He did not seem to relish the subject as Lawrence did.

"You think it's all so innocent here," said Lawrence, looking at me. "Innocent! Oh, boy!"

I went upstairs to get a quarter that I owed Lawrence from the last game. When I came out of my bedroom into the dark hall, Eugene was standing there, looking out the window.



"Voilà!"

"I hope it don't storm too bad," he said.

I stood beside him looking out. The moon was visible, but misty.

"You didn't grow up near the water," I said.

"No, I didn't."

"But if you go at two-thirty you'll be all right, won't you?"

"I sure hope so." He was quite childish and unembarrassed about his fear. "I don't like the idea of getting drownded."

I remembered that as a child I used to say "drownded." Most of the adults and all the children I knew said that.

"You won't," I said in a firm, maternal way, and went downstairs and paid my quarter.

Lawrence said, "Where's Eugene? He upstairs?"

"Looking out the window. He's wondering about the storm."

Lawrence laughed. "You tell him to go to bed and forget about it. He's in the room next to yours. I just thought I'd warn you because sometimes he hollers in his sleep."

LOCAL MAIL
OUT-OF-TOWN MAIL
TOXIC CHEMICAL WASTE
ZIEGLER

I FIRST saw Alex in a bookstore where my friend Warren worked. I was waiting for Warren to go out to lunch with me. He had gone to get his coat. A man asked Shirley, a girl who worked in the store, if she could find him a copy of the "Persian Letters." That was Alex. Shirley walked ahead of him to where the book was kept, and in the quiet store I heard him saying that it must be difficult to know where to shelve the "Persian Letters." Should it be classed as fiction or as a political essay? I felt that he revealed something, saying this. He revealed a need that I supposed was common to customers in the bookstore—a need to distinguish himself, appear knowledgeable. Later on I would look back on this moment and try to imagine him again so powerless, ingratiating, and slightly foolish. Warren came with his coat on, greeted Alex, and as we went outside he said, "The Tin Woodman." Warren and Shirley livened up their days with nicknames for customers; I had already heard of Marble Mouth, and Chickpea, and the Colonial Duchess. Alex was the Tin Woodman. I thought they called him that because of his bright-gray hair, the smooth gray overcoat he was wearing; he was not thin or angular and did not look as if he would be creaky in the joints. But later on I thought that yes, there was a stiffness under the suppleness of his well-fleshed, muscular body, there was a creak of fearfulness under the assurance; these silly names lightly hit on can go right to the heart of things.

I never told him about that name. I never told him that I had seen him in the bookstore. A week or so later I met him at a publisher's party. He was the co-author of a textbook we published. He did not remember me.

I trust what I can make of things, usually. I trust what I think about my friend Warren or his friend Shirley, and about chance acquaintances like the couple who ran the guesthouse, and Mr. Stanley, and the men I played cards with. I think I know why people behave as they do, and I put more stock than I will admit in my own unproved theories and unjustified suspicions. But I am stupid and helpless when contemplating the collision of myself and Alex. I have plenty to say about it, given the chance, because explanation is my habit, but I don't trust what I say, even to myself; it doesn't help me. I might just as well cover my head and sit wailing on the ground.

I ask what gave him his power. I know who did. But I ask what, and when—when did the transfer take place, when was the abdication of all pride and sense?

I READ for half an hour after I got into bed. Then I went down the hall to the bathroom. It was after twelve o'clock. The rest of the house was in darkness. I had left my door ajar, and coming back to my room I did not turn on the hall light. The door of Eugene's room was also ajar, and as I was passing I heard a low, careful sound. It was like a moan and also like a whisper. I remembered Lawrence saying Eugene hollered in his sleep, but this sound was not being made in sleep. I knew he was awake. He was watching from his bed in the dark room and he was inviting me. The invitation was amorous and direct, and as helpless-sounding as his confession of fear when he stood by the window. I went on into my own room and shut the door and hooked it. Even as I did this, I knew I didn't have to. He would never try to get in; there was no bullying spirit in him.

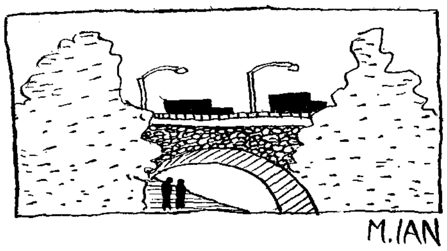
Then I lay awake. Things had

changed for me. I refused adventure. I could have gone to Eugene, and earlier in the evening I could have given a sign to Lawrence. In the past I might have done it, I might not have done it, depending on how I felt. Now it seemed not possible. I felt as if I were muffled up, wrapped in layers and layers of dull knowledge, well protected. It wasn't altogether a bad thing—it left your mind unclouded. Speculation could be more gentle, could take its time, when it was not driven by desire.

I thought about what those men would have been like as lovers. It was Lawrence who would have been a reasonable choice. He was nearer to my own age, and predictable, and surely well used to the discreet encounter. His approach was vulgar, but that would not have put me off. He would be cheerful, hearty, prudent, perhaps a bit self-congratulatory, attentive in a businesslike way, and he would manage in the middle of his attentions to slip in a warning: a joke, a friendly insult, a reminder of how things stood.

Eugene would never feel the need to do that, though he would have a shorter memory even than Lawrence (much shorter, for Lawrence, though he did not turn down opportunities, would carry afterward the thought of some bad consequence, for which he must keep ready a sharp line of defense). Eugene would be no less experienced than Lawrence; for years, girls and women must have been answering the kind of plea I had heard, the artless confession. He would be generous, I thought. He would be a grateful, self-forgetful lover, tireless and unhurried. He would leave his women and show them such liking that they would never make trouble. They would not even try to trap him. They wouldn't whine after him. Women do that to the men who have held back, who have contradicted themselves, promised, lied, mocked. Those are the men women get pregnant by, send desperate letters to, preach their own superior love to, take revenge on. Eugene would go free—he would be an innocent, happy prodigy of love—until he decided it was time to get married. Then he would marry a rather plain, maternal sort of girl, perhaps a bit older than himself, a bit shrewder. He would be faithful and good to her and she would manage things; they would raise a large, Catholic family.

What about Vincent? I could not imagine him as I easily imagined the others: their noises and movements and bare shoulders and pleasing skin; their power, their exertions, their moments of helplessness. I was shy of thinking any such things about him. But he was the only one whom I could think of now with real interest. I thought of his courtesy and reticence and humor, his inability to better his luck. I liked him for the very things that made him different from Lawrence and insured that he would be working for Lawrence, or for someone like Lawrence—never the other way around. I liked him also for the things that made him different from Eugene: the irony, the patience, the self-containment. He was the sort of man I had known when I was a child living on a farm not so different from his, the sort of man who must have been in my family for hundreds of years. I knew his life. With him I foresaw doors opening, rooms and landscapes opening, rainy evenings, a country with creeks and graveyards, and chokecherry and finches in the fence corners. I had to wonder if this was what ordinarily happened after the years of appetite and greed—did you drift back into tenderhearted fantasies? Or was it just the truth about what I wanted and needed: should I have fallen in love with, and married, a man like Vincent years ago; should I have concentrated on the part of me that would have been so content with such an arrangement, and forgotten about the rest?



THAT SATURDAY WITHOUT A CAR

Five miles to my mother's house,
a distance I'd never run.
"I *think* she's dead,"
my brother said, and hung up,

as if, with death,
language should be mercifully approximate,
should keep the fact
that would forever be fact

at bay. I understood,
and as I ran wondered what words
I might say, and to whom.
I saw myself opening the door,

my brother, both of us, embarrassed
by the sudden intimacy we'd feel.
We had expected it,
but we'd expected it every year

for ten; her heart was the best
and worst of her—every kindness
fought its way through damage;
her breasts disappeared

as if the heart itself, for comfort,
had sucked them in.
And I was running better
than I ever had. How different it was

from driving, the way I'd gone
to other deaths—
my body fighting it all off, my heart,
this adequate heart, getting me there.

—STEPHEN DUNN

• •

ALEX spoke about his former girlfriends. Efficient Ruth, pert Judy, vivacious Diane, elegant Dolores, wifely Maxine. Lorraine the golden-haired, full-breasted beauty; Marian the multilingual; Caroline the neurotic; Rosalie the dark gypsy (real name Edna); gifted, melancholy Louise; serene socialite Jane. What would do for me, Lydia? Lydia the

"Ah! The people versus Herman Pretzfelder."

• •

poet. Morose, messy, unsatisfactory. The unsatisfactory poet.

One Sunday, when we were driving in the hills around Peterborough, he talked about the effect of Lorraine's beauty. Perhaps the voluptuous countryside reminded him. It was almost like a joke, he said. It was almost silly. He stopped for gas in a little town and I went across the street to a discount store that happened to be open. I bought makeup in tubes off a rack, and in the cold and dirty toilet of the gas station I attempted a transformation, slapping buff-colored liquid over my face and rubbing green paste on my eyelids.

"What have you put on your face?" he said when I came back to the car.

"Makeup. I thought it'd look more cheerful."

"You can see where the line stops, on your neck."

He said I was the only person he had ever let be in his apartment when he wasn't there. There were no curtains; he was higher than the surrounding buildings. No attempt had been made to arrange things to make a setting; nothing was in relation to anything else. Various special requirements had been attended to. A certain sculpture was in a corner behind some filing cabinets because he liked to lie on the floor and look at it in shadow. Books were in piles beside the bed, which was crossway in the room in order to catch the breeze from the window. All disorder was order, carefully thought out and not to be interfered with. There was a beautiful little rug at the end of the hall, where he sat and listened to music. There was one great, ugly armchair, a masterpiece of engineering, with all its attachments for the head and limbs. I asked him about his guests—how were they accommodated? He replied that he did not have any. The apartment was for himself. He was a popular guest but not a host, and this seemed reasonable to him, since social life was other people's requirement and invention.

All this points to a grand self-absorption. A natural question follows: What did I think would be left over? But self-absorption honest as that can be pure relief, once you've seen a few disguises. He was a great man for not lying, and blithe about it; none of your wordy justifications. He had real hopes for us. He thought we could be true companions: me a poet, a grownup, hardworking woman absorbed in that, as he was in the crust and content of the earth and in his own distinct energies. He hadn't known poets.

I bought flowers, and there was nowhere to put them except in a jar on the floor by the bed. I brought presents from my trips downtown and to Toronto: records, books, cheese. I learned pathways around the apartment and found places where I could sit. I discouraged old friends, or any friends, from phoning or coming to see me, because there was too much I couldn't explain. We saw his friends sometimes, and I was nervous with them, thinking they were watching me with amused speculation. I didn't like to see how much he gave them of that store of presents—anecdotes, parodies, flattering wit—which was also used to delight me. He could not bear dullness. I felt that he despised people who were not witty. You needed to be quick to keep up with him, you needed energy. I was tempted to picture myself trembling delicately all over like a dancer on her toes, afraid that I would let him down on the next turn.

But there is more to it than that; take a look at Lydia. Her self-absorption equals Alex's, but it is more artfully concealed. She is in competition with him, and with all other women, even when it is ludicrous for her to be so. She cannot stand to hear them praised or know they are well remembered. Like many women of her generation, she has an idea of love which is ruinous but not serious in some way, not respectful. She talks intelligently and ironically, and in this way covers up her indefensible expectations. The sacrifices she made with Alex—in living arrangements, in the matter of friends, as well as in the rhythm of sex and in the tone of conversations—were violations, committed not seriously but flagrantly. They were indecent. She made him a present of such power, then complained relentlessly to herself, and much later to him, that he had got it. She was out to defeat him.

Is that the truth?

I said to a doctor last spring, "The worst thing is not knowing what is true, about any of this. I spend all my waking hours trying to figure out about him and me and I get nowhere. I wish on everything I can think of. I throw money into those wishing fountains."

"What do you wish for?"

"For him to love me."

"Not for you to love him?"

"Oh, well, for us to love each other, workably. Do you mean you think I don't love him?"

"How do you know you do?"

"Because I suffer so much when he's fed up with me. I want to be wiped off the earth. It's true. I want to hide. I go out and see people, and every face I look at I think is full of malice and knows all about my failure."

"Your failure to make him love you."

"He never will, he never will—there's something that's an absolute holdout. There's something in him that has to get rid of me, so he'll find reasons. Then I think, This is what I'm trying to say to you. Maybe I'm wrong, maybe I misread him entirely and with a little effort we could be happy. Maybe I overinterpret."

"When are you happy?"

"Lots of the time. But he can always pull the rug out. That's what I feel."

"Why are you with someone who can always pull the rug out?"

"Isn't there always someone? When I was married, it was me. Do you think it helps to ask these questions? Suppose we come to the conclusion that I'm courting rejection, or something like that—what good will it do me?"

"I don't know. What do you think?"

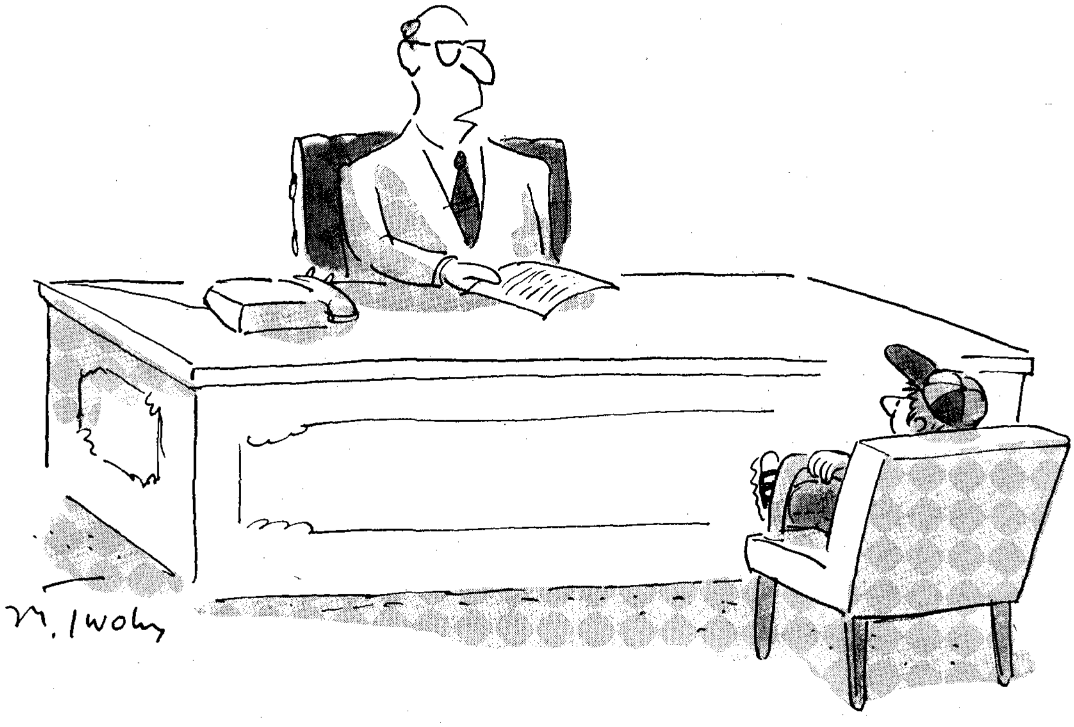
"I think these conversations are fine when you're just mildly troubled and interested, but not when you're desperate."

"You're desperate?"

I felt suddenly matter-of-fact, and bored. The room where the doctor and I were sitting had a dark-blue carpet, blue-and-green striped upholstery. There was a picture of boats and fishermen on the wall. Collusion. Fake reassurance, provisional comfort, earnest deceptions.

"No."

It seemed to me that we were monsters with a lot of heads in those days. Out of the mouth of one head might come some screaming accusatory filth, out of another slimy pleading, and out of another this mealy, deadly, true-and-false chat. Not a mouth would open that had a useful thing to say. At the same time, I believed—though I didn't know I believed it—



"I hate to say this, Henley, because you've been doing a good job—but it has been discovered that you falsified your age on your application."

that these heads could all be drawn in again, could curl up and go to sleep; never mind what they'd said, never mind. Then we would reintroduce ourselves in a hopeful way.

When I'd been in Toronto five hours, out of Ottawa eleven hours altogether, I found that Alex had acted quickly, changing to an unlisted number. He wrote to say that he did it to save our sanity. A good try.

I HAD breakfast with Mr. Stanley. The telephone crew had eaten and gone off to work before daylight.

I asked Mr. Stanley about his visit with the woman who knew Willa Cather.

"Ah," said Mr. Stanley, and wiped a corner of his mouth after a bite of poached egg. "She was a woman who used to run a little restaurant down by the dock. She was a good cook, she said. She must have been, because Willa and Edith used to get their dinners from her. She would send it up with her brother, in his car. But sometimes Willa would not be pleased with the dinner—perhaps it would not be quite what she wanted or she would think it was not cooked as well as it might be—and she would send it back. She would ask for another dinner to be sent." He smiled, and spoke in a confidential way. "She could be imperious. She was not perfect. All people of great abilities are apt to be impatient in daily matters."

Rubbish, I wanted to say. She sounds a proper bitch.

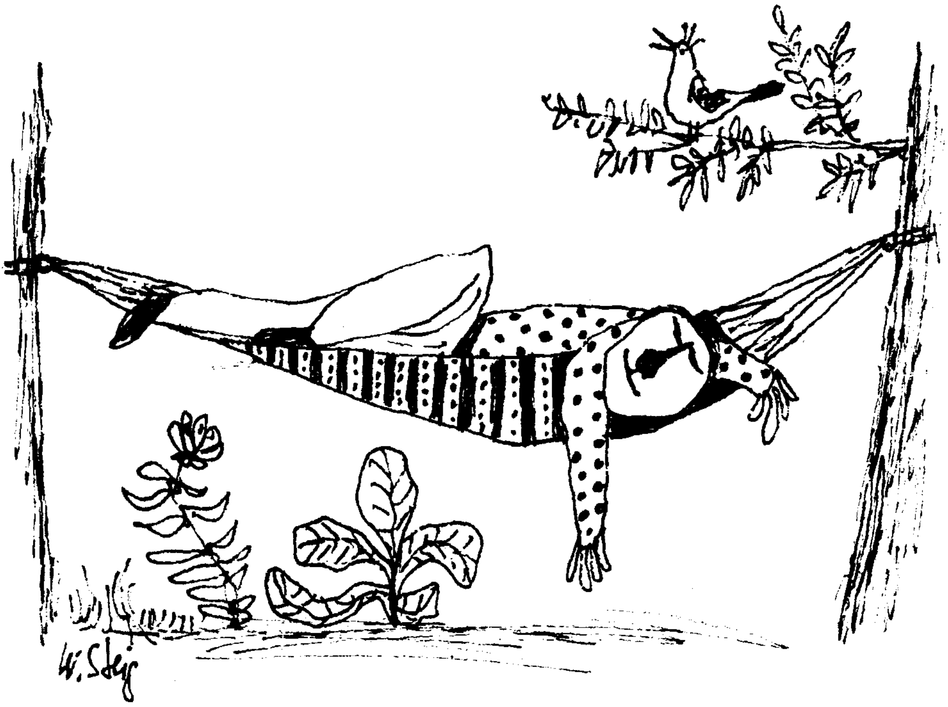
"But sometimes she and Edith would come down to the café. If they felt they wanted some company, they would have dinner there. On one of these occasions Willa had a long talk with the woman I was visiting. They talked for over an hour. The woman was considering marriage. She had to consider whether to make a marriage that she gave me to understand was something of a business proposition. There was no question of romance. Willa talked to her for over an hour, though of course she did not direct her to do one thing or the other. She talked to this woman very kindly and sensibly, and the woman still remembers it vividly. I was happy to hear that, but I was not surprised."

"What would she know about it, anyway?" I said.

Mr. Stanley lifted his eyes from his plate and looked at me in sad amazement.

"Willa Cather lived with a woman," I said.

His voice was mildly upbraiding. "They were devoted," he said.



Man in a Hammock, Bird in a Tree

"She never lived with a man."

"She knew these things as an artist knows them."

"What if they *don't* know them?"

He went back to his egg as if he had not heard that. "The woman I spoke to last night said she considered Willa's advice very helpful," he said.

I made a sound of doubtful assent. That was as much as I could do to apologize for my rudeness. I went to the sideboard and poured myself another cup of coffee.

The woman of the house came in from the kitchen.

"Is it keeping hot? I think I'll have a cup, too. Are you really going today? Sometimes I think I'd like to get on the boat and go, too. It's lovely here and I love it, but you know the way you get."

We drank our coffee standing by the sideboard. I did not want to go back to the table, but I knew I had to. Mr. Stanley looked frail from behind, with his narrow shoulders, his neat, bald head, his slightly too large brown checked sports jacket. He took the trouble to be clean and tidy, and it must have been a trouble, with his eyesight.

"Oh, I forgot," the woman said.

She went into the kitchen and came back with a large brown paper bag.

"Vincent left you this. He said you liked it. Do you?"

I opened the bag and saw long, dark, ragged leaves of dulse, oily-looking even when dry.

"Well," I said.

The woman laughed. "You have to be born here."

"No, I do like it. I was getting to like it."

"You must have made a hit."

I took the bag back to the table, and tried a conciliatory joke. "I wonder if Willa Cather ever ate dulse."

"Dulse," said Mr. Stanley seriously. He reached into the bag and pulled out some leaves and looked at them. "She would certainly have known about it. She would have known."

But was she lucky or not, and was it all right with that woman, I wanted to say. How did she live? He wouldn't have known what I was talking about. How did Willa Cather live? She was Willa Cather.

What a lovely, durable shelter he had made for himself. He could carry it everywhere and nobody could interfere with it. The day might come when I'd find myself doing the same. In the meantime, I'd be up and down. "Up and down," they used to say in my childhood, talking of the health of people who weren't going to recover. Yet look how this present slyly warmed me, from a distance.

—ALICE MUNRO

•

Mid-June in the Berkshires reminds me of the song from "Oklahoma," "June is busting out all over."—*Elizabeth R. Horan in the Torrington (Conn.) Register.*

That's funny. Down here, it reminds us of the song from "Carousel."

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHACHAJI—I

SEPTEMBER 9, 1977

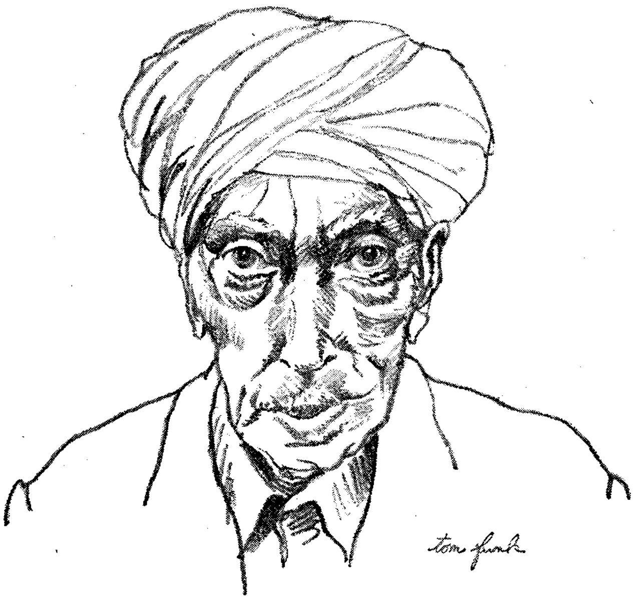
A STRANGER rings me up from California in my office in New York and says he is David Fanning, from WGBH-TV, Boston, and wants to have lunch with me at the Algonquin Hotel the following Friday. "I'm talking to a lot of people about doing this new documentary series called 'World,' " he says. "I'm the executive producer and would like to get your ideas."

I'm leery of the invitation, and I tell him so. I am a writer whose experience of television is limited to talk-show interviews and panel discussions. I find the title of the series somewhat off-putting; I have a dry-biscuit rather than a plum-pudding temperament, and California phone calls, television, "World" all seem to conjure up the plummiest of plum puddings. Moreover, I had once received a similar call from a television producer from Montreal. He, too, had wanted to talk to me about a television-documentary program over lunch at the Algonquin. I had accepted his invitation. He had eaten his way through three courses; drunk white wine and red wine; helped himself to brandy and cigar; chattered amiably but disconnectedly about travels in Africa, Asia, the Middle East; hastily scrawled something across the back of the bill; and left—mentioning the documentary program, the ostensible reason for our meeting, only *en passant.* I had ended up settling the bill, because the producer had neglected to put his address on it and in searching for him I had nothing more concrete to go on than an intrusive trunk call and a quickly given French name. (He was a French Canadian.)

Fanning is, however, gently persistent. I try to get him to meet me in my office, but he says disarmingly that he has nothing specific in mind and would prefer a social setting. I reluctantly agree, and wonder who will pay the bill this time.

SEPTEMBER 16TH

FANNING is unlike the few television people I have met previously. He is a soft-spoken man in his thirties, with curly brown hair, a mustache, and a goatee, and has the cozy manner of a family lawyer. He tells me that he is from South Africa. "I am a sort of refugee from the government's apartheid policy." He's white, of course. "I've knocked about in TV Land in London and in Southern California. I'm married to a Californian, but now I'm settled in Boston."



Chachaji

He orders a modest lunch—chopped steak and a glass of wine. "The BBC is invading the American market for good television, and WGBH has been trying to do something about it, but so far we really have only one long-running series in the same league as the BBC stuff—'Nova.' In fact, 'World' will be modelled on 'Nova.' But the focus of 'Nova' is science; the focus of 'World' is to be the whole planet. Like 'Nova,' 'World' will be in the grand tradition of the best American commercial television series—'Omnibus,' 'See It Now,' 'CBS Reports,' and 'NBC White Paper.' " He hands me a copy of a brochure that was prepared by WGBH to raise money for "World." It states the aims of the series in grandiose terms:

> WORLD will present political, social, and economic reporting, analysis, and prediction in the field of world affairs.... Over all, however, a subject will be chosen for exploration because it meets certain basic tests:
>
> it is in the terrain of global interdependence
>
> or it explores shared problems or solutions to shared problems
>
> or it touches upon the potential for a world conflict of arms
>
> or it challenges a widespread misperception where perception itself is part of a problem
>
> or it concerns the global problems of human distress, overpopulation, underdevelopment, hunger, poverty
>
> or it explores global environmental limits—pollution, resource exhaustion, etc.
>
> or it shows how the United States is perceived by others, or how the U.S. domestic actions or policies affect other countries
>
> or it helps define the rivalry between the developed world and underdeveloped or emerging nations.
>
> WORLD may only incidentally offer the satisfactions of the travelogue, but the seriousness of its purpose does not mean viewers won't be entertained. The struggle of a single man may hold a story worth telling by any of the criteria enumerated above; even the most complex international issues have a human facet. NOVA has demonstrated that it can enter abstruse areas of science without leaving its viewers behind: WORLD will aim to do no less.

"The series sounds very ambitious," I say.

"So far, we've been able to raise money only for one trial season. It will have thirteen hour-long programs, in alternate weeks, and will get under way early next year. Because of lack of funds, we will have to buy or co-produce ten of the films wherever we can—France, Finland, the Netherlands—and perhaps recut them for our own broadcasts. We do, however, plan to do three original WGBH productions, and we are considering India as the subject of one of them. We would like it to be a sort of metaphor for the whole country. Do you have any suggestions?"

"Not right off the top of my head," I say. "One hour for all of India sounds like a bit of a tall order. It took Louis Malle seven hour-long documentaries to get down some of his impressions of India."

"You must have some ideas," he says.

Though my adult life has been spent in the West, I was born and brought up in India, and have written extensively about the country. In fact, it is constantly on my mind. I tell him that I can think of several "worthy" subjects, and we both laugh.

"Such as what?"

I suggest an essay on the Indian sanitation problem, as a metaphor for the chaos, indiscipline, and ignorance of the Indian poor; a study of village India and city India, to highlight the contrasts between old and new; a "Letter from New Delhi," about the cultural and political life of the capital; a portrait of Prime Minister Morarji Desai and, through him, of the country, or, better, of Mahatma Gandhi and his influence on modern India; a personal travelogue of people and places in India that mean something special to me.

He listens without comment. Then he asks me, "Do you have any writing projects about India on the back burner which could possibly be filmed?"

"I don't think so," I say.

He presses me, and so I say that one day I plan to write about an elderly first cousin of my father's, the proverbial poor relation, but that I don't see how such a subject could suit Fanning's purpose.

"What does he do?"

"He is a clerk and a peon for a chemical-supply store."

"Why is he poor?"

"He's had one misfortune after another. His mother died when he was nine, in a plague epidemic. He didn't like school and didn't do very well. Then he couldn't get a decent job. Then his wife told him that three of their four children were not his. Then she ran away with their lodger."

"How well do you know him?"

"I know him very well," I say. "Ever since I can remember, he's been coming to our house to cadge old razor blades from my father."

NOVEMBER 18TH

A YOUNGISH film producer, David Koff, calls on me by appointment in my office. He is wearing bluejeans and a corduroy jacket, and is carrying an attaché case. He says that he is in something of a rush—that he has come from California via Boston and is flying to London that night. I try to find out a bit about him—producers are a novelty to me—but either he can't spare the time or he is naturally not very forthcoming. He does, however, tell me that he's an American who has spent some years in England, and that radical causes are close to his heart—as, indeed, he feels, they must be to the heart of any serious, thinking man. He says that he's exploring with Fanning the possibility of producing one of the three original WGBH "World" productions, and that Fanning suggested he talk to me about the India film, because Fanning would like me to be involved in it.

"What kind of film would you like to make?" I ask.

"I would like to do a hot political story," he says. "Can you go over with me some of the ideas you talked about with Fanning?" He takes out pencil and paper.

I mention the portrait of Desai, but warn him that I know from experience that Desai says little or nothing of substance and is not very generous with his time.

"I could warm up to the idea of an exposé of Morarji Desai," he says. "It could be a funny and controversial film. What about other ideas?"

I mention Mahatma Gandhi, but say I feel sure he will agree that that is too large a subject for a short documentary.

"Gandhi is a little too goody-goody for me," he says.

I mention the lack of sanitation and the spread of disease and poverty, but tell him that a film on such a subject would be visually so repulsive that it could perhaps not be shown on television at all.

"That's an explosive idea," he says. "I could really go for it."

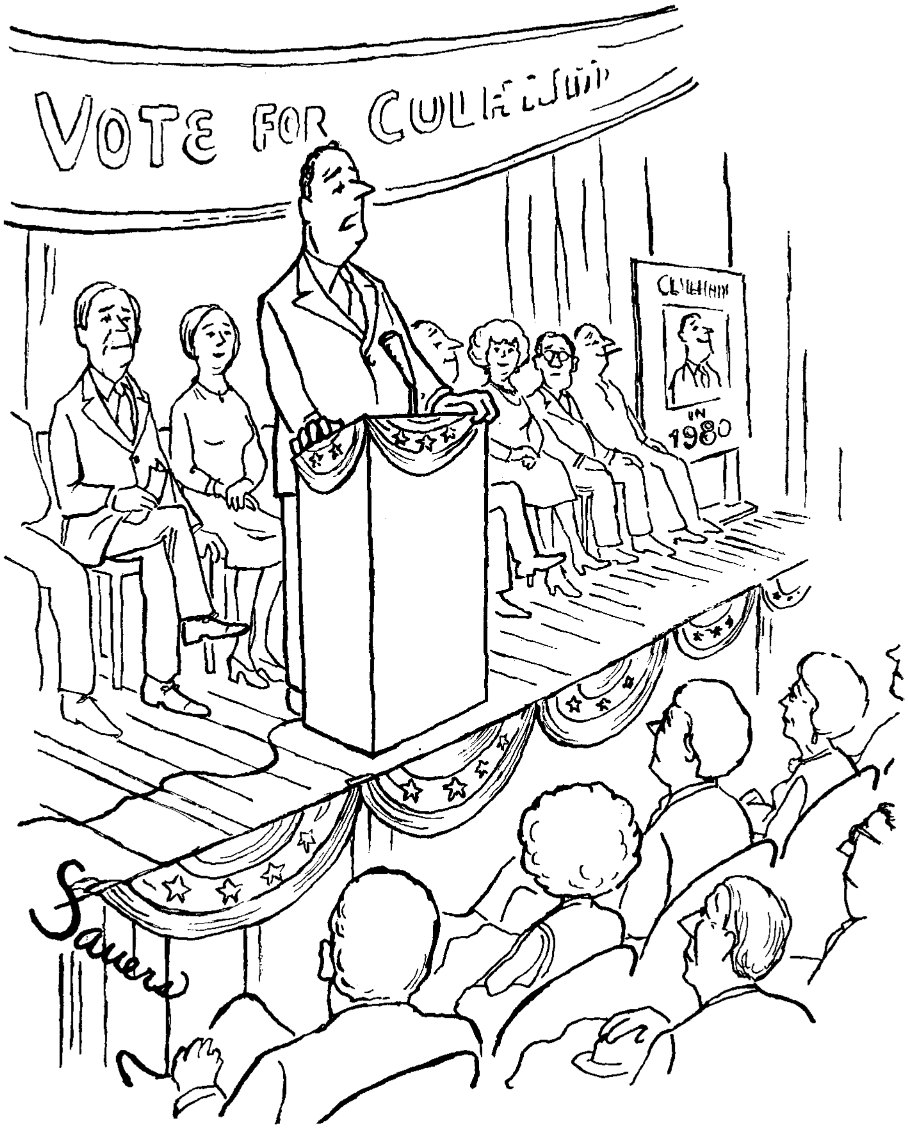
He asks me if he may talk to me further from London, and we make a transatlantic telephone appointment for twelve-thirty the next day. "Frankly, I don't understand why Fanning wants a writer involved," Koff says as he is leaving. "It's bound to steal the thunder from the producer and set up a situation for conflict. Still, I feel that your advice on a film about India could be a boon."

NOVEMBER 19TH

KOFF and I talk for half an hour, going over more or less the same ground. At one point, I worry aloud about the cost of the transatlantic call, and Koff says to me reassuringly, "It's part of the expense of making a film."

DECEMBER 12TH

KOFF rings up from Boston to say that WGBH has hired him to do a film about England but is still going ahead with the India film—with a different producer. "I feel I have a proprietary interest in the India film," he says. "And I would like to fly down with the new producer and sit in on



"Ladies and gentlemen, friends, neighbors. There's nothing like a fresh grapefruit in the morning."

the discussions. I wish we were doing the India film in the second season. Then I could produce it, too."

"Who is the new producer? Do they have one?" I ask, somewhat nonplussed. No one from WGBH has discussed with me the exact terms of my participation.

"It's not been completely decided yet, but I think it will be a Canadian—or, rather, a Tasmanian. His name is Bill Cran. I must tell you that they may want you only for consultation. From now on, they will pay you something for your time. Cran and I want to come down this Saturday. Is that all right with you?"

I say yes, but without being quite clear just what I am agreeing to.

December 17th

AROUND eleven in the morning, not Koff but Fanning arrives at my apartment. He is accompanied by a tall, cherubic-looking man in a brown corduroy suit. The newcomer, who appears to be in his early thirties, has a long jaw, thin lips, and very curly brown hair, so thick and abundant that the curls seem to sit on his head like a helmet. His eyes, a light hazel, dart around the room, from the bookcase to the window to the pictures on the wall, as if he were trying to size up the room for a shot. He introduces himself as Bill Cran. "Bill," he says emphatically.

I assume that we will get down to talking about the India film right away, but Bill seems to be in no hurry. He takes a pipe and a pouch out of his pocket, fills the pipe, lights it, and plunges into stories, some of them funny, about covering the Watergate hearings for the BBC and about location work in Northern Ireland and Cyprus. He talks fast but has a good sense of timing and is able to squeeze the last meaning from a detail. He laughs a lot at his own funny stories, in a nervous but infectious way, and it is hard to resist him. There is something schoolboyish about him—an impression strengthened by a faint lisp. At the same time, he has a no-nonsense, knowledgeable way of speaking, with a slightly hard edge to his voice.

Finally, Fanning says, "I would like you to go to India with Bill, as a writer—we will discuss the terms with your agent—and the two of you can make any film you like, provided you agree on it. Can we review the ideas we discussed over lunch?"

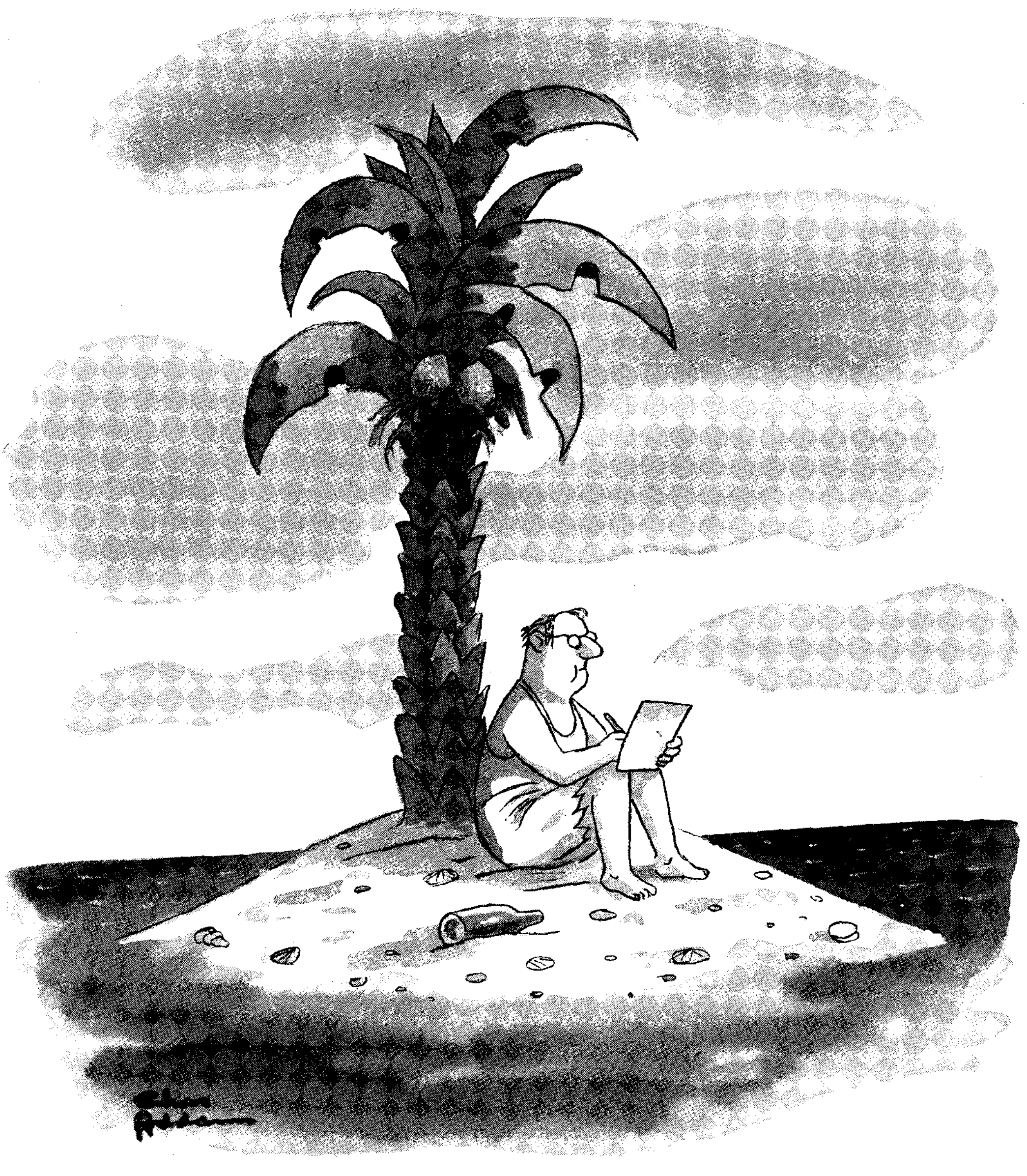
The discussion goes quickly, because it soon turns out that Fanning has really taken to the idea of a film about my poor relation. "Ever since you told me about that poor old man cadging razor blades from your father, I haven't been able to get him out of my head. I told my colleagues in Boston about him, and they were as charmed and haunted by the story as I was. I've had a picture of this old man coming to beg a blade from your father every morning and then tearing through Delhi on a rickety old bicycle delivering medicines to the sick. As he goes on his rounds, we could show different parts of Delhi. There is something poignant in the idea of an old man who needs mercy himself going on rounds of mercy."

"Actually, he doesn't ride a bicycle anymore," I say. "He's too old and frail to maneuver it through Delhi traffic."

"What do you call the old sod?" Bill asks.

"Chachaji—it means 'Respected Uncle.' 'Ji' after any name or nickname means 'respected.' "

Bill wants to make what he calls a crib sheet, so we start drawing up a sort of shopping list of scenes. The three of us talk excitedly about doing a "day-in-the-life-of" film about Chachaji. In my mind, he is becoming the hero of a Victorian novel with such chapter headings as: In Which Chachaji Wakes Up; In Which Chachaji Cleans His Teeth with a Lot of Hacking; In Which Our Hero Ties His Turban and Goes Out; In Which Chachaji Drops by the House of a Rich Relation for Bed Tea; In Which Chachaji Cadges Razor Blades; In Which Our Hero Waits in a Queue for a Bottle of Milk; In Which Chachaji



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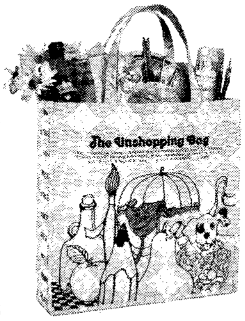

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"That's it, then," Fanning says. "You'll do Chacha, unless he dies or turns out to be uncoöperative or a terribly bad actor—in which case the two of you will simply have to come up with a good idea on the spot."

"I have no idea how Chachaji is these days," I say, sobering a little. "For all I know, he may be sick."

"We'll film him in bed," Bill says. "In any case, we'll improvise. Talking about Chacha and poor people has made me hungry. Let's eat."

We go out to a nearby hotel for lunch, and begin to plan the technical arrangements for shooting the film.

"You and I should go to India a month ahead of the crew," Bill says. "We'll have to get various government permits and clearances, we'll have to choose locations, we'll have to line up shots and look over Chacha and his supporting cast."

I demur. "I think we should all arrive in India together," I say. "We could spend weeks organizing the locations and people, and then when the crew gets there to film, all our arrangements could fall apart. People can get scared or, for mysterious reasons, not be where you expect them to be. Also, if it's to be a true family picture we must have the camera at the ready to take advantage of chance occurrences, spontaneous moments. Let's say that we arrive in the middle of some family gathering. It would be heartbreaking not to be able to film it. And if it was staged it would never be the same."

"You don't understand the power of television," Bill says. "When people see that the camera is turned on, they start behaving like their real selves. All the dead, superficial stuff falls off."

"I don't want people to do things for the camera," I say. "I want the camera to be as nearly an invisible presence as possible."

Fanning gently points out that I am talking like a writer who is naïve about the way television works, and that we have to plan carefully, because we are to make a documentary in color, which is a very expensive business.

"I don't like the idea of having an expensive crew on my back—having them sitting around waiting and doing nothing," Bill says. "An idle crew will get demoralized very quickly, and then you can't get any work out of them. They become slothful, disobedient, disrespectful, like idle soldiers. We could run out of money before we've taken a single picture."

"I take responsibility for keeping the crew busy," I say. "There will be plenty to shoot."

"What about our arriving just a few days ahead of the crew and staking out the ground and limbering up the family?" Bill asks.

I hold to my faith that spontaneity is all-important to the kind of film I have in mind, and say that, in any case, if for some reason the Chacha film shouldn't work out, we couldn't possibly go to a country as rich in material as India and end up with nothing. As it turns out, I get my way only when I say, "Knowing India, I'm afraid that if we arrived before the crew they might be let in but their equipment might be impounded, or even sent back, because they didn't have some official paper or other. If we were all together, that would be less likely to happen."

So it is agreed that Bill, the crew, and I will go to India together and take our chances with the authorities, the family, and Chachaji.

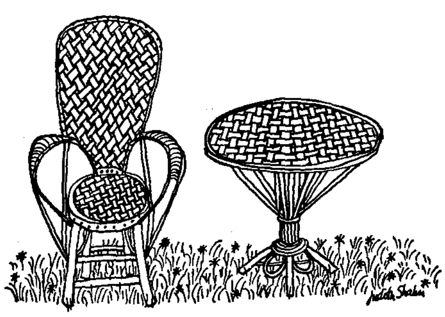
"What can I tell you?" Bill says, throwing up his hands in feigned exasperation. "We'll simply have to fly by the seat of our pants all the way. Our filming methods are just going to have to be different. We won't do any research on locations before we shoot. We won't have a script, or even a definite idea of the precise story. But at least we will have a writer on the team. Most documentaries are brought in by just a producer, a cameraman, and a sound recordist."

Fanning, changing the subject, mentions "I, Claudius," which is currently playing on "Masterpiece Theatre."

"Although none of the history is really the way things happened, BBC scores again," Bill says. "We have to beat it at its own game. The question is not whether we can make a good film—as you say, how could we miss?—but whether we can make one that will get a prize."

December 22nd

My agent has sent me the television contract from WGBH. I am struck by how different it is from a book contract. By signing it, I will commit myself not only to being a writer (familiar ground) but also to being part actor, part commentator, part consultant, part producer (strange territory). Moreover, I've never signed a book contract until the book existed on paper. I must, however, sign the television contract before a single shot has been taken—or, for that matter, before the proposed hero of our drama has given his informed consent to its filming. I cabled my father to find out how Chachaji felt about the project, and got the answer that Chachaji didn't know what a moving picture was and that it was impossible to explain it to him but that he had said, "You are all my government. I will do whatever my beloved second cousin from America orders."



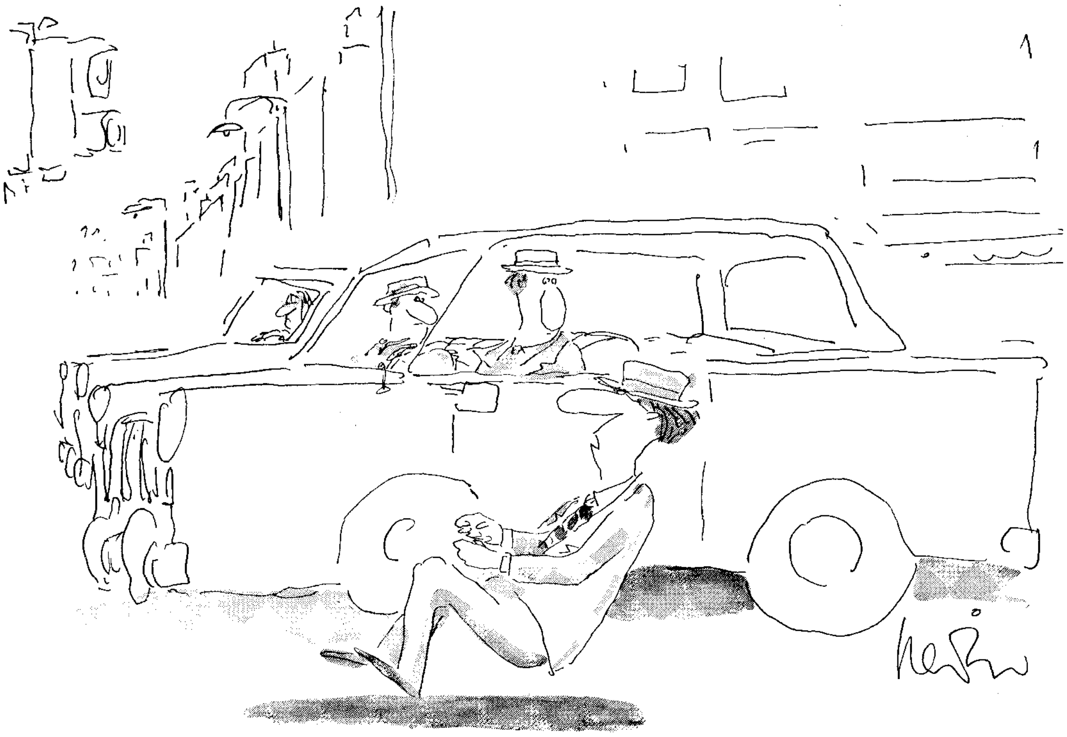
January 19, 1978

I telephone the Consul General of India in New York, K. Srinivasan, tell him about our project, and ask him about the formalities that are necessary to enable a foreign film team to work in India.

"I'm sorry, but no one can shoot a film in India without clearances from the highest authorities in Delhi," he says. "To get the necessary clearances, you must agree to have attached to your film unit an official escort of the government's choosing who will have veto power over everything that is shot. You must also undertake to pay his board, lodging, and travel expenses for the period of the shooting. You must also agree to show a designated official of the government here in New York a rough cut of the film and agree that you will broadcast nothing that has not been approved by this official."

From years of writing about India, I am all too familiar with the bureaucratic hurdles placed in the path of anyone who plans to work in India for a foreign organization, but I also know that there are often ways around them and that the hurdles sound more forbidding than they really are—at least, than they are for people who are known to the Indian government. I explain to the Consul General that the proposed theme of the film is my family—in particular, a poor cousin of my father's—and that the film is intended for the Public Broadcasting Service. "Do you think you could get us an exemption from the rule of official escort?" I ask.

"Since you are involved in the project, I will try my best," he says. "The government may be persuaded to take the view that you are going on a private visit to your family and making something educational. But we would



"I decided not to bring in the car this morning."

• •

still have to insist on our right of approval of the rough cut in New York—though I'm sure it would be merely a formality, since you wouldn't want to embarrass us."

I know from experience that "not embarrass" is a code phrase for not focusing on Indian poverty. India has more poor people today than any other country has had in the history of the world, and Indian officials feel that depictions of these people give the country a "bad image" and discourage the tourist trade. But I also know that, as a rule, Indian officials who work in this country tend to be much less sensitive about such things than their colleagues at home.

"I don't know about embarrassing the government, but I'm sure our film will portray the country in a sympathetic light," I say. "In any case, a government that ousted Mrs. Gandhi and came to power on the cry of civil liberties and freedom of the press would not want to inhibit freedom of expression, would it?"

"No, no," he says. "Please give the details about the film unit and the film goods you want to import to our Public Relations Consul here. They must be forwarded to Delhi for clearances."

I am switched to the Public Relations Consul.

JANUARY 24TH

BILL rings up from Toronto and says, "I am coming to New York Saturday week. Can we thrash out the plans for the film then? The Missus will be with me. It'll be your and my last-but-one weekend in these parts." We have settled on February 17th as our departure date. "I would like to treat the Missus to a little holiday to make up for the month I'll be away from her. I have booked us into the Algonquin. The 'Missus' business is a jokey way I have of talking about my wife. It really gets her riled up."

FEBRUARY 4TH

AT 10:30 A.M., Bill arrives at my apartment with his wife, a sturdy, imposing woman. Her hair is a little untidy and she is casually dressed in slacks, a tunic top, and boots. There is something stark and intellectual about her appearance; she gives the impression of a classic bluestocking.

"The Missus was at Oxford, too, like you and me," Bill says, with his infectious laugh. "She read English."

"I only answer to Araminta Wordsworth," she says, a little haughtily but not sharply, as if the name business were a routine between them. "The poet was my great-great-granduncle. Please call me Araminta."

"Imagine having Wordsworth for your Chacha," Bill says, settling in and lighting his pipe. Araminta doesn't laugh, and he goes on, "I may not have a grand pedigree, but, after all, Mrs. Cran, was I not one of six undergraduates chosen out of more than nine hundred applicants by the BBC for its general-trainee program?" Turning to me, he says, "I could have had a lifelong career with the BBC, but I found it was just too comfortable a slot, so I left for Canada and the CBC. No one ever leaves the BBC, and because I did, my stock has been going up with them ever since. They make me a new offer almost every time I see them. One way to get people to want you is to leave them."

"The decision to leave England must have been a difficult one," I say.

"It was," he says. "Araminta, especially, didn't want to leave—she's so English, you know. But if we hadn't left, I would not have had the opportunity to do this film with you."

I start telling Bill about my conversation with the Consul General, and Araminta picks up a book and looks through it.

"God, imagine a government flunky at our elbow all the time telling us what we should and shouldn't do," Bill says. "Perhaps I could take care of him with hooch and victuals." Like many Oxford-educated men, Bill sprinkles his talk with vivid colloquialisms. "He might be so incompetent he wouldn't really know what we were doing. Anyway, our 16-mm. film stock is in color, which can't be developed in India, so they won't be able to check up on what we've shot. But giving editorial control of the rough cut to someone in New York—that's another matter."

I reassure him about the rough cut. "We could agree to a government official's looking it over, take notes on his suggestions, and then, if we don't like them, make a stand on freedom of the press," I say.

"O.K.," Bill says, with a laugh.

Araminta looks up from her book and says, "What about lunch, chaps? I'm starving."

We walk over to a nearby delicatessen.

Araminta is excited about being in a delicatessen in New York—she hasn't spent much time in the city—and orders specialties of the house, including matzo-ball soup. "I'm very jealous of you chaps, tooling around India with all expenses paid," she says. "Why can't you put me on the film team, Bill?"

"You have your job in Toronto with

the *Financial Post*," he replies. "Besides, women on film units always create problems. If I had my way, my film unit would have only men. Women are nice in drawing rooms." He laughs.

After lunch, Bill says, "Araminta, why don't you go shop for those books and boots you wanted while we continue with our work."

He hands her some American money, and she sets off in the direction of Fifth Avenue, calling over her shoulder, "I'll be back around five."

"What films have you done that I may have heard of?" I ask Bill as we head back to my apartment.

"You may not have heard of any of them," he says. Then he tells me that in the last ten years or so he has worked for British, Canadian, and American television, specializing in investigative documentaries and current-affairs programs, and filming in twenty-one countries, on four continents. He has produced—or assisted in the production of—about a hundred short films and some fifteen full-length documentaries, including "The Agony of Cyprus," "Portugal: The Fight for Empire," "Saudi Arabia: Land of Oil and Money," "Cuba: The New Man," and "Who Fights for Rhodesia?" "But there's only one film I'm really proud of, and I think that it's the only one Fanning saw and that he actually chose me because of it," he says. "That's 'The Agony of Cyprus.' It deals with the aftermath of the latest Cyprus war—the refugees, the divided families, the missing sons and husbands. There were just three of us—camera, sound, and me—and we were lucky. We arrived right at the end of the war, and people were so busy grieving for their dead that no one took much notice of us. We happened to latch onto a Greek priest who had just lost his son in the war. We were able to follow him around and get all his grief on film. The film was so excruciating that I could scarcely bear to have a private screening for the critics. I think I even avoided seeing the film when it was shown on the telly."

Bill and I reach my apartment, and he picks up paper and pencil, and asks me, "Are there any formal occasions when your family regularly gets together?"

"Not as such. But, as it happens, my sister Nimi's daughter Rajani will be getting married around the time we arrive."

"How did she meet the man?" Bill asks.

"Nimi and her husband, Mahesh, advertised in the matrimonial columns, like practically everyone else."

Bill, who is writing everything down, gets excited. "What does Mahesh do?"

"He's the managing director of Indian Airlines, the government-owned domestic carrier."

"We could show Mahesh dressed up like a modern executive driving from the airport, with a jumbo jet in the background, and arriving at the newspaper office to place his ad. We could show the presses rolling and the pages coming out and then being hawked all over the bazaars. Then we could zoom in on an innocent-looking fellow stumbling along the road and arriving at Mahesh's big house to offer himself as a candidate. What do the bride and groom do in the tradition of arranged marriages—have tea together, or something? Isn't there a wedding horse? We could make a wonderful little sequence."

I am amused by Bill's leaps of imagination, but I explain that marriages are not arranged in quite the mechanical, predatory way he thinks. Then I ask him if the financing of the film is all in hand.

"WGBH has it well under control or we wouldn't have got the green light," he tells me. "There is a lot of lolly riding on us. The total budget of the film, from soup to nuts, is a hundred and fifty thousand dollars: forty thousand dollars for film stock and for developing, editing, and printing; I don't know exactly how much for developing the idea, for overhead, for promotion, and whatnot; probably ten thousand dollars or so for you and your expenses and your assistant's expenses; and forty thousand dollars for me, as subcontracting producer. I am responsible for all the travel and living expenses of the crew—cameraman, camera assistant, and sound recordist.

Of course, I subcontract the actual work as well. WGBH wanted me to subcontract you and your assistant, too, as part of the team, but I thought that that would be bad for our relationship—I felt we should both be working for WGBH. They will be paying your fees and expenses directly. I'm going to look for an English crew, because they're cheaper and better. English camera makes about eight hundred dollars a week, English sound about six hundred dollars a week, and an English camera assistant about four hundred dollars a week." For "cameraman" and "sound recordist," I have come to realize, Bill often uses television jargon—"camera" and "sound." "The subcontracting for four weeks of shooting will cost me, I reckon, about seventy-two hundred dollars all told. Whatever is left over after paying all the crew's living and travelling expenses is gravy for me."

"It would be nice to find a cameraman who is good at hand-held work, so that we could shoot with as little fuss as possible," I say. "He should also be good at working in natural light, since bright lights could be inhibiting."

"That will take some thought," Bill says, puffing at his pipe. "I know who the good cameras are. The documentary world is a very small world. Ivan Strasburg would be excellent. So would Ernest Vincze, but he's not free. Erik Durschmied would also be excellent, but he's not in my price range. There isn't much of a market for documentaries. Everybody knows everybody. By the way, there's an Indian camera who's surfaced in Toronto and who's been after me for some work. I've heard good things about him, but I haven't seen anything he's done. Perhaps I should check it out."

"Unless he's as good as Subrata Mitra, who has done so much work for Satyajit Ray, I would prefer a foreigner—if possible, one who has never been to India—so that he would see the country with fresh eyes," I say.

"The one I have settled on in my mind is Ivan Strasburg. He's a South African political refugee who lives and works out of England," Bill says. "He is light on his feet and good with hand-held stuff and can work in natural light fine."

FEBRUARY 8TH

BILL telephones me in the morning from Boston. "God damn this blizzard," he says. "I've been stuck here with the Fannings for four whole days, and I came only for a few hours to say goodbye. The snow is so thick we can scarcely get out of the house. And we're all getting on each other's nerves."

He and I go over the latest arrangements.

"Ivan Strasburg had already started working on Koff's film, but Fanning has sprung him loose for us," Bill says. "Ivan has arranged for his acolyte, Jane Jackson, to be the camera assistant. Eoin McCann will be our sound. By the way, when I told Ivan that you wanted most of the shooting done in natural light, you know what he said? 'Not for nothing am I known as the Prince of Darkness.'" Bill laughs.

I tell him that I've arranged for an assistant—Sally Sandberg, Bennington '77, who has been working with the literary agent Georges Borchardt. I also tell him that, as I expected, the Indian government has given us an exemption from the "escort rule," but that it urgently needs a list of the members of our film team, an itemization of our film stock and equipment, and the details of our arrival plans.

Bill gives me the following information about the equipment and film stock we'll be taking to India: one Eclair (NPR) camera; two batteries, two battery chargers; one 12-120-mm. zoom lens; one 16-44-mm. zoom lens; one wide-angle 10-mm. lens; one Miller tripod (tall and short legs); one Lowel Tota-Light kit (5 heads); two light meters; one Nagra tape recorder; six microphones; cables, charger, and other tape-recorder accessories; one hundred and eight rolls of Eastman Kodak color negative film stock; sixty rolls of sound tape.

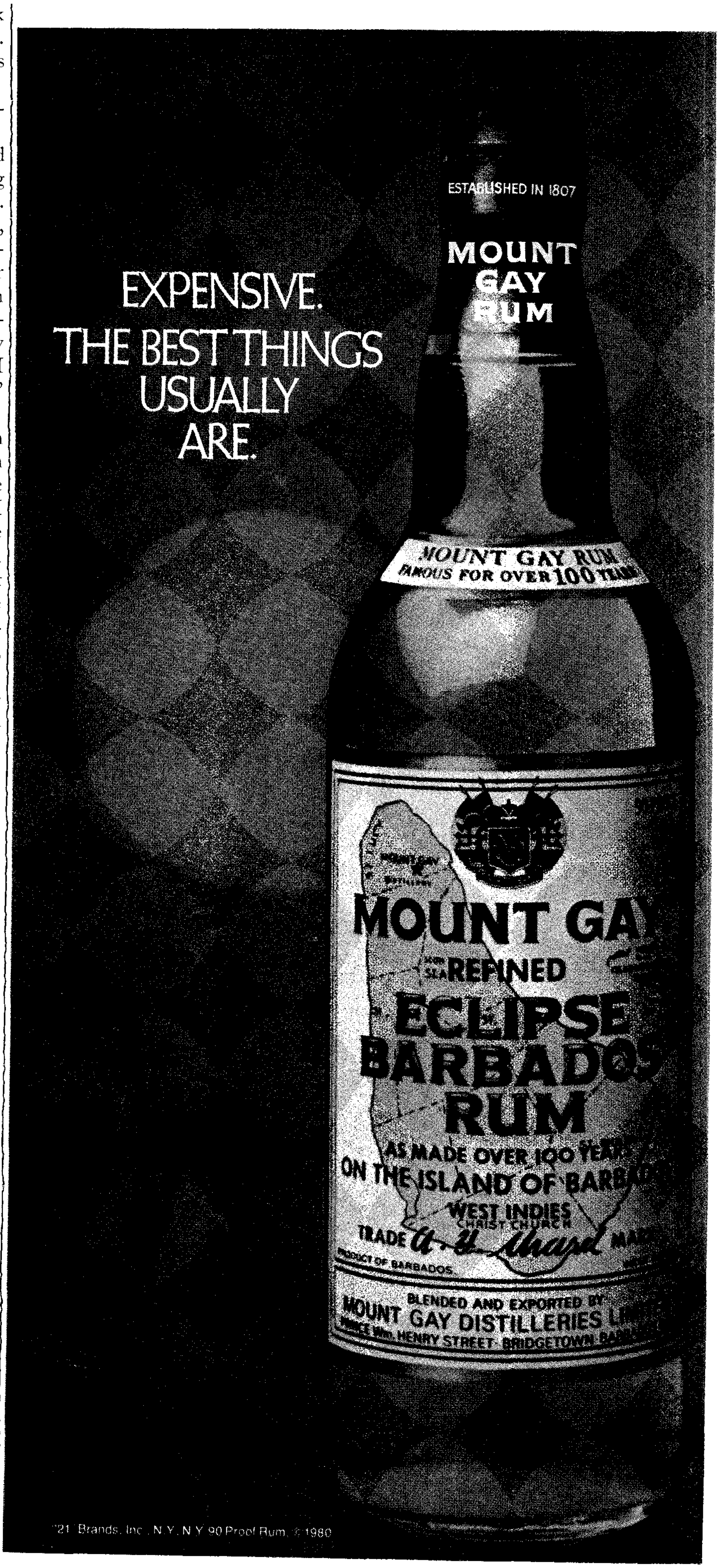
We reconfirm our plans to leave New York on Friday evening, February 17th, from Kennedy Airport, on Pan American flight No. 002; pick up the rest of the team in London; and continue our flight, arriving in India early on the morning of Sunday, February 19th.

I walk over to East 64th Street and give all the information to the Public Relations Consul.

FEBRUARY 10TH

"CAN you get your father to book us into the Hotel Janpath?" Bill asks over the telephone from Toronto. "Araminta knows about it, and says it's quite inexpensive. Any more static from the government?"

"No. Everything is fine. The consulate people tell me that the duty-exemption form for taking in the film stock and equipment will be waiting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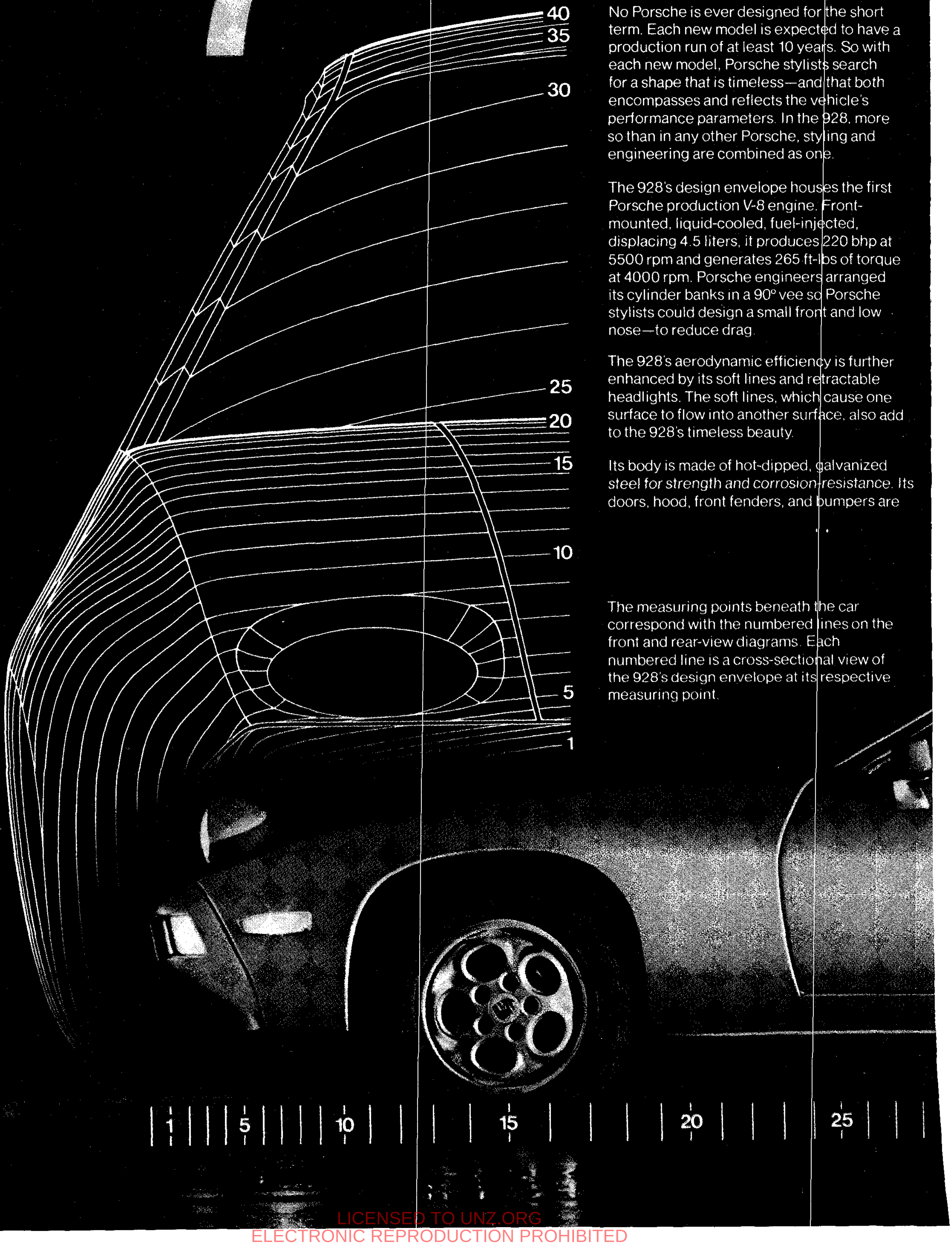

Porsche 928

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strong, non-rusting aluminum. The bumpers are mounted directly to the body by hydraulic shock absorbers. And covered with a tough, resilient polyurethane skin which is perfectly matched to the body color.

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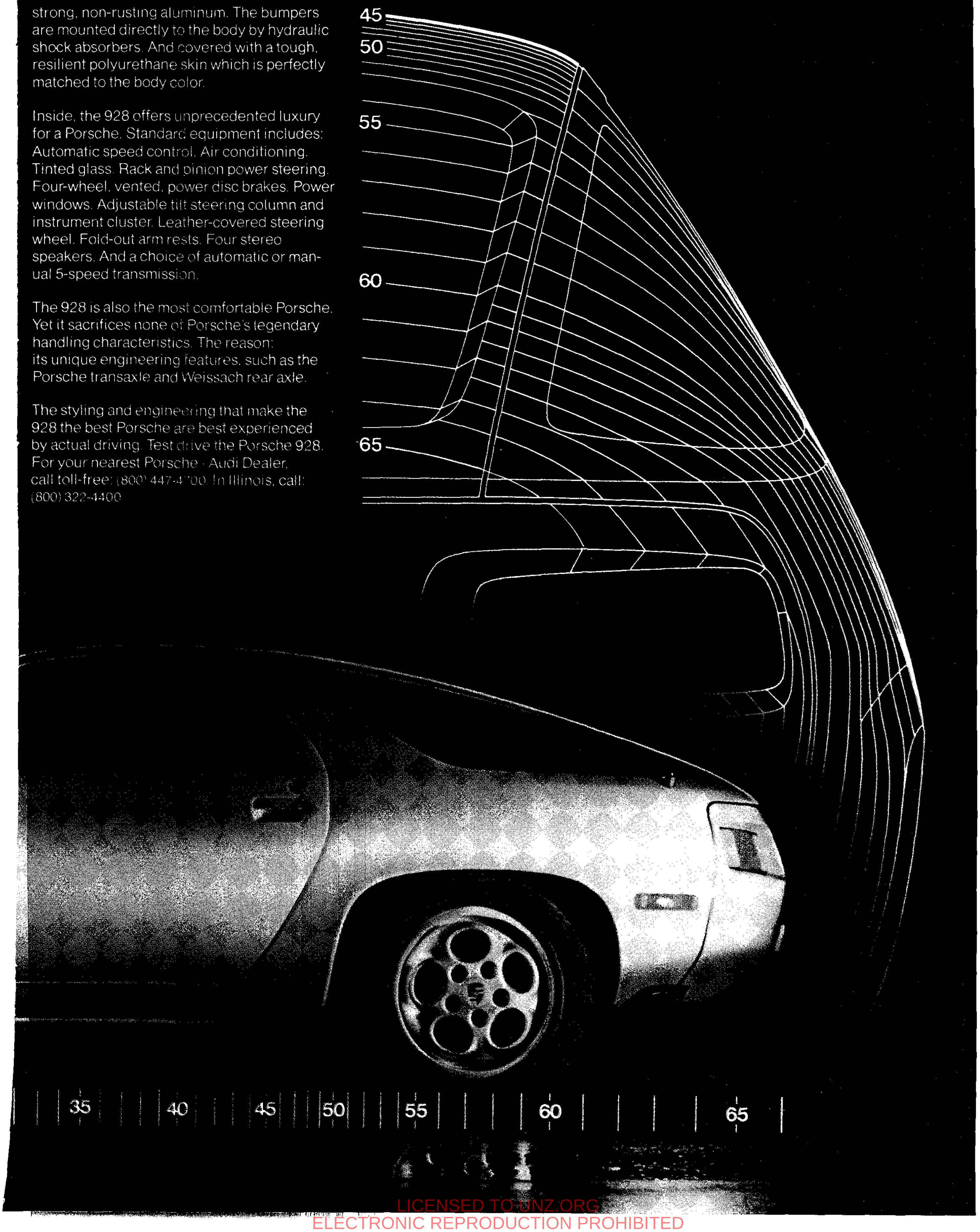
The 928 is also the most comfortable Porsche. Yet it sacrifices none of Porsche's legendary handling characteristics. The reason: its unique engineering features, such as the Porsche transaxle and Weissach rear axle.

The styling and engineering that make the 928 the best Porsche are best experienced by actual driving. Test drive the Porsche 928. For your nearest Porsche+Audi Dealer, call toll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, call: (800) 322-4400



In every village in Italy, there's a different way to prepare pasta. But only one way to serve it.

Of all the wonderful foods that Italy is famous for, there's one it will always be loved for.

Pasta.

In every region and every province of Italy, whether it's a rustic coastal village, a sun-drenched southern town, or a winding mountain hamlet, there's a pasta dish that makes that town unique.

But whether it's Tortelli di Zucca in St. Angelo, Trenette col Pesto in Bettola, or Pappardelle alla Lepre in Florence, the one wine you'll often see with it is Ruffino Chianti Classico.

Because in a country where pasta is prepared more ways than any place on earth, the way it's enjoyed best is with a bottle of Ruffino.

Ruffino Chianti Classico is more than just the finest chianti in Italy. It's the most famous chianti in the world. Made from a special blend of grapes grown in the Tuscany region, its dry, robust taste gives special flavor not only to any Italian meal, but to just about any meal at all.

Ruffino Chianti Classico. Because if there's one thing Italians know better than good food, it's good wine.

Ruffino Chianti Classico.
It makes pasta, pasta.

Imported by Schieffelin & Co., New York, N.Y.

for us at the airport in Delhi. Our contact in Delhi, they say, is Himachal Som, of the External Affairs Ministry."

FEBRUARY 17TH

THE telephone rings in my office. My office assistant answers, and tells me, "The public-relations officer of Cran Productions is on the line from Toronto, wanting to know the measurements of the suitcases you and Sally are taking with you, and threatening that 'Bill will flip' if he doesn't get them immediately. Under new airline regulations, a passenger's luggage allowance is determined not by weight but by measurements."

I reach for the telephone.

"She doesn't want to talk to you," my assistant says.

"I think I should talk to her."

The public-relations officer turns out to be Araminta. "I was just trying to get some quick results," she says. "Bill doesn't want to pay excess baggage on the film stock and wants to know how much you and Sally can take as part of your luggage."

"Can't we sort that out at the airport?" Bill is flying in from Toronto this afternoon and meeting Sally and me at Kennedy.

"He says he wants to know now."

"I know, but I don't have the suitcases here with me, so I really can't help."

"O.K., but Bill is really going to flip."

When Sally and I arrive at Kennedy, around six o'clock, we find Bill standing among five large and battered Kodak cartons and looking quite flustered, for him. He is busy trying to patch up the cartons with some wide tape that is marked "Damaged," in big blue letters, every few inches. "I was looking for some tape marked 'Fragile,' but this is the only stuff the airlines seem to have," he says. "The people in Boston did such a rotten packing job that we're lucky I got it this far."

I introduce Sally to him. He gives her a peremptory nod and goes back to his cartons. Sally is very pretty—she has straight strawberry-blond hair and blue eyes—and I sense that she is a little miffed at Bill's inattentiveness.

"I've been carting this stuff around this bloody airport ever since my plane landed, four hours ago," he says. "The airline people wouldn't have anything to do with it until our check-in time."

Sally and I are able to check one carton each as part of our luggage. Bill checks two as part of his, and he has to pay an eighty-five-dollar excess-baggage charge for the fifth.

"I suppose the production budget can stand that," he says, with a laugh.

Sally and I arrange to sit together and ask Bill to join us, but he says firmly that he would prefer to sit by himself and read John le Carré's "The Honourable Schoolboy." I notice a new formality in Bill—as if Sally's presence were a bar to the intimate Oxford manner he had assumed at previous meetings.

February 18th

IN London, Sally and I come upon Bill wandering around inside Heathrow Airport, pipe in hand. "Didn't you hear the announcement that passengers aren't supposed to leave the aircraft, because of security?" he asks.

"No," Sally says. "They must have made the announcement after we left—we were almost the first ones off. So what are you doing here?"

"I slipped off just as the announcement was being made," Bill says. "I can't find the crew. I hope to God they haven't gone to some other airline. I told Ivan distinctly we were flying Pan Am."

We walk up and down endless corridors looking for the crew. I imagine the three crew members arriving in Delhi by themselves and having their equipment confiscated, and my having to run around and being told by an endless stream of officials, "We can do nothing now that a file has been started." But Bill appears unperturbed, as if he were trying to show himself equal to a crisis. He flips through a stack of paperbacks at a newsstand and finally buys a couple of Agatha Christie mysteries, saying, "This should keep me amused until India."

Our flight is announced, and we go to the boarding gate. Suddenly, Bill shouts "There they are!" and runs up to two men and a woman sitting in a corner of the boarding lounge. Bill and the two men—Ivan Strasburg and Eoin McCann—fall on each other like lodge brothers who haven't met in years.

Ivan Strasburg is a strong, wiry, handsome man in his mid-thirties, with slightly curly black hair and a black beard flecked with gray, who is well tanned and radiates good health and good cheer. He is dressed in a black linen safari jacket, bluejeans, a denim shirt, and sensible walking shoes, and gives the impression of having knocked about in far regions and gone on hard climbs. In style and dress, Eoin (pronounced "Owen") McCann could pass for a somewhat older, slightly eccentric Ivan. A man of medium height with a round head, short silvery-gray hair, a silvery-white, closely trimmed beard, and intense grayish-green eyes, he is wearing a green corduroy jacket, a green sweatshirt, and tight bluejeans turned up to show his boots. Pinned to his sweatshirt is a green plastic elephant; around his neck is a black muffler with shiny silver stripes; and on his little finger is a large silver ring. He speaks with an Irish lilt. The woman, introduced as Jane Jackson, the camera assistant, is thin, long-boned, and energetic-looking, probably in her late twenties, with slightly wavy mouse-brown hair cut very short, suggesting a skinhead who has allowed her hair to grow out a bit. She wears plain brown-rimmed glasses and no makeup. She is dressed in jeans and a T-shirt.

"There is this fabulous old geezer who works as an errand boy for a chemist," Bill is saying animatedly to the crew. "He takes medicine and bandages to the halt, the lame, and the blind."

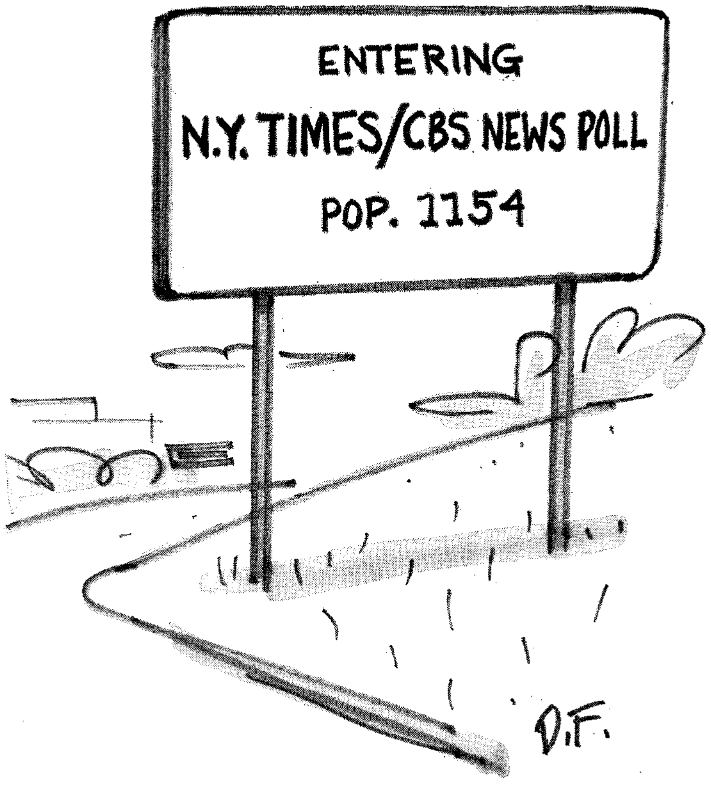
As Bill draws a more and more fanciful character sketch of Chachaji, the crew members grow more and more skeptical. They are amazed that we have no script, no story—just some poor, eighty-three-year-old man. "It sounds like a nice short for the World Health Organization," Ivan says. "I don't suppose he's ever seen a motion-picture camera. I hope we won't scare him."

February 19th

CUSTOMS officials at the airport deny all knowledge of the promised duty-exemption form—and, for that matter, of our coming. They say that we must immediately "re-export" the film stock and equipment or they will impound it. It is the middle of the night and it is Sunday. All government offices are closed. (Indians by and large observe the Christian sabbath—a hangover from British times.) Bill, Sally, and I have been travelling almost continuously for nearly twenty-four hours. Except for our little illegal leg-stretching in London, we have not been off the plane. Because of the time change, we have lost ten and a half hours. Ivan has been cradling the camera in his lap and Eoin the tape recorder in his. Everyone has reason to be tired, but no one seems the slightest bit disconcerted; it is as if such slipups by government departments and such threats from customs officers were a normal part of location work. I go from customs official to higher customs official, explaining our project, until I am presented to a sympathetic Punjabi, who lets the film stock and the equipment into the country on condition that we leave with him a complete inventory in sextuplicate and that I appear in person Monday morning with a duly executed duty-exemption form.

Ivan, as if he had foreseen the request for multiple copies of the inventory, hands over a sheaf of them, typed on his stationery. We are then given formal permission to take the film stock and the equipment with us to our hotel.

Outside the customs enclosure, my mother—Mamaji, as we call her, in Indian English—and my youngest sister, Usha, who ordinarily lives in Kalamazoo, Michigan, but is here at present, staying with our parents,



are waiting to greet us. They tell me that at nine o'clock this morning there is to be a prenuptial ceremony at my sister Nimi's house for Rajani, the bride.

"Would your friends like to photograph it?" Mamaji asks.

I call Bill over and ask him.

"It's always good public relations to give the crew a couple of days' rest," he says. "Even if Chacha himself were getting married in the morning, I couldn't call the crew."

HOURS later, I wake up from a sound sleep in my room at the Janpath Hotel. It is around eleven, and I go down to the coffee shop—just across from the reception desk—where all of us have agreed to meet for breakfast. The others are there, but it seems that none of them have slept very well. Each has changed rooms at least twice, because the air-conditioning didn't work, because the room looked out onto a wall, because there were centipedes dropping from the ceiling or lizards crawling in the bathtub. Bill still manages to seem cheerful, but some of the crew's skepticism may have got to him. "Will old Chacha visually add up to anything?" he demands of me.

"Why don't we go across and meet him? Then you can judge for yourself," I say.

"Would Sahib like another *samosa*?" a bearer asks. (A *samosa* is a fried stuffed pastry.)

"Sahib would," Bill says, and then, to me, "Chacha can wait. Cran Sahib didn't sleep a wink last night."

Everyone laughs, Bill loudest of all. The tenser Bill is, the louder he laughs.

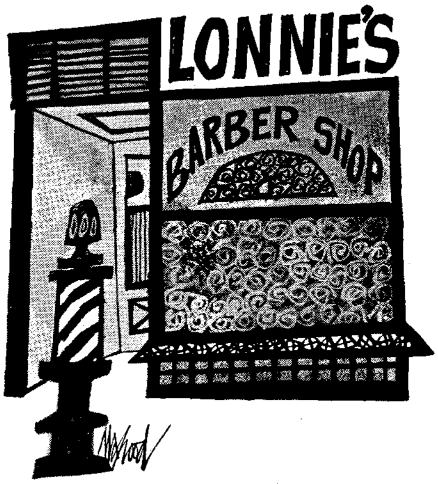
FEBRUARY 20TH

BILL comes down to the coffee shop for breakfast looking relaxed and expansive. He plunks down on the table a copy of Suetonius's "De Vita Caesarum," in Latin, and regales Ivan with a juicy bit of gossip from ancient Rome, which I miss, because just then the bearer asks me, in Punjabi, for my order.

"Suetonius is marvellous bedtime reading," Bill says. "Compared to those emperors, Nixon was a babe in the woods. I was thinking in my bath, What would old Chacha make of Suetonius?"

"Who knows?" I say. "But why don't we at least go and meet him?"

"Chacha will keep," Bill says, abruptly getting up and going across to the reception desk.



I have by now suggested many times to Bill that we go and meet Chachaji, but each time he has put me off. Is he afraid that Chachaji won't work out and we may not have a film?

"This is one hell of a way to produce a film," Eoin says. "I don't think I've ever been on a film unit on which the producer hasn't spent so much as an hour on location preparing for the film and doesn't have a line of script."

"I think it's very brave of Bill to run the risk of doing a film this way," I say.

Ivan discreetly changes the subject. "We can't do anything until I've arranged for extra lighting cables and some Indian-type plugs," he says.

Apparently, lighting cables are very heavy, and the crew didn't know exactly what kind of plugs they would need, but someone in the business told Bill about a man named Prem Prakash, who works for Visnews—an international news-film agency—in Delhi, and who has helped foreign television crews obtain such accessories in the past. Ivan and Jane go out in search of Prem Prakash, and Eoin goes up to his room to read.

Bill comes back, and says, "I think I have found a good shipping agent for the exposed film. The ABC and BBC people use him."

"But we haven't shot anything yet," Sally says.

"Before I expose a foot of film, I have to make sure that I have a reliable shipping agent," Bill says. "I knew a producer once who placed his shipment in the hands of an unreliable agent. The customs people X-rayed it and turned beautiful orange sunsets bright green. You can't imagine what can go wrong between shooting on location and seeing the rushes back home. The plane carrying our film could crash or be hijacked. The WGBH people could dillydally in Boston about getting the film on a bus to New York, where the best laboratories are. And even the best laboratories can slip up—scratch the negative, or lose a shot, especially if it is at the end of a roll. Anywhere along the way, film can be mislaid or damaged. It's a nerve-racking business."

The government offices are open now, and Bill, Sally, and I rush over to the External Affairs Ministry to sort out the duty-exemption form with our contact, Himachal Som. Som's office is overflowing with foreigners needing his help, and Som, conducting several conversations at once, has the air of a traffic policeman. He seems to be an obliging man, who likes to give only good news. Over the clatter of a teletype machine, he is saying, "Yes, yes. . . . I will try. . . . Certainly. . . . I will apply for the permission for you. . . . It shall be done."

Som offers everyone coffee or tea, asking each person how he would like it, but by the time it arrives the person in question has usually gone. Occasionally, he summons his personal assistant—or P.A., as such an assistant is called here—and tells him to "do the needful" or dictates a letter. Whether "the needful" ever gets done or the letter typed and signed, it is hard to say.

We eventually get a duty-exemption form from Som and take it out to the airport, where an endless series of customs officials put their stamps and signatures on it. At last, the stock and equipment, which are actually lying in our hotel rooms, are officially deemed admitted into the country.

Back at the hotel, Bill decides to go off in search of a big American station wagon with good suspension, which can take the crew and all the equipment and can also be used for tracking shots. "I wonder if you can find a bloody American car in this blighted place," he says. "How do I say 'tailgate' and 'suspension' in Hindi?"

I offer to go with him, but he tells me, "Go and limber up Chacha and prepare him for the assault."

"Why don't you come with me?" I ask, trying once again to corral Bill into meeting Chachaji.

"I think I should see to the station wagon first. If Chacha's going to be the superstar of our film, we want to take him for a ride, don't we?" He laughs at his own joke.

DADDYJI—as we call my father—likes to have his elevenses with any and all members of the family at Gaylord's, an upper-middle-class, air-conditioned restaurant in Connaught Circus, in the centre of New Delhi. The restaurant is known for its coffee with ice cream and its chicken patties—favorite refreshments here.

"Where is Chachaji?" I ask, joining the family at Gaylord's after telephoning Mamaji and Daddyji to ask them to bring him.

"I asked him to come with us," Daddyji says. "But he said, 'Just give me the money for the chicken patty and ice-cream coffee. I am saving up for a pair of shoes.' So I gave him the money."

"He's very shrewd," Mamaji says. "He couldn't have come anyway. He has to go to work."

TONIGHT is the first of the traditional three evenings of singing and dancing leading up to Rajani's wedding. I suggest to Bill that the singsong, as such an evening is called, would make a good sequence. "If we do the Chachaji story, we have to do the family, and if we do the family, what could be more central to it than a wedding? It would also be a good way of introducing the crew to the family and getting some Indian music on the soundtrack."

"I still haven't found a station wagon," Bill says. "All the same, I'll come and case the joint with you. But the crew should be left to their own devices this evening. It's always bad public relations to make them work hard right away." If Bill is still worried about the revolt of those idle soldiers, he shows no sign of it.

On our way out of the hotel, we bump into the crew. Ivan and Jane say they have spent the entire day looking for Prem Prakash and the essential cables and Indian plugs. Prem Prakash was never where he was supposed to be.

"Hey! Have you written the story yet? Why don't you call it 'Six Characters in Search of a Film'?" Ivan asks me facetiously.

"Do you have any idea of what we'll be filming?" Eoin asks. "I've started my shooting-log cards, but so far the only information I have is technical stuff they'll need back home to synchronize sound with picture."

I am encouraged by this small, if technical, start.

FEBRUARY 21ST

"ARE we shooting today?" Ivan asks Bill over breakfast.

"Not in the daytime, at least," Bill says. "But if I find a station wagon, it could be singsong tonight. You chaps had better keep after Prem Prakash. We can't do anything without proper Indian plugs and ropes, now, can we?"

"What's the name of the hotel almost next door to us?" Eoin asks me as we finish breakfast.

"The Imperial," I say.

"It has a swimming pool," he says.

"Is the Delhi water safe to swim in?" Sally asks.

"It depends," I say. "The Imperial is known to have a pretty good filter system."

Eoin, Ivan, and Jane, with Sally close behind, rush upstairs for swimsuits, calling back that we should all meet at the Imperial's outdoor café for a late tandoori lunch.

As Bill once more goes in search of a station wagon, I rent for Sally and me a modest but quite roomy cream-colored Ambassador with gray trim—a shorter, Indian-made version of a standard English car. I also arrange for a driver I know to take us around. He has a government job as a driver, from which he usually takes a "casual leave" when I am in Delhi, so that he can work for me. He is a large, tireless, jovial, irreverent Sikh, about six feet tall, named Yoginder Singh. He boasts that in his government job he has never driven for anyone less than a Department Secretary or Minister, and he takes pride in always being where he is wanted when he is wanted, no matter what the weather is, where his car is parked, or how long he has been kept waiting. There is something at once dignified and flamboyant about him. I am especially pleased to have him this time, because he has a natural authority, which should prove useful in controlling the crowds that always gather here at the sight of a camera or a tape recorder, and because I know he will enter into the spirit of our project and be generally helpful.

As I am talking to Yoginder Singh on the steps of the hotel, Bill arrives in a big old yellow American Ford station wagon—the kind of expensive-looking car that only embassies and tourist organizations can afford to run here. It is driven by another Sikh, who could pass for Yoginder Singh's brother, except that he is unsmiling, even dour.

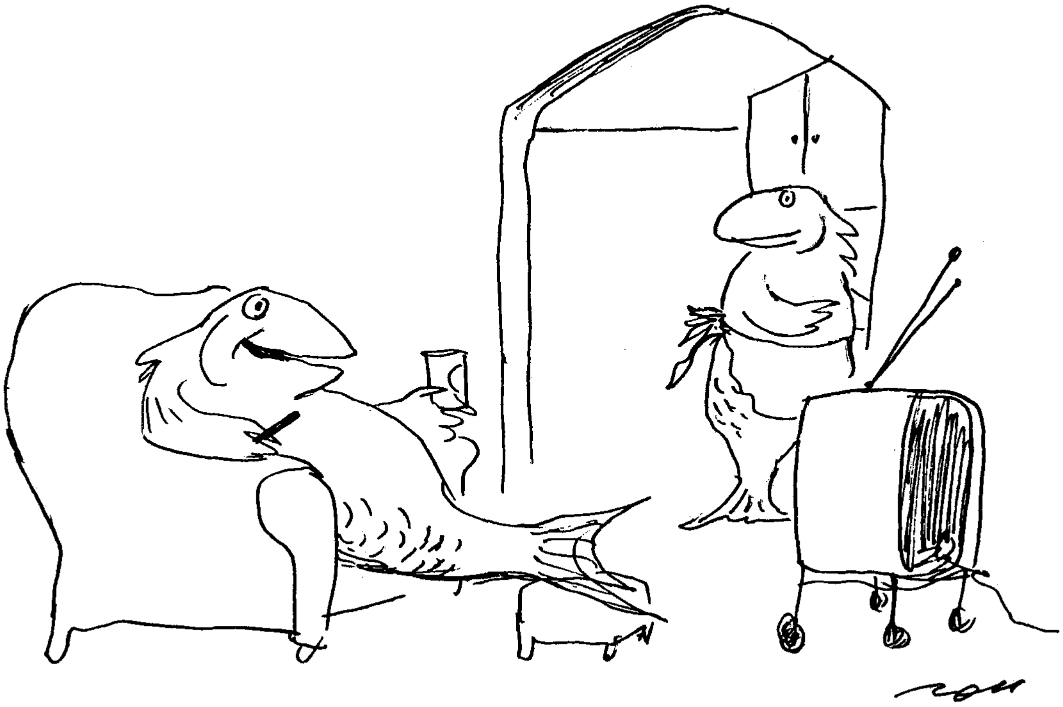
Bill, who has heard that "Orientals" are always out to cheat Westerners, calls on me to negotiate the rates with his driver.

"He's O.K., Ved Sahib," Yoginder Singh says. "He belongs to my temple."

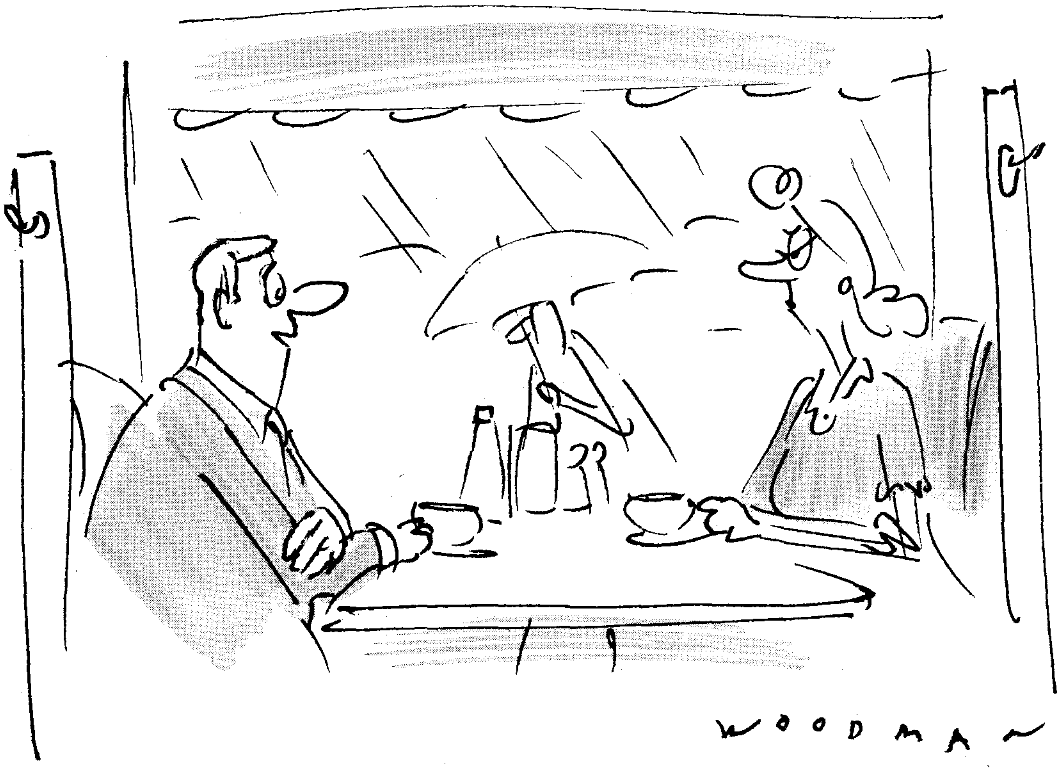
The new driver, Amarjit Singh, is quite agreeable to my rates. I ask him if he can speak any English.

"Ved Sahib, he doesn't have to," Yoginder Singh puts in. "My car will always be in the front, and I will make sure he follows."

"Good show!" Bill exclaims when I interpret for him. (Yoginder Singh himself speaks only a little English; his language, like that of all Sikhs, is Punjabi.) "Yoginder Singh is going to be



"You realize it's forty years since we crawled out of the water, Edith?"



“Yes, dear, it is raining. You’re right again.”

• •

a real asset. I will ride in your Ambassador, and lead with Yoginder Singh.”

The Imperial Hotel serves us a marvellous lunch. Ivan, Eoin, and Bill are able to put away extraordinary amounts of food. Prem Prakash has still not been found, and Ivan can’t stop talking about him. He imagines Prem Prakash sitting on a hoard of cables and plugs in Calcutta or Bombay, and surfacing in New Delhi only when we are ready to leave. As Ivan talks, the elusive Prem Prakash becomes at once an eccentric, if absent, member of our team and a malevolent force toying with the fate of our project.

Overhead, kites cry. I eat quickly, and tell everyone about a kite that once swooped down and snatched a chapatti from my hand, almost taking a finger with it.

After lunch, Ivan, Eoin, and Jane go off to look for Prem Prakash again, this time in the station wagon. Bill, Sally, and I go in the Ambassador to look for Chachaji—at last. No one in the family knows the exact name or address of Chachaji’s place of work. (Everyone in India has so many poor relations that the general principle is to stand ready to rescue them in illness or any other emergency, give them little bits of money, and do some strategic string-pulling to help them obtain jobs and places to live, but not get involved beyond that—a principle that the poor relations grasp even more firmly than those who formulated it, since their lives depend on it.)

Our first stop is in Bhogal Bazaar, at a modest electrical shop owned by Dalip Singh, a middle-aged nephew of Chachaji’s, who is likely to know Chachaji’s whereabouts. Dalip himself had been a poor relation for most of his life, but now, thanks to a recent upsurge of building in New Delhi, he is a well-to-do contractor. He is not at his shop, but his wife, Mehma, is, and over tea and sweetmeats she tells us that the chemical-supply store where Chachaji works is on the other side of Bhogal Bazaar. We drive there.

The store turns out to be a typical, if dilapidated, New Delhi house—a compact, low structure of brick and cement with a small courtyard and a veranda. A signboard by the gate has “The Pharmacy of Prosperity” written on it. Just inside the gate to the courtyard is Chachaji. He sits nodding in the sun in an old straight-backed chair behind a couple of wooden crates, which serve as his desk. On top of the crates are a large work ledger and his public badge of dignity—a bright-pink turban. His clothes—hand-me-downs, which he has always called “my borrowed feathers”—are shabby and hang on him like rags on a scarecrow. He has a round, bald head and a pointed face with a pencil-line mustache, but the most noticeable thing about him is his leathery skin, which is stretched so taut on his face and head that it accentuates the sharpness of his features and makes his eyes and cheekbones stand out. He is astonishingly fair for an Indian, and there is a touch of the natural sahib about him. His eyes are blue—something very rare here, too—and though he is eighty-three, his vision is so good that he doesn’t need glasses.

At the sight of him, Bill explodes into laughter. “Visually, he’s great!” he exclaims. “Couldn’t be better!”

We get out of the car, and I call out a greeting to Chachaji. He squints, and slowly puts on his turban.

“My God!” Bill whispers. “He looks like an ancient turtle! And that pink turban!”

Chachaji stands up and shuffles out through the gate toward us, taking little, cautious steps, as if he were afraid that the ground underfoot might suddenly give way.

“You should have sent me a message, and I would have called on you,” he says. “This is not a fit place for gentlemen.” He has a thin, whining voice, which sometimes croaks.

We stand and talk for a while. “The owners of the establishment—Chopra Sahib and Young Chopra Sahib—are both away,” he says, in Punjabi, and I interpret. “They always lock the house and take the keys. This is no place to entertain my fortunate relation and sympathetic benefactors.”

I remind him that we are going to make a film about him.

“Chopra Sahib and Young Chopra Sahib are not handsome enough for foreign photographs,” Chachaji says. “They are not gentlemen.”

“Will you be at the singsong tonight?” I ask him.

“Such auspicious occasions should never be missed,” he says.

On the ride back to the hotel, I ask Bill if we can start filming the singsong that night. He had stopped by with me at the singsong yesterday evening, but he had stayed only a few minutes, leaving before Chachaji and many of the other guests arrived.

“I can’t see the point of filming it, but O.K.,” he says. “Let’s do it as a practice session, to break the ice. We have to begin somewhere. All those sensuous women will make a great picture.”

At the hotel, Ivan announces that he has got the cables and plugs. “We finally found that look, actually sitting in a chair."

"We're in business," Bill exclaims. "Let's have a drink tonight and film the wretched singsong. 'Chacha' must essentially be a film about the family, and what is more central to a family than a wedding?" Bill, I have come to realize, often changes his mind.

I'M not sure how my sister Nimi and her husband, Mahesh, will react to the idea of our filming one of the most intimate moments in family life—their daughter's singsong. I phone them to ask, bracing myself for an argument. To my surprise, they agree, without hesitation and without any restrictions. Either the novelty of the idea appeals to them or my involvement with the film reassures them.

So this evening we set out in a little cavalcade in search of Chachaji and our film—Bill, Sally, and I in the Ambassador, with Ivan, Eoin, and Jane in the station wagon behind.

At my sister's house, which is a spacious government residence, many members of my family and many of Nimi's and Mahesh's close friends have gathered in the drawing room for the singsong—the women mostly sitting on the floor, and the men reclining in armchairs, perching on stools, or just standing around. My parents are sitting together on a divan and look very happy. They have been married for fifty-two years and have sixteen grandchildren. Rajani is the fourth grandchild to be married.

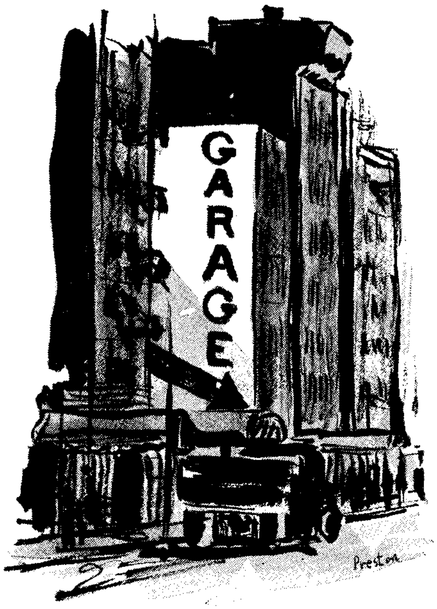
Chachaji, as the oldest relative present, sits with my parents. He coughs occasionally, but tries to make himself inconspicuous. When I introduce the crew to him, he makes no attempt to learn their names, and thereafter he simply refers to all of them as "Vedji's party."

The women, who are wearing their best clothes and jewelry, start clapping and singing bits and pieces of Punjabi folk songs, joking, jumping up and dancing, laughing, crying. There are a lot of starts and stops. Finally, a pretty young woman with huge dark eyes—a singer on All India Radio—takes charge. She sits down at a two-sided drum and beats out a rhythm while another young woman sits across from her tapping the drum cylinder with a spoon in almost metronomic accompaniment. The drummer sings as she plays, leading the women in a medley of songs, suggestively coy and teasingly sexual, which coach the bride in the conduct of the marital bed even as they embarrass her. Rajani arranges and rearranges her sari and tries to look grown up, but no one pays much attention to her, because she is only an excuse for the married women to remember themselves as innocent brides.

Bill looks relaxed and donnish, with his pipe in one hand and a glass of beer in the other. He and Ivan move around the room quietly discussing "wide shots" and "tight shots," their voices a sort of undertone to the singing and the conversations around them. Eoin, Jane, and Sally busy themselves checking lights and power outlets, positioning microphones, pushing cables out of the way. Eoin seems oblivious of the fact that he has a bulky tape recorder hanging at his hip. He wanders around with a book of Hemingway stories in one hand and reads when he has nothing else to do. Once the equipment has been set up, Jane clumps after Ivan, the pockets of her overalls bulging with screwdrivers, brushes, plugs, and pieces of chalk. Over her shoulder she has a large canvas bag from which protrude a small, squarish board with a clapper and a numerical register, many pens and pencils and pieces of chalk, and various camera accessories. Sally is very ladylike, and quickly establishes a rapport with the family, which is useful in helping everyone forget the presence of the filming paraphernalia. The crew all weave in and out among family and guests with astonishing ease. They are so casually, almost scruffily, dressed that they are accepted good-naturedly as bumbling amateurs making a home movie.

"I don't see the point of filming this chaos," Ivan says, half seriously, as shooting is about to start. "I thought you told me we were going to film an old man. Here we are filming the pride of India." He is lying on the floor ready to take the opening shot.

Bill laughs. "That's a nice shot of the women singing," he says, looking through the viewfinder. He calls out "Board!"



Jane whips out the board and quickly sets the numerical register:

Roll 1
Take 1

She holds up the board, with the clapper opened at an angle, in front of the camera. Ivan starts the camera and Eoin the tape recorder. Jane drops the clapper and moves out of range. Shooting is under way.

Bill calls out "Cut!" and shooting stops.

A few moments later, Ivan is on the other side of the room for the next take. His camera weighs about twenty-five pounds, but he carries it lightly. It seems like an extension of his body, although he is occasionally heard to mutter, "Camera is cruel to old men." He is scarcely thirty-five.

"Get that bored-looking man in the armchair puffing a pipe," Bill tells Ivan.

Ivan turns the camera on the man in question, who, from his expression, might be at a dreary office meeting rather than in a room filled with lovely women singing songs that would send most men's hearts racing. He's a perfect foil for the singsong.

After some more shooting of the singsong, Bill, Ivan, Eoin, and Jane go out to take some shots of the exterior of the house.

At the end of the evening, back at the hotel, Eoin goes over the log for all the shooting:

TAPE ROLL 1
sync (film roll 1, take 1, front board)
women sing at party
sync (film roll 2, take 1, end board)
same as above
(film roll 2, take 2, mute)
(film roll 2, take 3) no good
(film roll 3, take 1, front board) no good
sync (film roll 3, take 2, end board)
three girls enter house (night exterior)
sync (film roll 3, take 3, end board)
same as above

Eoin explains to me that the log will be used back in Boston to synchronize his sound with Ivan's film. "Front board" and "end board" refer to the placement of the clapper board at the beginning or the end of a shot, or "take." When there is enough time to line up a take, the board goes at the beginning, but when the camera catches a quick, spontaneous action and there is no time to call for the board, it goes at the end. "Mute" refers to a take without sound. "No good" refers to a take that for technical or other reasons is deemed unusable.

“Where is Chachaji in all this?” I ask.

“He’s in there, all right,” Bill says. “Just doesn’t get lead billing for the moment.”

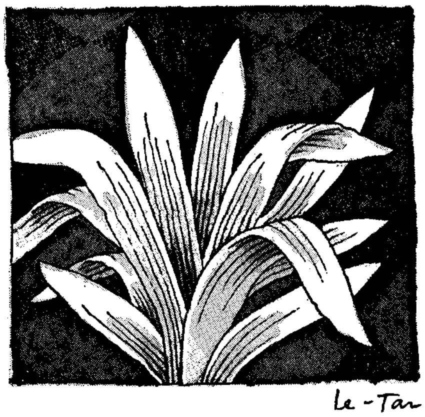
CHACHAJI, my father’s first cousin, whose real name is Bahali Ram, was born in a little village called Nabipur Piran, in the Lahore District, in the British Punjab, on or about the fifteenth of March, 1895. In the seventeenth century, the village and its land had belonged to the Moghul Emperor Aurangzeb, who deeded it to the Pirs, or hereditary Muslim religious leaders, in the region, so by Chachaji’s time most of the land and the houses in the village belonged to Muslims. Because of its Moghul past, the village was well off. “There was no shortage of cereal and lentils in my village,” Chachaji says. “Practically every family kept a cow or a buffalo. You could drink milk from morning to evening and there would still be more to drink.”

Chachaji’s father, Jawahar Mal, who was one of the few Hindus in the village, was a humble shopkeeper, selling farm produce and ghi. His main pastime was smoking a hubble-bubble. Chachaji’s mother, who was my father’s aunt Ganga Devi, was known as the prettiest of the Hindu women in the village. “She used to grind fresh flour on the millstones with her own hands every day,” Chachaji says. “Every night, she would wrap the leftover *parathas* [triangles of unleavened fried bread] she had made in moist cheesecloth, and we would eat them in the morning, by which time the *parathas* were so soft that they would melt in your mouth like butter. But she would still put more butter on them. Her kitchen was always overflowing with ghi, lentils, potatoes, and peas. Everything was first-class. And it was all for us.”

When Chachaji was about nine years old, his mother was stricken by plague. As she was dying, she called her husband to her side and made him promise that he would never remarry. He respected her last wish, even though it meant raising seven young children—four boys and three girls—by himself. (By the time Chachaji was twenty-one, two of his brothers and two of his sisters had died.)

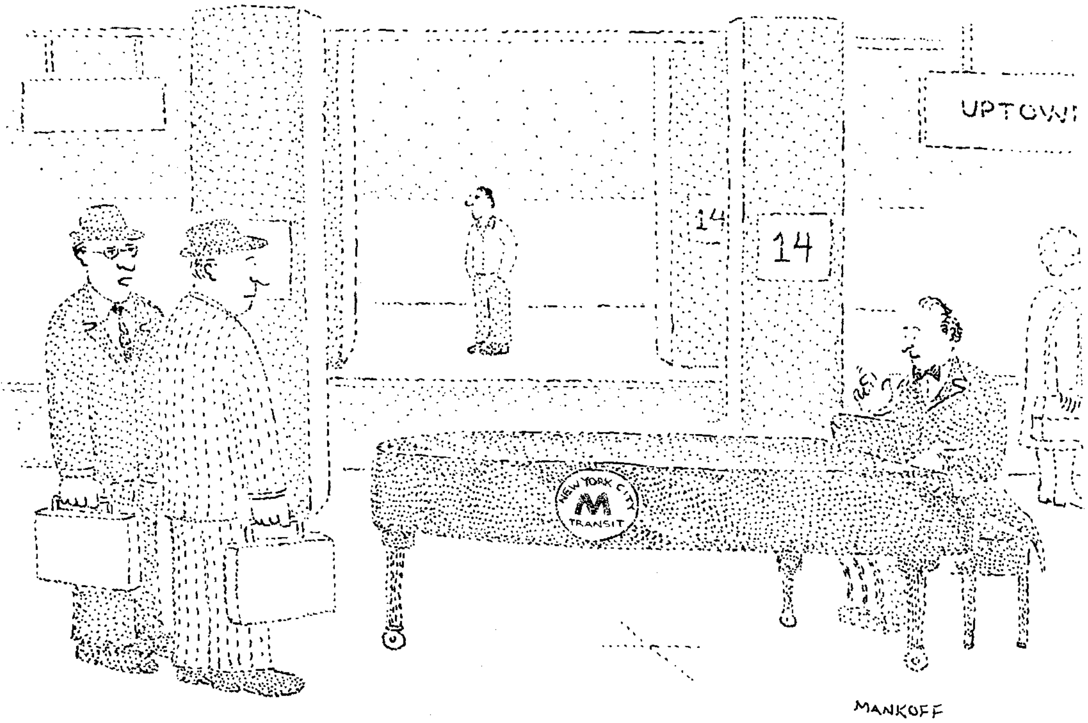
When Chachaji was eight, he started going to school, in a one-room wattle-and-daub building that also served as the office of the only government official in the village, who was known as “the man with the white horse.” The school had one teacher, a mullah; one Urdu book, for all classes; and five students. Chachaji studied there off and on for several years. When he was about twelve, he and two fellow-students were selected to go to Sharakpur—a subdistrict headquarters, a day’s walk from the village—and sit for a scholarship examination to get into the vernacular middle school (the equivalent of junior high school) there. “We left at seven o’clock in the morning, in the company of our teacher,” Chachaji recalls. “He had a beard and rode on a pony. We boys walked. We walked for twelve hours. It started getting dark. We were tired and hungry. Our teacher stopped in a Muslim hamlet, and he and the two other boys, who were Muslims, went inside for food. I was left standing outside. In those days, a Hindu could not partake of the food of a Muslim. The little food I’d brought with me from the village I had long since finished. The Muslim woman came out of the house and, taking pity on me, offered me half a kilo of milk with sugar in it. I couldn’t resist. I shut my eyes, said the name of the Hindu god, and quickly drank down the milk.”

It seems that about a hundred boys, from villages all over the district, sat for the examination at Sharakpur, for four government scholarships. “Right at the start, I walked up to the examiner and told him, as a ruse, that I was a little hard of hearing, and suggested that when he was asking questions or giving dictation he should stand near my desk and speak loudly,” Chachaji says. “The first part of the examination was sums. He looked at our answers there and then, and immediately eliminated sixty boys. The next question concerned the reign of Emperor Akbar. He eliminated twenty-five more boys, including the two Muslim boys from my village. The examiner must have liked my forthright manner, because I got one of the scholarships. When I came back home, it was as if the entire village had been set on fire. A man from a neighboring village came on his horse and asked me, ‘How did you do it?’ ‘With a lot of *parathas*, chapattis, butter, ghi, yogurt, and buttermilk,’ I said. That night, my family fêted me with dishes of sweetened rice, turmeric balls in yogurt, and other delicacies. On that day, I could have had anything I asked for to eat or drink.”



Chachaji spent the next three years in the vernacular middle school in Sharakpur, where the medium of instruction was Urdu, as it had been in his village school. “I still remember that within my scholarship of two rupees a month I was comfortably able to meet all my expenses for board, lodging, fees, books, and such things,” he says. “You will say this is impossible. But in that era you could buy two and a half pounds of ghi for one rupee. In this era, one pound of good ghi will cost you nearly eight rupees.”

Chachaji went as far as he could with his studies at Sharakpur—to the eighth standard—and then moved to Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, where he lived with my grandfather’s younger brother, Bhaji Ganga Ram, who was the first university graduate in the family’s history. Bhaji Ganga Ram took under his wing practically all his teen-age nephews, including my father, as they became ready for higher education—until my grandfather, Lalaji, himself moved to Lahore. In Lahore, Chachaji’s classes would be conducted in English, so Bhaji Ganga Ram put him in a special school for teaching English to village boys, and Chachaji spent two years there. He says, however, “English is Mount Everest and I’m no mountain climber.” Indeed, Chachaji’s English remained very poor. His accent was so rustic that when he spoke English, people thought he was speaking gibberish. He decided he didn’t want to go on with his studies, so Lalaji—who had by then moved to Lahore—got him a job as an apprentice to a petty official. Chachaji recalls, “My first day on the job, I had to ride a horse and take two bundles of fodder to my employer’s house. As I was riding along, a tongawallah came up behind me and created a disturbance. My horse bolted, and I found myself on the road with the fodder spilled all over me. A policeman appeared. ‘Clear the road of fodder!’ he shouted. ‘Mr. Policeman,’ I said. ‘Look at me. I am a small, weak fellow who in one stroke has lost his horse and maybe his job. Do I look like the kind of fellow who could do such heavy work? Give me a



"Personally, I'd have preferred more transit cops."

courteous hand.' The policeman began barking at me. Luckily a hill fellow, who was used to controlling wild horses, appeared with my horse. He bundled up the fodder and sent me on my way. When I'd gone hardly a quarter of a mile, the horse threw me and the fodder a second time. I decided I would never get on a horse again. I went home on foot, without the fodder; I fortified myself with food and milk; and I quietly ran back to my village."

Lalaji visited the village and took Chachaji back to Lahore. He forced Chachaji to go back to school. Chachaji then spent two years preparing for his matriculation, or school-leaving, examination, but when the time came to sit for it, he balked. Lalaji caught Chachaji by the back of his neck, marched him to the university examination hall, and pushed him inside the door, saying, "Pass or fail, you must sit for the examination—and see that you don't fail!" Chachaji managed to scrape through, and thereafter he nearly always wrote "Matric Passed" after his name.

Chachaji applied for a job as a clerk-accountant for a local honey dealer who had a stall *cum* office in the bazaar. He got the job, but within fifteen days he lost it, because he ate too much of the honey. Over the next few years, he did many odd jobs, and even taught school for a short while, but no job quite suited him. (As a schoolteacher, he was intimidated by boys of twelve who were taller than he was.)

In 1922, Chachaji's father died, and his younger brother Kidar Nath took over their father's little shop, because, Chachaji says, "I had no head for business." From then on, he became the family's poor relation—"the least and the last," as the rest of the family called him.

Around 1922, Daulat Ram, my father's younger brother, became a public-health officer for the Lahore and Sheikhupura Districts—in Chachaji's words, "the king of two districts." The "king" made Chachaji a "plague supervisor." He was given a donkey for travel, two peons to accompany him, and a supply of rattraps and rat poison. His instructions were to go from village to village, kill rats, and bring back as many rattails as he could, in proof of his work. It was the first job that Chachaji had really enjoyed, because wherever he and his peons went they were fêted; and Chachaji took great pride in collecting, counting, re-counting, and recording in a government file the number of rattails that his team had snipped off—with a pair of "Made in England" shears.

In 1924, Daulat Ram was transferred to Rawalpindi. His successor had his own poor relations to take care of, and dismissed Chachaji, whereupon Chachaji and his wife, Tara (he had married two years earlier), headed for Rawalpindi. Daulat Ram got the clerk he had inherited moved to some other office and gave Chachaji the job—a step up for Chachaji. Daulat Ram was transferred again three years later, but Chachaji stayed where he was, because by then Daulat Ram was so well placed in the Department of Public Health that no one would dare dismiss his first cousin. Eventually, Chachaji became head clerk, with a salary of a hundred and fifty rupees a month. He bought a plot of land and built on it a small two-room house, which, unlike the house in which he was born and grew up, was a permanent structure of brick and cement. And there, in 1932, his first child—a boy, whom he named Madan—was born.

One day not long afterward, Chachaji came home from the office and saw standing in front of his wife's full-length looking glass a Sikh gentleman, tying his turban. The Sikh was as tall, handsome, and muscular as Chachaji was short, plain, and thin.

"Who are you?" Chachaji asked meekly, as if he, rather than the Sikh, were the intruder.

"Speak up," the Sikh said. "You know me. I'm Avtar Singh. I am going to be your lodger."

Chachaji then remembered that he and Tara had met the fellow a few months earlier, when they happened to wander into a political rally against the British. The Sikh had struck up a conversation with Tara, who was as saucy as she was pretty.

The Sikh now moved into the cramped little house, because that was what Tara wanted. Tara had such a hot temper that Chachaji was afraid of her and dared not object. Whenever he did cautiously broach the subject of living without their lodger, Tara would say, "He is an aristocrat, from a landed family—a Sirdarji. He's doing you a favor by staying with you. If you don't like him, you go." Chachaji felt he could do nothing—particularly since he had put the house in Tara's name.

"I am a trusting soul," Chachaji says. "While I was typing away at the office to keep the home fires burning, the Sirdarji did his mischief. He moved not only into the house but also into my wife's heart. Tell me, what could I have done? She had taken a fancy to him, and I never stopped fancying her."

Tara had four children altogether—

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a second son, Ravinder, and two daughters, Kamla and Mohini. Chachaji, Tara, the children, and the Sirdarji all lived together until the Partition of India, in 1947, when Tara, the children, and the Sirdarji fled to India and settled in Delhi, leaving Chachaji to guard the house.

"She said 'Ta-ta' and went," Chachaji says. "What good was the house to me? As some poet has said,

> This house is neither yours nor mine.
> In the end, only birds will live in it."

Chachaji was one of the last Hindus to leave Rawalpindi. A kind Muslim driver hid him under some big burlap bags of lentils he was carrying in his lorry, and took him to a refugee camp in the village of Wah, where other Hindu refugees were waiting to be evacuated from Pakistan to India. At one point, the lorry, which was not supposed to have human cargo, was searched by Muslim soldiers. One of them slipped his hand under the bags of lentils and touched Chachaji's foot. Chachaji kept drawing his foot up and the soldier kept reaching for it. "I thought I was going to my next incarnation there and then," Chachaji says, "but the soldier must have thought that he was in contact with a rat, because he let the lorry pass."

In Wah, Chachaji finally got on one of the trains that were carrying Hindu refugees to India under military escort. "Luckily, the troops were able to fight off the Muslim mobs who attacked us on the way, and I reached Amritsar, across the border, safe and sound," Chachaji recalls. "As some poet has said,

> Henna gets its coloring from being
> rubbed on a stone
> Similarly, a man gets his coloring by
> being rubbed up against life."

In Amritsar, Chachaji continued working as a clerk for the government for a year or so, but then he reached fifty-five, the compulsory age for retirement, and was obliged to find work wherever he could—now with a member of the family, now with a small-time business. In due course, Chachaji, like other Hindu refugees, received partial compensation for lost property from the new government of independent India. He and Tara had to split the compensation, and his portion amounted to twenty-five hundred rupees. He used the money to buy living quarters in Delhi for Madan, the only child to recognize Chachaji as his father. (The other children accepted the Sirdarji as their father.) Chachaji himself made his home as a "permanent lodger" with

Bhaji Ganga Ram, who at the time was the oldest surviving member of the Mehta clan and so felt obliged to take care of him.

When Bhaji Ganga Ram was dying, in 1958, he repeated to his wife, Chhoti Bhabiji, what Lalaji—head of the family until his death, in 1923—had said to him: "I'm leaving you Bahali Ram. You care for him—the least and the last of the family—and you will be caring for the family's good name." Chhoti Bhabiji and Chachaji had never got along. She used to say, "I've done so much for him I don't think I'll have to do anything for an in-law for another ten incarnations." But Chachaji felt she was not doing all she could for him, and would complain, "There is never enough ghi on the chapatti or in the lentils. And she objects if I take another spoonful."

Chhoti Bhabiji took her revenge in 1971, on her deathbed. Bhaji Ganga Ram had willed their house to the Hindu sect of Arya Samaj, with a lifetime interest to Chhoti Bhabiji. She, in turn, had the right to give Chachaji a lifetime interest in the room in which he lived, along with the use of the kitchen. My father tried to get her to perform this act of charity before her death, but she refused, saying, "I might as well leave them a resident demon."

As it turned out, the Arya Samaj couldn't evict Chachaji without lengthy and expensive court proceedings, and, besides, the members of the sect didn't want it said in the community that they had thrown an old man out of his home. So my father was able to prevail upon them to let Chachaji keep his room and use the kitchen, and they even agreed to pay him a token salary of fifteen rupees a month, in return for which Chachaji was to act as a part-time caretaker for the house in addition to continuing his regular work at the Pharmacy of Prosperity, which he had begun a year or so earlier.

February 22nd

We pull up in front of the Pharmacy of Prosperity at ten o'clock in the morning. Chachaji is sitting sleepily behind his crates, doing his accounts. We all go into the courtyard—all except the two drivers, who stay at the gate to keep back the crowd that gathers to see what is going on. Because the courtyard is so small, I can hear the goings on at the gate. The drivers explain in Punjabi, with a self-important air, "Sahibs have come from America and they are 'shooting.'" Both of them use the English word

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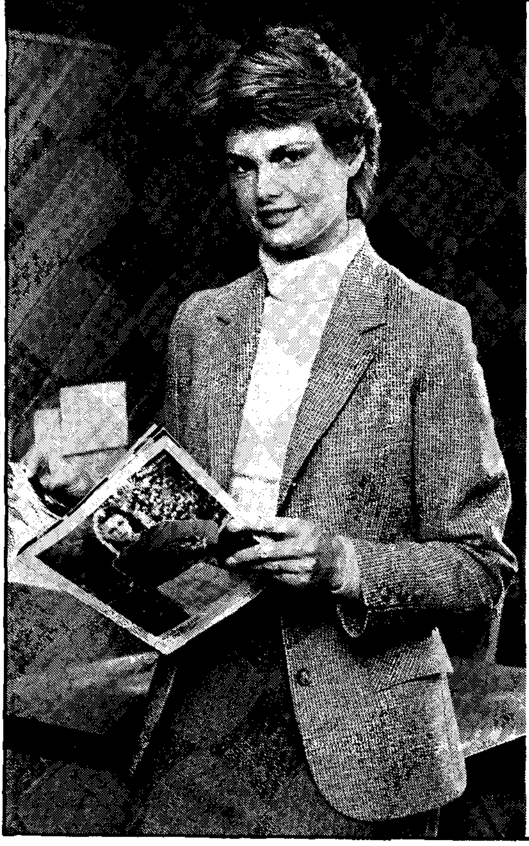

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"shooting," speaking it as if they were impressed by the sound of it but were not quite sure what it means.

Everyone seems incredulous that so much attention is being lavished upon a poor little old man.

"Why that poor old man? Why not a healthy young celibate?" someone asks.

"They want to show Indian poverty," a young student says. "They always want to show Indian poverty."

"Chachaji, we've come here to take your picture," I say.

He seems unsure of what I mean, probably because he thinks that only the rich get their pictures taken. When he finally seems to understand, he says, in Punjabi, "Permission must be obtained from my employers, Chopra Sahib and Young Chopra Sahib. But they are not here now." Then he goes on, in the little, whiny voice that he uses when he wants something, "I need a pair of shoes."

I translate for Bill's benefit.

"Is that what he wants?" Bill says, with a laugh. "Well, let's go and buy him some shoes. It'll make a great shot."

I tell Chachaji what we have in mind. He seems somewhat taken aback. As a rule, people just give him the money for the things he asks for, and don't help him shop—with good reason. He may spend days pricing shoes from different cobblers and bargaining with them, and eventually buy a pair of cheap shoes from a cobbler sitting in some hole in the wall. Reluctantly, he agrees to come with us in the car to Bhogal Bazaar.

Yoginder Singh, who likes to try out his little bit of English, says, "Cran Sahib, Bhogal dirty bazaar. No good for photograph." He tells me in Punjabi that we might create a riot in Bhogal Bazaar, because the moment the people there see a group of foreigners they are likely to stage a disturbance for some trumped-up reason in order to frighten the foreigners and extort money from them.

"Not when the foreigners are with Indians," I say. "Anyway, we want to film Chachaji walking in the bazaar."

We go into the bazaar with Chachaji to buy him his shoes and, at the same time, scout for locations.

The bazaar is narrow and is so crowded with pedestrians, bicycles, motorcycles, cars, bullock carts, and tongas that we can scarcely walk. Chachaji leads us into Bata's, which is the most Western-looking shop in the bazaar and a complete contrast to the string of colorful, cramped stalls all around. Chachaji hesitates. I realize that he may never have entered such a shop before. There is hardly a shoe in the shop—men's or women's—to fit him. The smallest pair of men's shoes, size 6, which the salesman presses on him, is too large for him, and he complains that the shoes are in any case too stiff, too leathery, too bulky—too intimidating. He has grown used to wearing women's shoes, which are softer and lighter. Yet the largest pair of women's shoes, size 5, is too loose and the next-largest, size 4, is too tight. At the moment, he is wearing an old, stretched pair of size 4s that belonged to my mother, and he says he wants a pair like them. The salesman cannot oblige him, so Chachaji, afraid of losing his chance for a new pair of shoes, asks the salesman to wrap up the most expensive pair of men's size 6 he has tried on.

"Shooting this shop would be a complete mistake," Bill says, paying for the shoes. "Now let's try to get some real local color."

Eoin starts taping bazaar sounds, and Ivan starts shooting Chachaji walking—or, rather, shuffling and weaving—through the bazaar, but cannot keep up with him, because crowds are milling around trying to see and touch the camera. Though India has one of the largest film industries in the world, the processes of filming and recording are largely restricted to studios and are still alien and magical to most people.

"I'd like to murder the whole lot of them," Bill says. "The working conditions here are terrible. In England, I could have done the bloody walk in one minute flat. Here, at this rate, we'll be at it for the whole day. Get Chacha, and let's forget about the bloody walk for now. Ivan, why don't you go off and try some mute random shots of bazaar types while Eoin distracts the mob with the tape recorder. Meet us at the car in fifteen minutes."

Following Bill's suggestion, Ivan disappears into the crowd while Eoin diverts it by taping some "wild track"—sound not recorded simultaneously with specific shots.

When we are all in the car again, Eoin enters in his shooting log:

TAPE ROLL 1
(wild track) sounds of the market
sync (film roll 3, take 4, front board)
Chacha walks through market
TAPE ROLL 2
(film roll 4, take 2, mute) daytime

Back at the Pharmacy of Prosperity, as we are entering the shop, which is now open, Chachaji says loudly, so that he can be heard inside, "You should take the photographs of Chopra Sahib and Young Chopra Sahib. They are real gentlemen."

The older Chopra is away, but his son, a friendly-looking Punjabi, can't take his eyes off our camera and tape recorder.

I explain our project to him while Bill and Ivan look around.

The inside of the shop is tiny and so cluttered up with a desk, a typewriter, a table, and a couple of chairs, and with cartons, tins, and bottles—piled up on the floor and on shelves—that there is hardly room for us. The place smells stale and dusty, and several toothless people stare at us from the back yard.

"I have no objection to being photographed," young Chopra says. "But you must include my father in one of the photographs, and you must send me copies." He walks to the back door, beyond which a demented-looking man is standing at a tub out in the open, washing some bottles and scrubbing off their labels.

"Hey, that bottle washer is a terrific scene setter!" Bill says. "Let's get some shots of him. He'll do fine for the tawdriness of the place."

Young Chopra becomes a little edgy. "He doesn't work here full time," he says. "You take your photograph of me at this desk."

I begin to negotiate with him about taking a shot of the bottle washer, too.

Bill whispers to me, "What the hell! The shop looks crummy enough. An inside shot will do fine, and we can include the Chopra fellow and his desk or not, as we like. He'll never know the difference. Let's set up."

Young Chopra orders the bottle washer to leave off his work and to replace Chachaji's crates with a table. The bottle washer picks up an old, beat-up square table and walks toward the front of the shop.

"No, no, no!" Bill shouts, catching on. "We want to take a picture of Chacha sitting at those crates." He turns to me and says under his breath, “Curse Chopra. The crates are so much nicer. Can you try to get him to leave them alone?”

Young Chopra, however, is adamant. “Bahali Ram always sits at the table,” he says. “Don’t you, Bahali Ram?”

“We saw him sitting at the crates earlier,” Bill says.

Chachaji looks a bit confused, and then says shrewdly, “Accounts can only be done properly on a table.” In the meantime, the bottle washer has replaced the crates with the table.

The older Chopra comes in. He’s a sly, suspicious-looking man with discolored, jagged teeth, who bristles at our presence. (The identities of Chopra and young Chopra have been disguised here.) He questions me closely in Punjabi, and I reassure him that we have no ulterior motives and just want realistic pictures of Chachaji. He asks me the particulars of my caste and family, and when I tell him he becomes somewhat less unfriendly. He tells me how he sends Chachaji out on errands, and I translate for Bill.

“Tell Daddy Chopra to push open the screen door and summon Chacha and give him an errand,” Bill says. “Tell Chacha to keep on turning the pages of the ledger until he’s called.”

I tell Chopra and Chachaji what to do, and Bill shouts “Board!”

Chopra pushes open the screen door, as instructed, and calls out, “Lalaji, come inside. Bring ledger.” (“Lalaji” is a caste title with which Chopra would not normally honor Chachaji—he would call him by his name—but then he’s acting for the camera.)

Before Chopra can finish his lines, Bill yells “Cut!” Chachaji spoiled the shot by jumping up at the sound of Chopra opening the door, instead of waiting for Chopra to call him.

And so the morning goes, until we think we finally have enough good material to make a sequence of Chachaji being sent on an errand—to deliver a chemical sample to a government laboratory for testing.

Back at the hotel, Bill says, “I don’t mind if we follow Chacha around for a few days, but I think he’s good for only about five minutes on American TV. Maybe he could be one character in a rogue’s gallery of half a dozen of your family.”

“I would prefer the film to have Chachaji as its main character,” I say. “It would give the film a certain unity and intensity. But what about using other members of the family to set off Chachaji?”

“How?” Bill asks.

“Film as many family occasions as we can,” I say. “We could start with the bangle ceremony.”

“What’s that?”

“It’s a Punjabi tradition for the bride’s maternal uncle to put ivory bangles on the bride’s wrists on her wedding day. Her father-in-law later breaks the bangles and replaces them with gold ones. No one knows any longer how the custom grew up or exactly what it means, but it probably has to do with passing the responsibility for protecting a woman from one family to another. Since I have missed the weddings of my other nieces, Nimi insists that I do my duty as maternal uncle this once, for Rajani.”

“What does it involve?” Bill asks.

“Today, I have to buy the bangles. I have to go with my mother to a market in Old Delhi where the bangles are cut. Ivory is too expensive these days, so the bangle cutters use plastic.”

Eoin is standing nearby, and Bill asks him what he thinks.

“It’s a director’s film,” Eoin says.

Bill laughs. This answer has become the crew’s way of saying, “The whole thing sounds peripheral, but that’s Bill’s problem.”

“What the hell! We’ve got nothing better to do,” Bill says.

The bangle cutter sits in front of an intricate-looking machine at a stall in a bazaar in Old Delhi. Mamaji explains to him the special reason for our visit and gives him Rajani’s measurements. The bangle cutter looks at the rest of us a little uneasily but starts showing Mamaji and me his samples.

Ivan moves in behind the bangle cutter and starts shooting over his shoulder.

Mamaji is oddly silent, slightly self-conscious with my new friends. The crew’s casual dress bothers her, because she thinks that people who don’t take care of their appearance don’t do good work. She keeps stealing glances at Jane, and I know she would love to “pretty her up.” But she mostly manages to keep her attention on the bangle cutter, as she has been told to do for the camera.

The bangle cutter works on the dozen bangles we select for Rajani.

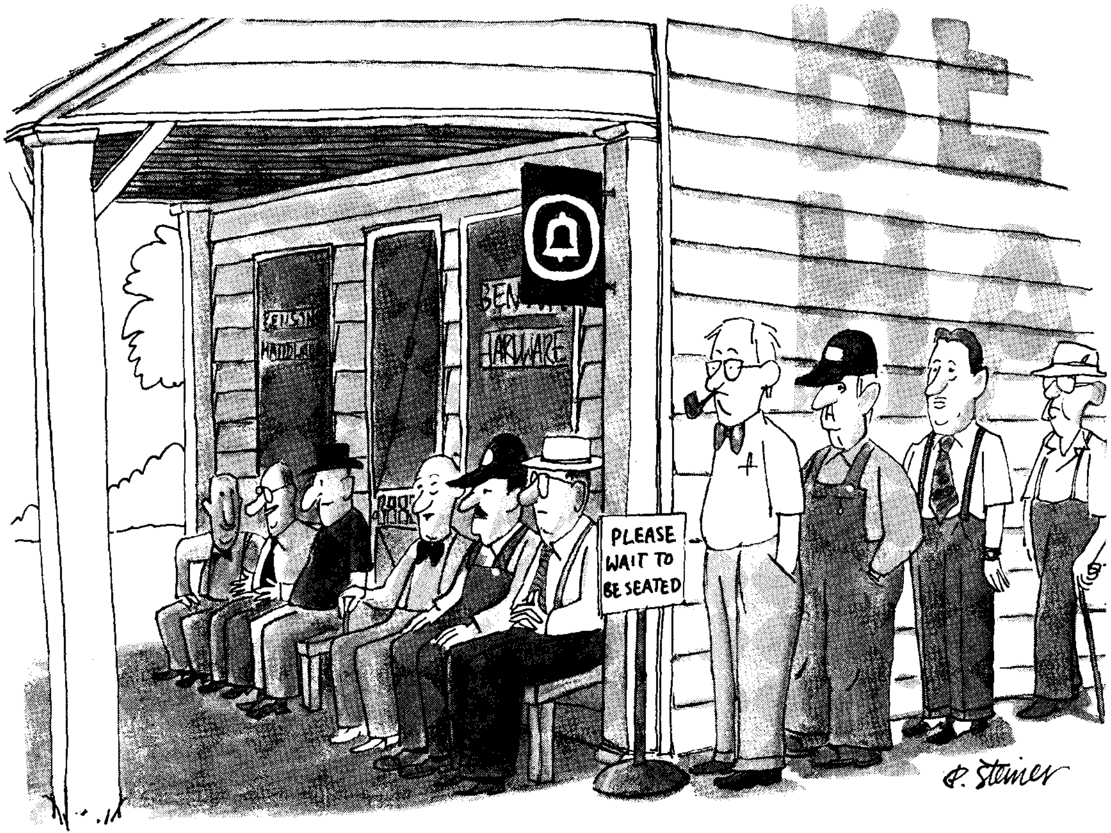
Ivan moves into the street and shoots from the front.

“I think the machine is nice,” Bill says. “And it’s a good Indian shot. But I don’t know where I’ll use it.”

“It’s a director’s film,” Ivan says.

As we are leaving, the bangle cutter shouts teasingly to Mamaji, “Mistress, I didn’t recognize you today!” And they both laugh.

“We’ll have our cold drink and sweetmeats next time,” she says. If we hadn’t been there, she would have spent a couple of hours with the


HARDWARE
PLEASE WAIT TO BE SEATED

bangle cutter, inquiring about his family and his business, making a social occasion out of a simple purchase.

In the Ambassador, Bill says to me, "That was pretty much a waste. An hour coming, an hour going, and not much to see anyway—just some old bangles being cut out of plastic." He quickly adds, "But maybe I can salvage a couple of shots if the wedding turns out to be nice."

IN the evening, Bill and I go over to Mahesh's and Nimi's to check on the lighting arrangements for the wedding the next day. It is the third evening of the singsong, and, to my amazement, the bridegroom, Anil, is here, in defiance of tradition, which bars the bridegroom from seeing the bride for days before the wedding.

"How are you coming to the wedding?" I ask him, over the singing and the mesmerizing drumbeat.

"We're going to drive over here from our house, and then I'm going to walk up the driveway," he says.

"Can you ride up to the house on a horse?" Bill asks, joining us. "Isn't that what the bridegroom would generally do? It would make a nice picture."

"I'd be delighted to ride on a horse if we can make the necessary arrangements," Anil says. "My hobby is flying gliders. Would you like to take a photograph of that sometime?"

"No, no. The horse will do," Bill says.

February 23rd

"I WAS up till two trying to get through to my wife in London," Ivan says at breakfast in the coffee shop.

"I was up all night trying to get through to Araminta," Bill says. "Bloody Indian telephones. They look like the real thing until you pick one up and try to get hold of someone."

"Bill, remember that job offer I told you about?" Ivan asks. "It begins on the eleventh of March. I've turned it down, so that you can have your full pound of flesh."

"At this rate, I'll need everybody for the full four weeks of shooting," Bill says.

"Do you ever worry that as a free-lancer you might not have enough work?" I ask Ivan.

"Never," he says. "There's always too much work. In fact, I hate to work. I would like to hurt myself—just a little—so that I could collect insurance, and rest in England. As it is, I hardly ever get to see my wife and children."

"We all dream of collecting insurance and taking a rest," Bill says. "But we'd be bored stiff, wouldn't we?"

"What's the main thing on the agenda today?" Ivan asks. "Wedding and more wedding?"

Everyone laughs.

I leave them at breakfast and drive across to my parents' house to make sure that Chachaji can come to the bangle ceremony this morning.

Chachaji, as part of what he calls the "program" of his day, is having early-morning tea—bed tea—with them. He is sitting with Daddyji and amusing him with stories of the bazaar and of his boss. There is something of the jester in him.

"Are you coming to the bangle ceremony this morning?" I ask Chachaji.

"It is during office hours, and Chopra Sahib would dismiss me," he says.

"But he talked to us so nicely yesterday," I say.

"You don't know the real Chopra Sahib," he says guardedly. "Chopra Sahib has a sweet tongue but a counterfeit heart. His words ring like real silver, but in his heart there is only lead. Maybe if you ask him he'll let me come."

Chachaji likes to play the fool, but he is also cunning. Indeed, I reflect, without a certain amount of cunning he could not have survived in the slippery vortex of the Indian streets.

I get Chopra on the telephone and arrange for Chachaji to have the day off.

We all—family, friends, and film team—gather for the bangle ceremony on the lawn of Mahesh's and Nimi's house, under the morning sun. The officiating Brahman sits in front of the traditional brazier, with Rajani on his right, and leads everyone in the recitation of mantras. Chachaji sits close to them and recites the mantras with great fervor, his dissonant, nasal voice as distinct as the Brahman's powerful, deep one. At a cue from the Brahman, I struggle to get the twelve bangles onto Rajani's wrists. They are a snug fit, and although they have been soaked in milk to make them slide on easily, it still takes me some time. The Brahman invokes the blessings of the gods and leads us in prayer.

Ivan works fast, moving from one end of the gathering to the other so quickly that he sometimes seems to be in two places at once.

After the ceremony, friends and family mill about on the lawn and chat, but Chachaji makes straight for a buffet table that has been set up at one end of the lawn. He piles his plate with as much food as it will hold, and stations himself right next to the table, keeping his eyes on the food; he seems to be already calculating his chances for seconds.

As others start going up to the buffet table for their food, they greet him. "Food up to your standards, Chachaji?"

"Hmm. Very tasty," Chachaji replies laconically, concentrating on his plate.

Around noon, we leave the family and drive to the Bhogal Bazaar area again to have Chachaji show us the buses he often takes to go on his errands. He is confused and anxious. He doesn't understand why he has to take a bus when we have the cars and Chopra Sahib has not given him an errand—a "mission," as he calls it. I try to explain to him that Bill wants him to pretend he is going on a mission, so that we can film him. He doesn't seem to grasp either the idea of make-believe or the idea of a moving picture. But he does what I ask. He joins the crowd at a bus stand and tells people proudly, "A photograph is being taken." He seems to have decided that we are compiling snapshots for a family album, a little book held together with a silk cord.

As always, the camera attracts a huge crowd, and, no matter what I say, people won't stop staring into it.

"This is hopeless!" Bill says. "How can we get a shot of Chacha getting on a bus with this mob all around us?"

Suddenly, the bus arrives, at great speed. Jane claps the board, and Ivan starts shooting. Everyone is shoving to get on the bus. It's a wonder Chachaji isn't pushed to the ground and trampled on. The bus stops for only a few seconds, and then pulls away. Scores of people run after it and crowd their way inside—the bus has no doors at the entrance. A few of them catch hold of the window rails or the entrance rails and hang perilously from the outside as the bus gathers speed. Chachaji is left behind, with a lot of other people. He looks wistfully after the bus. Ivan runs up an embankment to get away from the crowd and take some shots from above.

Another bus draws up. Chachaji runs to get on but absentmindedly goes past the entrance. By the time he realizes his mistake and turns back, the bus is pulling away.

Bill tells Chachaji to be sure to catch

the next bus. Chachaji starts running, although there isn't a bus in sight. We call him back.

"That last shot's no good!" Ivan shouts, scrambling down the embankment. "I cut it."

"God damn," Bill says, under his breath, and then, encouragingly, to Ivan, "Never mind. I can make a whole sequence of Chacha missing buses."

Ivan crosses the road and starts shooting Chachaji waiting for a bus from there. The crowd, eager to help Chachaji get his picture taken, pushes him up front, so that he is starting the queue instead of bringing up the rear.

Bill is in despair. "In that high shot, Chacha was being shoved by eighty or a hundred people, and now he looks like the leader of the crowd. How will I ever cut the two shots into the same sequence?"

I harangue the crowd, telling them that they are spoiling the picture and shouldn't interfere. I give Chachaji specific directions for taking the next bus.

No matter how often we ask him to take a bus, he tries to do it, mechanically, without a protest—as if to take a bus were just one more order from a superior—but always in vain. He doesn't once ask how he performed or how the picture came out. When he is asked to do something all over again, he simply says, "Never mind. Let it be." Moreover, unlike the people crowding around, who cannot take their eyes off the camera, Chachaji never so much as glances at it.

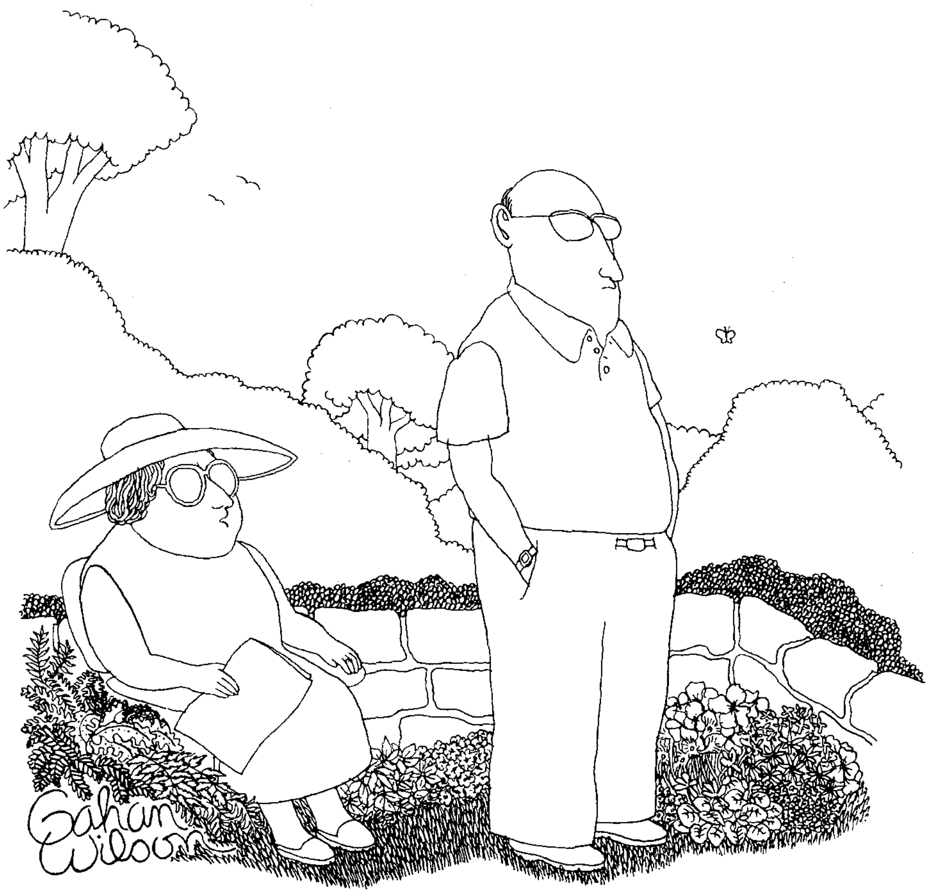
Bill tells Ivan to get on the next bus with Chachaji and do some tracking shots. The rest of us get into the cars and prepare to follow the bus.

A bus arrives and pulls out, and we chase it. Suddenly, Yoginder Singh cries out, "Sahib, there's Chacha! He seems to be walking home!"

"Oh, my God!" Bill shouts. "Ivan must have got on the bus by himself!" Yoginder Singh jumps out of the car, grabs Chachaji, and virtually throws him into the back of the car, and we race after the bus. The bus rushes along past several bus stands, and it begins to seem as though it would never stop.

Eventually, we get a shot of Chachaji boarding the bus with Ivan, but nowhere near the bus stand he would normally use to do an errand from the Pharmacy of Prosperity. We also get tracking shots of Chachaji sitting in the bus and looking out, of Chachaji moving through the bus, of Chachaji getting off the bus.

Suddenly, Chachaji says to me in his thin little voice, "Enough."



"You don't really much *like* summer, do you, Edwin?"

• •

It's two-thirty, and everyone is worn out and wants to stop for lunch.

"Tell the old sod he can now eat himself sick with *samosas* on Cran Productions' expense account," Bill says, with a laugh.

Jane and Sally, after conferring, announce that they both thought that at the crucial moment—when Chachaji was getting on the bus with Ivan—Chachaji had looked at the camera.

"Damn!" Bill exclaims. "But I'm not about to retrace my steps and go through that whole bus business again. I'll simply have to fudge it in the cutting room. Our shots of buses rushing across the film will create a certain confusion, and then no one will notice whether he looked at the camera or not. They'll just remember what he had to go through to deliver one crummy little bottle."

ALL afternoon, Bill has been talking about "the dreaded arrival." It seems that Araminta is joining us. She has got some sort of assignment to do research in Delhi for an article, and has decided to combine it with a holiday here.

"That's excellent," Ivan says. "Now we'll have three women. Location work shouldn't be for men only."

"Women always change things," Bill says.

AT six o'clock, outside Mahesh's and Nimi's house, Ivan perches precariously on a balustrade with a clear view of the driveway, which is about a hundred yards long, waiting for the bridegroom to arrive on his horse, in the company of his relatives. Colored lights are strung around the house and garden, making a very festive scene in the dusk. The bridegroom's party arrives in a rush, with a brass band playing Indian film tunes.

I move forward with Rajani's other male relatives for the traditional greeting ceremony. Bill has told Ivan to film us embracing our opposite numbers in the bridegroom's party. There is a great din of people trying to find their opposite numbers to embrace ceremonially. Several people embrace me, probably confusing me with some other uncle or brother.

Above the turmoil, I hear Bill shouting, "Can't someone keep these hordes back? They're ruining the shot!" There are so many people in the driveway that the bridegroom can make little headway on his horse. Bill, furious, elbows his way over to me through the melee. "God!" he mutters through his teeth. "At this rate, it'll take him twenty minutes to get up the driveway. And then all those people! You couldn't tell who was who—which were his relatives, which were hers."

"This is a documentary, Bill, and that's how weddings go," I say. "The bridegroom did agree to arrive on a horse just for the camera."

We both laugh.

There is a sudden commotion where the crowd is thickest. Everyone runs to see what has happened. One of Ivan's lights, which was hung from a tree, has fallen down. "If this had been ten years ago, there would have been an explosion and people hurt," Bill says. "My God! The whole branch came down. You can't even depend on the trees here."

Later, everyone relaxes over dinner on the lawn. Jane has abandoned her jeans for the occasion and looks very pretty in a long evening dress, with a jade ring on one finger and a locket around her neck.

After the religious ceremony, we all follow the young couple as they head for the bridegroom's car, to the sad parting tune of high-pitched Indian bagpipes. Everyone is suddenly silent, and many people are tearful. This moment marks the symbolic passing away of the young girl. (She will be reborn when she reaches her new home, and there will be renewed rejoicing.)

"How did the shooting go?" I ask Bill. I have had to stick with the family much of the time, and have not been able to follow the shooting very closely.

"I think we got some nice impressionistic shots of the lights," Bill says. "They make the whole place look like a fairyland. I think we got another really nice shot of Chacha eating. We also got a good shot of the actual ceremony. The bride and groom looked really sweet. I think we got a very nice shot of everyone throwing flower petals at the bride and groom. Chacha looked really sweet, too, throwing his little handful of flowers."

FEBRUARY 24TH

Bill has called for the cars and the crew to be here at nine. The cars are here but the crew isn't. He looks at his watch and, exactly at nine, walks over to the Ambassador, gets in, slams the door hard, and curses. He drums on the dashboard. Then he jokes with Sally, as if he were unconcerned, but his anger still shows in his eyes. Whatever time he calls the crew for, somebody is always slightly late. Each time, he gets angry, and each time, after giving vent to his anger, he jokes. Today, as usual, Ivan, Eoin, and Jane straggle out and breezily pretend not to notice Bill's anger.

We drive to the Pharmacy of Prosperity, where we want to build up Chachaji's working day—his program—and develop some sequences showing his relationship with his employers.

"I want to get more of the squalor on film," Bill says. "I want to sneak a shot of the wretched bottle washer—maybe with Chacha looking on."

We start speculating, as we have done more than once, on the nature of Chopra's business. He seems to have no customers, no merchandise for sale which we've been able to discover, no incoming deliveries—no traffic of any kind. He seems to have no permanent staff. In fact, Chachaji seems to be his only full-time employee, and even he is kept on just from day to day. It's hard to understand why they employ a slow, eighty-three-year-old man to run errands when they could easily hire some quick young fellow for just a little more money. And why should Chopra be doing business out of such a dilapidated old house, filled with what looks like rubbish?

"I think that Pharmacy of Prosperity, or whatever the dump is called, is a front for something," Bill says. "Chacha is kept around because he provides a good cover. Maybe the film can be an exposé."

When we pull up at the Pharmacy of Prosperity, Chopra, who has been standing in the little courtyard, scowls and strides into his shop, slamming the screen door and banging the inside doors shut.

"What do you suppose is the matter with him?" Bill asks.

"I think he thinks we are being nosy," I say. "For all I know, he thinks we are government agents, snooping around to catch him out in some violation or other. People here tend to be very suspicious."

"What do we do now?" Bill asks, settling back in his seat and drumming on the dashboard.

"We can't afford to antagonize him, or we may not be able to film Chachaji working here at all," I say. "I was surprised that he coöperated with us in the first place. Maybe he was taken by the novelty of the idea. But now he's had time for second thoughts."

"May I say something, Ved Sahib?" Yoginder Singh asks, in Punjabi. "I think Chopra Sahib wants some consideration. He sees these white sahibs and this expensive equipment. He knows about Hollywood. If you give me permission, I will go inside and have a frank talk with him."

I interpret for Bill, and explain to him that "frank talk" is a euphemism for a bribe, which is usually negotiated through an intermediary, to save face all around.

"There is no provision in the budget for bribes," Bill objects. Then he says impetuously, "Hell, send Yoginder Singh in and start negotiations."

I veto the idea, on practical as well as moral grounds. A bribe could jeopardize not only the film but also Chachaji's livelihood. I suggest a bold approach—that we all simply go in as if nothing had changed.

When we enter the store, Chopra is typing away furiously and young Chopra is on the telephone. They both ignore us. When young Chopra puts the telephone down, he asks me, with a touch of exasperation, "Why are you doing a film on Bahali Ram? Whom is it for?"

I tell him that through Bahali Ram we hope to tell the story of one man's survival in India, and that we have tentatively chosen him because he is my relative. I emphasize that the film is for educational television.

"You have so many relatives—why Bahali Ram?" young Chopra asks. "He's a very bad advertisement for the motherland."

I explain to him that we are interested not in advertising India but in depicting life as it is lived here.

He keeps on making the same point, using such phrases as "Show some nice-looking people," "Show our spiritual heritage," "Don't expose our poverty," and "Don't expose our weakness."

Finally, Chopra, who has kept right on typing, looks up and says, "How can we have any objection? Bahali Ram is a free man, and you can film him any time. But you are disrupting our business. We have to earn our bread, too. Anyway, he is gone for the day."

"Where did he go?"

"We gave him a check to cash at the bank in Bhogal Bazaar," young Chopra says. "But he is a man of his own moods. You can never be sure when he'll do a job or how long he will take doing it."

"Ask him if I can take a shot or two of the shop," Ivan whispers to me.

But before I can do so, Chopra says sternly, "There is nothing to see here. Please do not bother us any further."

We leave quickly and go to Bhogal Bazaar in search of Chachaji.

As we pull up in front of the bank,

Yoginder Singh collapses into laughter, his whole body shaking. "There has never been a cavalcade like this before, looking for a poor peon."

Bill and I find Chachaji inside the bank, sitting on a bench, patiently waiting to be called. Left to himself, he would probably be kept waiting for a few more hours, but because of our presence he is able to get the check cashed quickly. This time, despite the omnipresent ogling crowd, we succeed in taking a couple of shots of him walking through the bazaar, and then Ivan goes off on his own to take cutaway shots: people shaving on the street; people squatting in the hope of some odd job; people hawking; people barrelling along on bicycles. He rejoins us in a few minutes.

As we drive Chachaji back to the Pharmacy of Prosperity, I say to him, "Find out what errands they want you to do today, and we'll take you there and film you doing them."

"Let it be," Chachaji says. "These people at banks and such are not sympathetic. They should not have their photographs taken for abroad. If you want more photographs of me, you can take them just now, here in the motorcar."

"But we want to show how you spend your day," I say.

"Whatever you say," Chachaji says.

We wait in the cars a little distance from the Pharmacy of Prosperity while Chachaji goes in. He returns with two strenuous errands to do. One of them is to deposit a check at the State Bank, in Old Delhi, many miles away. That errand alone would take him a whole day if he were to go his usual way—in buses, in bicycle rickshaws, and on foot. The other is to pick up some forms at the tax office in New Delhi; the office is closer than the bank, but this errand could involve long waits and several visits, over several days.

"Chopra Sahib wants to keep Chachaji busy and out of our reach," Yoginder Singh says. "He can't imagine that Chachaji is suddenly so important that the Sahibs will drive him on his errands."

It takes us more than an hour to weave our way to Old Delhi through the lunchtime traffic.

The bank has an impressive, almost majestic façade. As we are about to take a shot of Chachaji going in, security guards materialize and try to confiscate our equipment. I ask to see the manager, and eventually Bill and I are shown into his office. The manager is on the telephone, getting advice—apparently from an astrologer—about his six-year-old son, who is running a high fever.

When the manager hangs up, I explain our purpose.

"No one is allowed to take a picture of a government building without proper permissions from higher-ups," he says distractedly. "But I'll make an exception if you do it quickly."

The bank is thronged, and the crowds are unruly. They look at the camera, shout directions to Chachaji, and generally get in the way. The bank officials drop their work and come over to stare. Ivan somehow remains calm under pressure, and is able to get shots of Chachaji walking up to the counter and talking to a teller.

"This check isn't endorsed," the teller says. "You must first go to another bank, in New Delhi, for proper endorsement, and then come back here."

"Isn't endorsed?" Chachaji says, not incredulously—that might give offense—but, rather, like an old man who is a little hard of hearing, as indeed he is. He quickly adds, "Never mind. I will go there some other day and then come back."

"That bank sequence was rotten," Bill says when we are back in the Ambassador. "Too many bloody people getting in the way, and the shots were disconnected. We might as well have stayed in bed this morning. I still think Chacha's a mistake. There's not much action in his life, and what little there is can't really be filmed."

I try to cheer him up. "Indian banks are very confusing places. It may look better than you think. And maybe we'll have better luck in the tax office. It's a much smaller place and should be easier to control."

The tax office is up a dirty stairway and off a long veranda covered with bird droppings. It is a small, dingy room with many desks, many typewriters, and innumerable file folders stuffed with papers and tied with red tapes.

Bill rallies. "This is ideal! It's just right for Chacha."

Chachaji asks for the forms, and the clerk tells him that he has come on the wrong day—forms are given out only on Saturdays. It is a telling exchange, showing the bureaucratic pettifogging that Chachaji has to suffer every day.

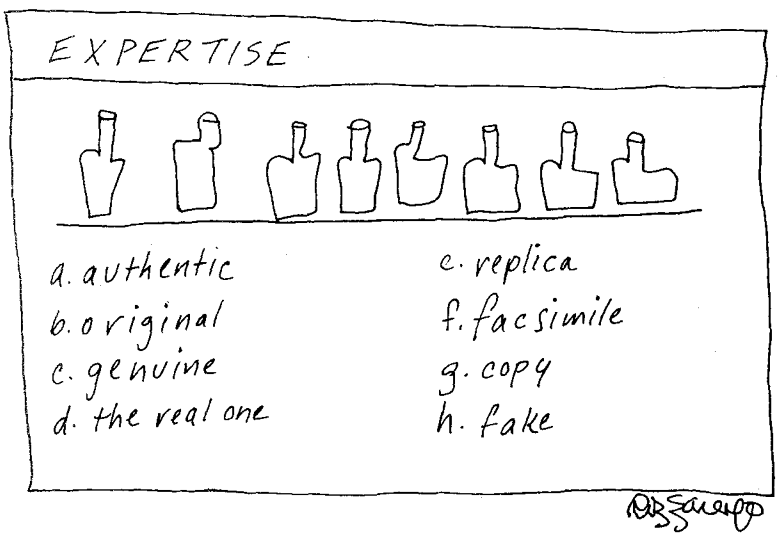
We decide to use the rest of the day to work on Chachaji's morning routine, even though it is getting to be evening, for the morning and evening light are similar. Ivan sets up the camera in Chachaji's little room, and we film him going through his precise, cramped motions: getting up; covering his head with a muffler; slipping into his sandals; shuffling across to the lavatory and going into the adjacent washroom.

At one point, Bill decides that Chachaji has muffed his walk by hesitating on his way to the lavatory. He slips into Chachaji's squeaky sandals and walks the stretch himself. Eoin is suddenly galvanized into action and follows, catlike, with his microphone, to record the sound of Bill's walk. Bill mimics the walk so well, reproduces the characteristic sounds so accurately—the tentative, gingerly footfalls, the squeaks and shuffles, the clickings and flappings—that, hearing him, one would never imagine that anyone but Chachaji was walking. Meanwhile, Chachaji sits on his bed with his usual deadpan expression, as if he didn't have the faintest idea what Bill is up to, and didn't care.

"Yeah," Bill says, pleased with himself. "I'll be able to repeat that sound and drop it anywhere I like in the house sequences."

"Yeah—how come no one ever remembers the sound man?" Eoin says, a bit caustically, and he goes on, "People remember directors, maybe cameramen, but do you know anyone who can name a single sound man?"

I will certainly remember Eoin McCann: how, when he is not recording, he



stands watching the shooting, his hands folded in front of him, rather like a minister outside a church waiting to greet the members of his congregation; how he seems almost to hear with his eyes; how he nods appreciatively after an especially good shot.

We now set up the camera in the doorway of the kitchen, off the back veranda, to film Chachaji making his tea. He bends in front of an open fire, which he keeps alive by blowing on it in short puffs; boils some water and tea leaves together in a cheap-looking pot; pours the tea through a strainer into a mug, rattling the two against each other as he does so; slowly transfers the tea from the mug into a cup, to cool it.

"My God! We can't show all that," Bill says. "It's too tedious. I know, I'll cut out the cup and make him seem to drink out of the mug. Then the tea sequence should work fine."

"Did you get all the sounds, Eoin?" I ask.

"I think so," he says, and he adds thoughtfully, "A good sound man is not committed to getting literally every last gurgle. He has to use his imagination, project what the film will end up being, and capture the most appropriate sounds for it."

We go with Chachaji to his son Madan's, a short distance away on the other side of some railway tracks, where he usually has his evening meal. Madan, who works as a clerk of a clerk of a small-time transport company, lives with his wife, Vimla, and their two children—a boy of eighteen and a girl of thirteen—in a couple of rooms in a tenement. The whole family is as respectful of Chachaji as Chachaji is of Daddyji. We set up the camera in the doorway of the main room and film the family at their meal. They eat in eerie silence, as if every morsel of food must be savored without the distraction of talk. In the background, there are the sounds of trains shunting and clattering. There is something mournful and touching about the little family huddled together against the world.

I can tell that Bill is much taken with the scene, because he is more than usually agitated about the camerawork. "That was lovely, but are you sure the camera was focussed? It didn't look steady to me," he says to Ivan.

Ivan laughs and reassures him. He seems to be getting used to Bill's anxieties, and anyway he is not the kind of man to get ruffled.

"It's a 'Last Supper' scene," Bill says contentedly.

FEBRUARY 25TH

BILL has called the crew for 6:15 A.M., and, for once, Jane comes down early. She starts to walk briskly toward the cars, then stops. Yoginder Singh is sitting behind the steering wheel of the Ambassador, without his turban, completely absorbed in combing out his hair, which hangs down to his hips and is shiny with oil. Now and again, he pauses to pinch lice off his scalp and kill them with a flick of the fingernail. Jane hesitates and half turns back. Yoginder Singh catches sight of her and bursts out laughing. He beckons to her not to leave, and quickly bundles up his hair and dons his turban.

We arrive at Chachaji's house a little after six-thirty. Chachaji has already left to collect his daily government ration of milk from a kiosk a few hundred yards away. We hurry after him and arrive at the kiosk just as he is reaching the head of the milk queue.

"It's great," Bill says, looking at Chachaji's pink turban in the hazy early-morning light. He runs up to Chachaji and stops him from getting the milk until Ivan can set up a shot. We film Chachaji returning two empty milk bottles, receiving two full ones, and starting home. He is so preoccupied with getting the milk home that he goes off without us.

Back at the house, Chachaji says, "Arya Samaj people are expected any minute. If I don't have the front veranda ready for them promptly, they will eat a lot of anger and then vent it on me."

Chachaji sets about his tasks before the camera, and Yoginder Singh and Amarjit Singh waylay a few elderly worshippers straggling in for their morning prayers. To the amusement of the whole team, Chachaji performs his duties in a very perfunctory way, apparently considering them beneath his station. He sweeps the front veranda absently without disturbing the dust. He goes through the motions of shaking out the prayer mat without really shaking it, and sets out the prayer implements—a brazier for the sacred fire, firewood, bowls of incense and ghi, fire tongs—any which way. The congregation moves onto the veranda, and Chachaji is about to join it for the prayers, but Bill intercepts him and has him stand and watch, with the idea of making him look like a solitary old man, an outsider.

After the take, Chachaji wants to go. "I am late with the milk for Madan's tea," he says. "The photographs are delaying my program. Madan will have to go to work without his tea and he will eat anger."

Bill suggests that we take him and his milk to Madan's in the car, and film scenes on the way to show Chachaji's daily route. Chachaji complains that he will be late, but sets about putting the two bottles of milk on the floor of the Ambassador. As he is getting in, he almost knocks one over, and some milk splashes onto the floor. He is distraught over the loss.

From the front seat, Yoginder Singh good-humoredly scolds Chachaji. "You're stinking up my car!" he says. "It will make a bad impression on the white sahibs and mem-sahibs."

Chachaji replies, "There is no need for the milk to be driven. I should have carried it, as always. I'm getting late. There should be enough photographs by now."

"What's he saying? What's he saying?" Bill asks me. "Tell him we need many more photographs for his American admirers."

It's hot, and the smell of the spilt milk does fill the car. Bill ostentatiously holds his nose.

We have to cross the four-hundred-year-old Twelve Column Bridge, which now spans one of the city's main sullage drains, to get to Madan's house.

"This will make a wonderful shot—the passage of time amidst squalor," Bill says.

Bill has Ivan set up the camera in the middle of the bridge, so that he can include in his shot an old monument, the sullage drain, and some poor people. I tell Chachaji to walk across the bridge and pass the camera, keeping to the left side.

"Cran Sahib, please get this photograph quickly," Chachaji says. "Madan has gone to work without his tea. My daughter-in-law is waiting for me to eat breakfast. I am late for Chopra Sahib."

At first, Chachaji may have been flattered by all the attention we were paying him, even if he was somewhat wary of it, but now he is apparently starting to view us as an unwelcome intrusion in his daily routine.

Bill is alternately exasperated and amused that something as insignificant as delivering milk should interfere with the expensive process of filming. "Just two minutes more, Chacha," he says. "Just two minutes more of your valuable time."

Bill signals to Ivan to start shooting, and shoves Chachaji in the direction of the camera. Then he turns to me and says, "I bet you ten rupees the old sod will end up on the right side of the damn bridge." Even as he is talking—a little disdainfully, rather like a British commanding officer at the high noon of the raj—Chachaji starts veering to the right.

Jane runs up to him and sets him straight.

"Interference. Interference. I withdraw my bet," Bill says.

We come to the railway tracks, and Ivan sets up the camera on some high ground, near a signalman's hut, where goats and cows are grazing. Bill loves the look of Indian trains, which are often bright-colored and as crowded as the bazaars, and he is eager to have a shot of Chachaji dwarfed by a train in the background.

I ask the signalman the time of the next train.

"In about ten minutes," he says, and, to our surprise, he adds, "But I don't know which direction it will come from."

Bill posts Chachaji beside the tracks with Sally nearby, so that if the train comes from the opposite direction she can quickly take him to the right spot.

We wait and watch—ten, twenty, twenty-five minutes—without a sign of a train. Chachaji gets more restive by the minute, but Bill jollies him along. Finally, a train comes into view, and, as luck would have it, Chachaji is in the right spot.

The camera rolls to pick up the train in the distance. But Chachaji is so eager to get the ordeal over with that he starts walking before the train has caught up with him, even though we all yell at him to go back and wait until the train comes abreast of him. Either he doesn't hear or he doesn't understand, and we get a shot that looks as if he were racing the train—and winning.

"Jesus!" Bill exclaims. "If I were to tell my friends at the BBC that we wasted half an hour of good shooting time for a bloody shot of a train—and a bad one, at that—they would laugh me out of the business."

At Madan's, we film Chachaji eating his breakfast, with the sound of an engine hissing in the background. Chachaji's daughter-in-law asks him repeatedly why he is so late, but he is uncommunicative and concentrates on his food.

Bill is happy with the breakfast shot. "Well, we're building up his morning, all right," he says. "I just wish the bloody routine had more action in it."

As soon as Chachaji has finished his

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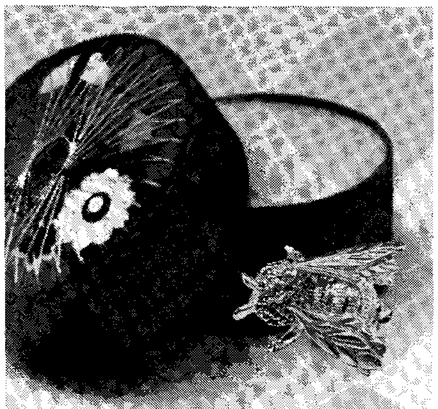

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breakfast, we rush him to the Pharmacy of Prosperity and then go over to my parents' house for our own breakfast.

Kate, a friend of my sister Usha's from Kalamazoo who has been staying in my parents' house, takes a cup of coffee out to Yoginder Singh. He has drawn up a chair in the shade on the veranda, and is sitting there like an old family retainer. He once worked for Mahesh and knows all the members of the family—what their relationships are, even how they feel about each other. Amarjit Singh is standing stiffly by the station wagon and watching Yoginder Singh disapprovingly, as if Yoginder Singh were an overgrown kid taking liberties unworthy of a good servant. Kate, however, now takes Amarjit Singh a cup of coffee, too. He is flabbergasted and shrinks from it. She presses it on him, and her natural friendliness eventually wins him over. He takes the coffee, and is effusive in his thanks, then quickly reverts to his old, sombre self.

At lunch at the Imperial, Bill sounds a little more enthusiastic about the Chacha film. His mood keeps changing, and, whether he knows it or not, the rapid changes have the effect of prodding me into thinking up new material for filming. Ivan, Eoin, and Jane still seem to be cool to the idea of the Chacha film, though they are careful never to volunteer their opinions. I ask myself if their lack of enthusiasm isn't to be expected, since they work on the film only in bits and pieces, and our film, even more than most, will be made or unmade in the editing—a process in which they, of course, will have no part. Still, I try to draw them out.

"Who says we're against the film?" Ivan says flippantly. He has trouble being serious about anything for very long. "We have no opinions. We just do what we're told. It's your film and Bill's."

I press him.

"The film seems to be all in the same tone—with no relief," he says seriously, and he adds, "I like action and drama in a film—guns and molls."

"Have you seen any of Satyajit Ray's films?" I ask. "I want the Chacha film to have something of their feeling and tone."

" '*Pather Panchali*' has to be one of the most boring films I've ever seen," he says.

"That's not what he really thinks," Jane says. "He sat through the whole trilogy, all shown at one time."

"But Satyajit Ray is short on laughs," Bill puts in. "My idea of a good film is a joke a minute."

Back at our hotel, a shipping agent, a well-spoken young man, meets Bill and me in the coffee shop, by appointment. We have a cup of tea, and Bill gives him all the rolls of film and the tapes we have used so far, along with completed customs-declaration forms and the appropriate shooting-log cards, for immediate dispatch to the States. Bill tells me that in a matter of a few days the film will be developed and the sound synchronized, and David Fanning and World's production manager, Christopher Gilbert, will screen the rushes and send us their reactions.

After the shipping agent leaves, Bill sends a cable to "GHQ"—his term for the television station—saying, "DUE AIRPORT AND CURRENCY COMPLICATIONS AM ADVISED BEST TO SHIP FILM ON COLLECT PAYMENT BASIS STOP WGBH CAN DEBIT CRAN PRODUCTIONS LATER STOP CANST CONFIRM QUESTION GRATEFUL YOU RING MY WIFE."

Back at the tea table, Bill announces to me, "Almost five days of shooting, and I'll wager we haven't got even three minutes of usable film. That's about three-quarters of a minute per day."

He has made a list of the sequences we have shot, with the time he estimates each will "play" once it is edited down. He claims that the State Bank sequence, which took us almost half a day to get "in the can," won't play for more than twenty seconds—or maybe not at all, since he thinks that no one will be able to make out what's happening, with all the crowds and confusion. The tax-office sequence, he claims, is worth only fifteen seconds, and most of that, too, may have to be discarded, because it looks "too ordinary and drab." All the morning-routine sequences, he claims, add up to about a minute, which is as long as Bill thinks they can hold the interest of the viewers. And so on.

I challenge his estimates, contending that the morning sequences alone could be worth five minutes, because they have a certain lyrical quality. But Bill is adamant. He rubs in the fact that he is a professional filmmaker and I am not. He once again questions the whole idea of a film about Chachaji for a documentary on India.

"I still think our best hope is to make a slow, intense film about Chachaji," I say.

"It'll be slow, all right," Bill says glumly. "But, even so, I can't see us dragging it on for fifty-seven minutes. That's the exact time that I have to fill on the air—not a minute more or less. And, remember, we have to hold the interest of anywhere up to *twen-ty mil-lion* people. I think we have squeezed Chacha dry. There may still be an odd sequence or two to fill out his day, but I don't see that we can do a hell of a lot more with him." He carelessly spreads some jam on a piece of toast. "A film about India has to be about villagers—all those poor people. Your family is too Westernized. And every goddam one of them lives in the city." Bill constantly veers between the journalist out to do a newsworthy film portraying "the abyss of Indian poverty," as he calls it, and the artist who doesn't want to miss an opportunity to do an original film, which might "get a prize."

Ivan joins us. "Delhi has boring architecture," he says, pouring himself some tea. "You could say that it's not exactly a cameraman's dream."

"Delhi just looks too Western for a film about India," Bill agrees. Then, to me, he says, "The crew are itching to travel. They would like to see something of real India, even if it is just the countryside near Delhi. Can we go somewhere tomorrow? And the crew think boring old Chacha and boring old Delhi might not make the most exciting film."

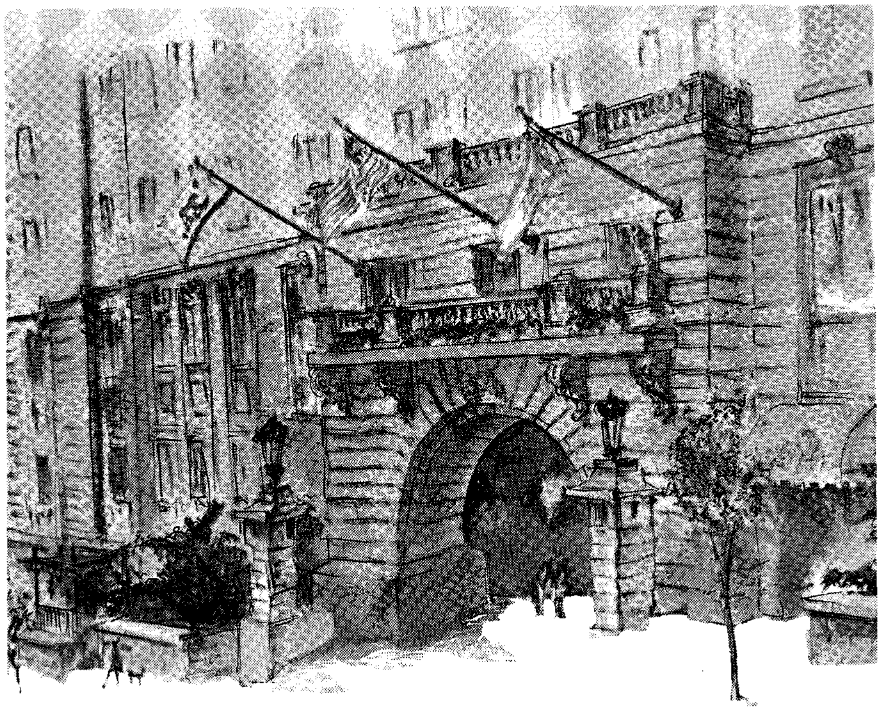
"We could go to Hardwar," I say. "It's a few hours' drive. It's an ancient Hindu place of pilgrimage on the Ganges. The Ganges—or Ganga, in Hindi—has probably played a greater part in Indian history and mythology than any river has played in the life of any other country. I know Chachaji would like to make the pilgrimage to Hardwar before he dies."

"The holy men and all those pilgrims would make wonderful shots," Bill says, warming to the idea and puffing vigorously at his pipe.

We decide to leave for Hardwar the next day around noon and spend the night there, provided I can make the necessary arrangements.

As we are going upstairs to our rooms, Bill says, "To be frank, I have been to-ing and fro-ing in my mind about taking Chacha with us. I have just about had it with Chacha. It's the same thing over and over. As you heard for yourself, the crew agree with me. Besides, there won't be room for him in the cars. We should take your parents. They are strong characters. We should really develop them and try to make a family film."

I try to argue that we should also take Chachaji with us, but again Bill is



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adamant. I give in, murmuring, "It's a director's film, after all."

I run into Sally and tell her that we are going to Hardwar but are not taking Chachaji with us.

"Why not?" she asks.

"It seems Bill has given up the idea of a film about Chachaji for one about the whole family."

"Don't you let him do it!" Sally says.

"It's a director's film," I repeat lamely.

"But it's your film, too," she says. "You shouldn't give up the Chacha idea without a fight."

"You're right."

Encouraged by Sally, I go up to Bill's room.

"What the hell!" Bill says, suddenly agreeable. "We owe him a good bath in the Ganges. Meanwhile, let's do the epiphany scene—Chacha appearing for dinner with your family."

FOR Chachaji, the most propitious time to drop in on his well-off relatives is mealtime. He particularly likes dropping in when he spots a couple of familiar cars outside the house, since they are an omen of a family gathering; or when he spies a servant returning from the bazaar with some delicacies, since that is an omen of a happy occasion. As a poor relation, he has certain unstated rights—at least in the house of God-fearing relations—and he knows how to exercise them. He times his arrival carefully, being aware that if he arrives too early he may be sent off with just some appetizers and if he arrives too late there may not be a chance for seconds, while if he arrives on the dot his relatives will have no choice but to include him, and there will be no danger of his being shortchanged.

I worry a bit about the strain on my parents of filming a family meal in their house. Daddyji has been a heart patient for the last twelve years, and one of Mamaji's two house servants is sick. But my sisters Nimi and Umi say they will organize a pool of servants and dishes—something they do practically every week anyway, for family gatherings. In any case, they assure me, Daddyji's involvement in the film is good for him.

I coach Chachaji for his part in the scene and station him on the front veranda. Nimi, Umi, and Usha, with their husbands and children, take their places at the table—on a closed-in back veranda, next to the kitchen, that serves as a dining room. Usha's husband, an American, known to one and all as Art, quietly sits down next to Usha, and she starts serving him.

As Jane is about to put up the board, Bill comes up to me and whispers, "Jesus Christ, we can't have Art in the picture. He sticks out like a sore thumb. You have to get him out."

I agree that Art, who is big and tall and has blond hair and blue eyes, stands out as a very American presence in an Indian family setting, but I say that an American son-in-law is a mark of the family's cosmopolitanism.

"You can't start putting such nuances in," Bill says. "Art simply looks too incongruous in a film about India."

I take Usha to one side and explain the problem to her.

"But Art wants to be in the film," she says. "He's looking forward to having his parents in the States see him sitting with us at the table as one of our family. He'll be hurt."

"I understand the way he feels. But will you talk to him?"

She does, and Art abruptly gets up. He gives us a wounded look and marches off.

Usha also starts to leave. "I don't want to be in the film, either," she whispers to me. "Art is part of me."

Daddyji, made uncomfortable by the presence of the camera, is getting agitated and wants to know what's going on. The atmosphere has become tense. I prevail upon Usha to take a seat. Bill quickly removes Art's chair and place setting, rearranges the chairs, and calls for the board. I hurriedly find my place at the table, too. (I have become part of the film again, as at the bangle cutter's and at the bangle ceremony.)

We start eating, trying hard to be ourselves. As we talk, we relax a little, and even find it amusing that such a routine occurrence is being staged for the camera. Eoin stands in one corner, watching, and a slow, appreciative smile comes over his face.

On cue, Yoginder Singh propels Chachaji into our midst. Umi, following instructions that Bill gave earlier, gets up and takes a chair—the lowest we have—and places it on Daddyji's right for Chachaji, who sits down in it. (As a rule, Chachaji would sit on an ordinary chair anywhere he could find a place at the table.) The chair is so low and Chachaji so small that his chin almost touches the tabletop. As Umi starts piling food on the plate set in front of him, he looks a bit like a mouse in a cartoon who has been invited to a giant's feast. (The scene may be correct in symbolically depicting Chachaji's position in the family and, by analogy, in the world, but, as

Daddyji later pointed out repeatedly, "it is not the way we treat Bahali Ram every day.")

Daddyji is eager that every member of the family appear at his or her best in the film, and be seen as respectful to Chachaji. Daddyji received part of his education in the West, and there has been hardly a year in the last twenty-five when he has not spent some time there; he is aware, in a way that the others are not, of the power of television and of how the camera can distort. He knows that the film will expose an intimate family moment to public scrutiny, and he does not wish us to make a spectacle of ourselves. But Mahesh, who is very photogenic, seems excited by the thought of being in a film that will be seen on television by his airline associates in the States, and plays to the camera without much concern about the impression he will make on people who don't know him. He teases Chachaji, and that has the effect of drawing Chachaji out. Chachaji tells some tangled jokes in Punjabi, and there is general, if somewhat self-conscious, laughter. Everyone seems a little edgy—everyone except Chachaji. This is the first time we have been able to film him talking and laughing, and having the family's real attention. Up to now, we have filmed him only as a kind of sombre automaton directed hither and thither to perform ritualistic feats for the camera.

"That was great," Bill says to me at the end of the take. "I had the idea that Chacha was a solitary old codger, hanging on to his routine like a condemned man. But here we see him really animated, and the contrast is terrific. It adds to his growing mystique. Actually, both the wedding and the dinner scene work well. Maybe I can cut them together to give the impression that the wedding was sort of an early-evening thing and then people came to this dinner."

"No, that won't work," I say. "After the marriage feast, no one would go home and sit down to another meal."

"Damn."

FEBRUARY 26TH

OVER early-morning coffee in the coffee shop, in the middle of talking about the weather, hotel coffee, and hotel insect life, Bill lets drop the fact that Araminta—"the dreaded arrival"—turned up in the middle of the night.

Soon Araminta joins us, and, perhaps sensing that her introduction into what is now a little family could be

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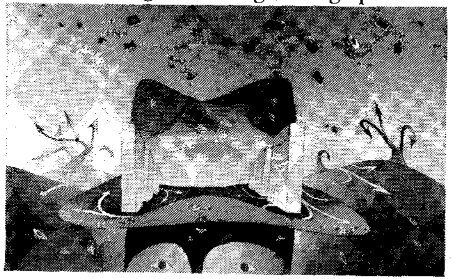

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jarring, she nervously launches into a long story about the tribulations of flying. She has apparently spent three days in airports and on airplanes, because her travel agent booked her on nonexistent flights. "I haven't slept a wink in three days," she says.

"It's the first time I've been on a film unit with so many women," Ivan says gallantly. "They really add a lot."

"I'm not on your film unit," Araminta says. "I'm here to do an article on Canadian-Indian relations for the *Financial Post.*" But when she hears about our plan to go to Hardwar, she announces, "I'm coming with you. I've always wanted to see Hardwar. Bill, you must find a place for me in the car."

"What shooting can we get in this morning, before we leave for Hardwar?" Bill asks.

"Maybe we could do Chacha shaving," I say.

"How, exactly, did Chacha get interested in shaving?" Bill asks. "Wouldn't it have been easier for him just to have a beard?"

"He acquired the habit of shaving as a clerk during the raj, and he has clung to it, as people in a higher station here cling to a coat and tie," I say, and I explain that, in a poor country that has lived under British rule, to be clean-shaven is to have respectability, to be a notch above the natives. Yet most homes have no running water, no table, no chair, no safety razor—above all, no money for blades.

We had previously arranged to meet Chachaji at his house at six-forty-five to do some shooting, and we now rush there to try to "catch him in the act," as Bill puts it. But the front door of Chachaji's room is bolted and padlocked, and there is no sign of him.

"I think he's given us the slip," I say. I have been worried for some time now that the strain of having us all following him around telling him what to do and how and when to do it might be too much for him.

"Oh, God! What do we do now?" Bill asks glumly.

"He couldn't have gone very far," I say, and I take everyone across to my parents' house, next door.

Daddyji, who has characteristically become deeply involved in our project, looks worried. "I don't think Bahali Ram was there all night," he says. "I think he has absconded. He's not dependable for something he doesn't understand. What will you do now? The question is, can you have 'Hamlet' without Hamlet?"

Everyone laughs, relieving the tension.

Mamaji offers us tea, and I go out to the cars and tell Yoginder Singh to go and find Chachaji.

"But where should I look, Ved Sahib?" he asks, starting up the engine.

"Go to the milk kiosk. Go to Madan's. Go to Bhogal Bazaar. Go to the Pharmacy of Prosperity. Drive around the streets. But find him."

"I'll find him, Sahib, or my name isn't Yoginder Singh!" he says, with a laugh that shakes his huge frame, and the car screeches off.

As I am about to rejoin the others, I hear someone struggling with Chachaji's lock. It is Chachaji himself.

"Where have you been, Chachaji?" I ask.

"Nowhere," he says, without looking up or taking notice that the whole team has trooped across to his house and is now hovering over him. He has his muffler tied around his head, and looks as though he had just waked up. "I was drinking my tea on the back veranda," he says, adding rather querulously, "There wasn't so much as a biscuit to eat with it."

"But why did you lock the door?" Bill asks.

"There are lots of strange parties walking around here these days, and I am responsible for all the Arya Samaj bowls and fire tongs and such." His explanation doesn't sound very plausible, but then I recall that several years ago the Arya Samaj people lost some prayer implements, accused him of stealing them, and threatened to turn him out.

"Chachaji, we'd like to film you shaving," I say.

"Let it be," Chachaji says. "What is there special about shaving? I'm getting late with the milk for Madan's tea. I'm getting late with my program."

I tell him about our plan of taking him to Hardwar, perhaps later that day.

He registers no visible emotion, but says circumspectly, "Going to Hardwar certainly requires a good shave."

"Tell him the shaving picture won't take long," Bill says. "And ask him where, exactly, he shaves."

"I can shave anywhere I'm sitting," Chachaji says.

"Let him do it on the back veranda, then," Bill says. "The light's better there."

Ivan, Eoin, and Jane get the equipment out of the station wagon.

"Would he sit at that table to shave?" Bill asks, pointing to a table holding a decrepit old harmonium, which the Arya Samajists sometimes use to accompany their hymns. Sally picks out a few notes on the harmonium; they hiss and whine, jangling the nerves.

"I can sit at a table for the photograph if Cran Sahib would like to take a photograph of the table," Chachaji says, suddenly becoming accommodating.

"Does he wear his turban while he shaves?" Bill asks.

Chachaji seems not to grasp what his turban has to do with shaving, but he finally decides that Bill wants his turban in the shaving picture, and says obligingly, "Turban is good for not catching cold."

Bill laughs, and paces up and down looking at the sky. "Dammit! The early-morning light's going, and going fast. We should have been here at six."

Ivan is setting up the camera on a tripod.

"It's nearly seven-thirty," Bill goes on, theatrically looking at his watch. "We are almost an hour into our shooting day and we haven't even set up a shot."

"He'll need a cup or a glass of hot water, Bill," I say.

Bill races off to my parents' house and returns with a kettle of hot water, but Chachaji has meanwhile heated up his own.

"We just might need some extra hot water," Bill says, laughing. "I've learned to hedge my bets with old Chacha."

Chachaji sits down at the table with a cup of hot water, a small, napkin-like towel, and an old square tin that once held sweets—a gaudy affair with two luscious women painted on it in blue, green, red, yellow, and orange. Bill moves the table and Chachaji so that the light will fall over Chachaji's shoulder. Jane puts up the board.

From outside come the ubiquitous sounds of crows cawing and of peddlers hawking, the fragments of the peddlers' calls echoing down the street as they walk along or ride past on bicycles: "Washers for leaky taps!" "Puncture repair!" "Bananas! Apples! Oranges!"

Chachaji precisely, methodically opens the tin and takes from it a folding mirror, a shaving brush, a small, flat tin with soap in it, a safety razor, and a razor blade, in its waxed-paper wrapping, which is clearly marked in pencil, "22/2/78"—probably the date when he first began using that particular blade.

Bill suddenly tenses: the shaving brush is already wet. "Bloody Chacha! He's shaved already!" he mutters.

Chachaji, oblivious of everything,

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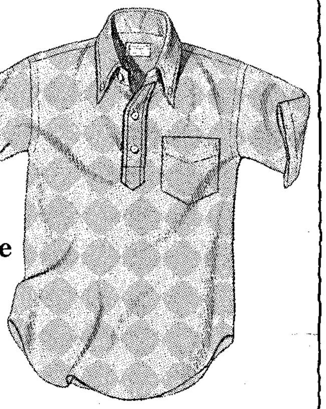

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dips his shaving brush in the cup of water and soaps his face. He shaves with quick, even strokes.

Bill relaxes. "Who but Chacha could shave twice within the hour?"

Ivan moves his camera position to catch Chachaji shaving his other cheek.

Chachaji's cheeks have no cushion of flesh, and the blade sounds harsh and rasping against his skin and bone—rather like a barber sharpening his razor on a leather strap.

"It's great!" Bill whispers to me. "It's so Chachaesque."

Just when everyone thinks that Chachaji has finished, he goes on to shave his ears. Then he brings a small pair of scissors, with pink handles and with flowers painted on the blades, out of the tin and clips his pencil-line mustache. He rinses his face with the hot water from the cup and dries himself.

As Chachaji meticulously rewraps his razor blade and puts his things back in the tin, sounds of the Arya Samaj worshippers arriving for their morning prayers reach us from the front veranda. "Cut!" Bill calls out. The whole shaving ritual has taken no more than three minutes.

At Bill's prompting, I now give Chachaji a new shaving brush, a new safety razor, and some new blades—things that Chachaji, through my parents, had asked me to bring him from America. Bill had stopped me from giving them to him earlier, for fear he might use them in the shaving sequence and ruin its charm. But Bill's fear proves unfounded, because Chachaji admiringly strokes the plastic coverings of the presents and, without opening them, stores them away in the trunk under his bed, saying, in English, "Now I have all the facilities I need for shaving. Thank you." Then he turns to me and whispers, "Please give your Chachaji two rupees. His pockets are empty this morning."

"Does he now want money for sitting for his photograph?" Bill asks.

"Not precisely," I reply, and I explain that it is not Chachaji's way to make a direct connection between work and compensation, for fear he might give offense. As a rule, he does what people ask, and then relies on their good will.

"Let it be," Chachaji says quickly, perhaps mistaking my delay for reluctance. "It's not necessary just immediately."

I suggest to Bill that he give Chachaji some sort of daily allowance while we are shooting the film.

"How much? Two rupees a day?" he says. "That's a real bargain."

"I had in mind about fifty," I say. I think of mentioning a much bigger sum, but I know that Chachaji would have difficulty understanding a gift of even fifty rupees, since no one has ever given him that much money at one time before.

"Fifty rupees!" Bill exclaims, and then adds, "That's only about seven dollars. Why not? Cran Productions can afford that. But that's my limit."

He starts to hand Chachaji fifty rupees, but I intervene.

"No. It should be put in an envelope with his name on it."

Bill laughs.

(Every day from then on, Bill gives Chachaji fifty rupees, in an envelope with "Bahali Ram" written on it. Chachaji always locks the envelope away in his trunk, for the day when his grandson will need college tuition or his granddaughter a dowry.)

Bill and Ivan discuss the idea of filming Chachaji—possibly from above—as he putters around in the back courtyard. The first day or so, it bothered me that they talked about him as if he weren't there. Then I realized that he couldn't follow what they were saying, and really didn't have a clue to what was going on. (His innocence has its advantages: he is completely unself-conscious about the camera and always looks natural.)

Chachaji now suddenly says to me—as if Bill and Ivan were not there—"The Arya Samajists are praying. I had better go and pray with them." He shuffles off.

After the prayer meeting, Chachaji busies himself bolting and padlocking the door of his room.

"I am for getting the immortal bed-tea scene in the can while the going is good," Bill says.

The custom of taking tea in bed before getting up dates from British times. My parents enjoy lingering over bed tea, especially now that Usha, Art, and Kate are staying in the house and can join them.

I ask Chachaji about filming him taking bed tea with my parents.

"It's getting very late," he says, in faint protest. "More photographs are not in my program. I must immediately take the milk to Madan for his tea."

"Tell him it's costing me eighty-two dollars an hour to have the crew wait around for him," Bill says. "His son can bloody well do without milk one more morning."

Editing Bill's remark, I tell Chachaji that as soon as we finish the bed-tea sequence Yoginder Singh will rush him and the milk to his son's house.

"Whatever you say," Chachaji says. "But tell Cran Sahib that he has al-

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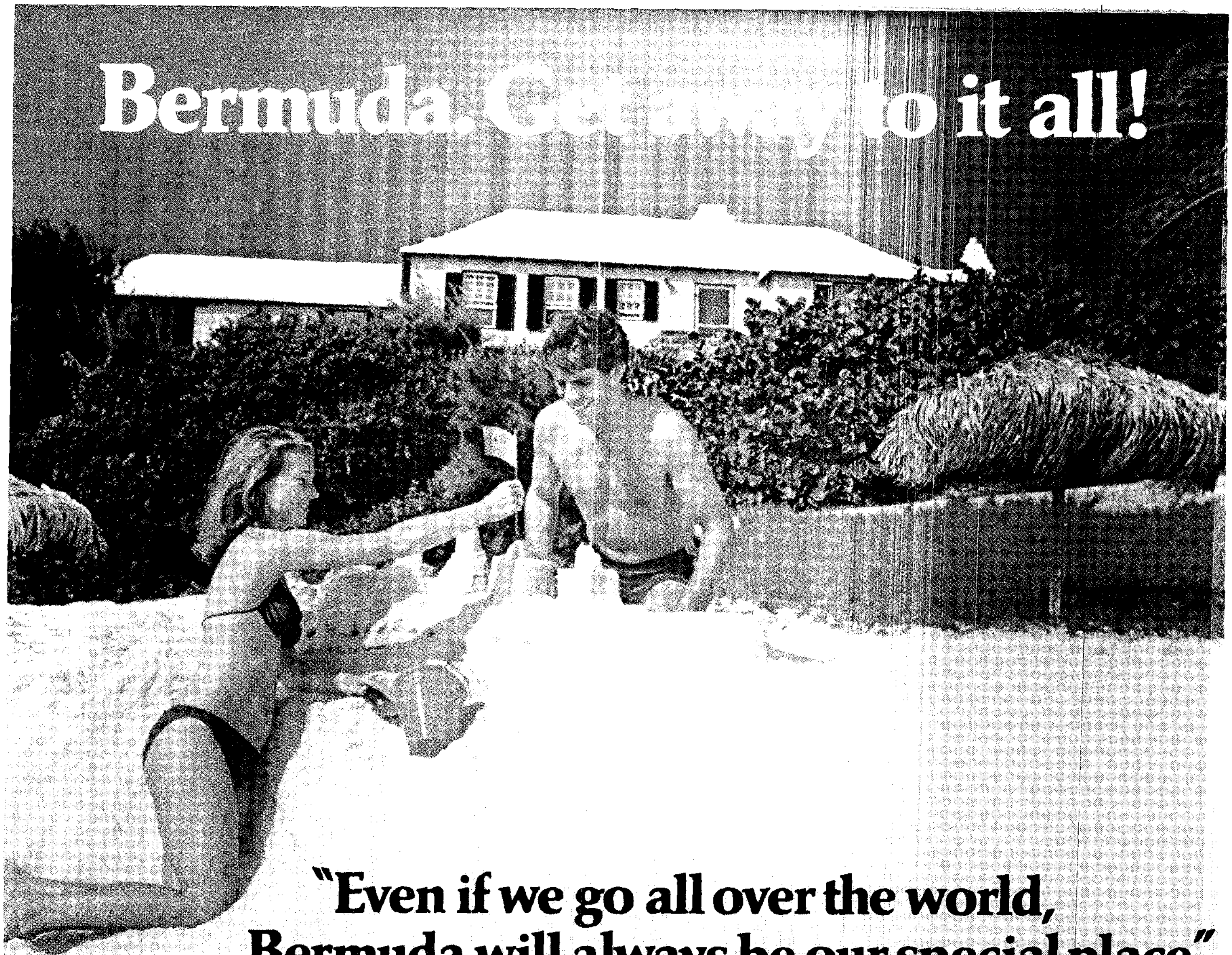

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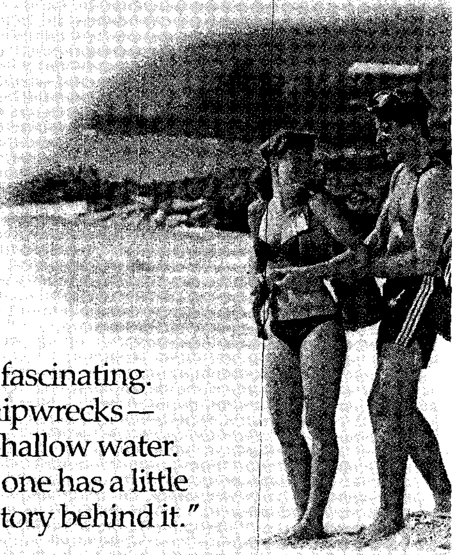

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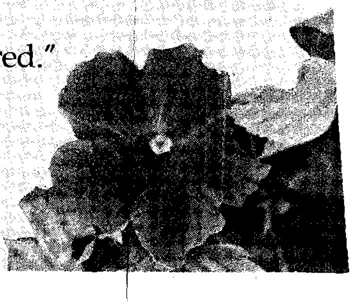

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ready taken a lot of photographs. What more is there left to see?"

At my parents' house, another problem develops. Usha declares that since Art can't be in the bed-tea scene, she doesn't want to be in it, either. But then Daddyji calls to her from the bedroom, and she goes in.

Chachaji starts agitating at my elbow. "Madan is not going to have milk for his tea. This is not a good program."

Usha emerges from the bedroom and says, with forced determination, "Bill, I want to be in the scene."

"Excellent news," Bill says. "I thought reason would prevail."

Ivan starts setting up the camera at the window in the rear of the bedroom. Daddyji and Mamaji, who have really already had their bed tea, and have been up for several hours, get back into their beds and try to look as if they were just waking up.

The houses in which my parents and Chachaji live are similar. They were both built after Partition, on small plots of land set aside by the government for refugees. But since Bill is interested in pointing up the contrast between my parents' station in life and that of Chachaji, he rearranges the furniture so that light will flood in on my parents through the window, making the room look much bigger than it actually is. When he staged Chachaji waking up, he contrived to make his room look smaller and dingier than it actually is.

I ask Bill if he isn't overdoing the contrasts and ignoring the similarities.

"You can't afford subtleties when you're scratching around for a story," he says.

Jane puts up the board. As in real life, a servant enters the room with a tea tray and shyly exchanges Hindu greetings with my parents and Usha. Mamaji serves tea. Usha talks to Daddyji and gets him his morning newspaper. Chachaji arrives and is made welcome. Mamaji pours his tea, and Usha puts a lot of sugar in it, stirs it for him, and hands it to him. Mamaji then hands him a biscuit. He pops the entire biscuit quickly into his mouth.

Chachaji, Daddyji, and Usha look very natural in the sequence, but Mamaji looks strained. She knows Chachaji so well and sees so much humor in his little ways that she doesn't trust herself to keep a straight face for the camera.

MAMAJI makes everyone Indian-style scrambled eggs—cooked with whole chilis, onions, and tomatoes—and *parathas*. Except for Sally, who has not taken to Indian cooking and, in any case, is not much of an eater, all of us eat heartily. We left the hotel early, and none of us have had anything but coffee.

Today is Sunday. Chachaji rings up Chopra to try to get tomorrow off, since otherwise he can't make the trip to Hardwar.

Mrs. Chopra answers the phone. "How is it that you are disturbing him on his day of rest?" she says sweetly to him, but he is quick to grasp the menace behind her voice.

Chachaji asks me to take the phone, and with me Mrs. Chopra becomes almost unctuous. "I can assure you that Chopra Sahib will have no objection," she says. "He wouldn't think of offending Mother Ganga and being on the wrong side of God. Say a prayer for us at the Ganga."

Yoginder Singh returns. He has spent two hours looking for Chachaji, and has stirred up the whole neighborhood to help him. He bawls out Chachaji for not being where he was supposed to be.

"Brother, I am supposed to be wherever I am," Chachaji says.

Yoginder Singh chuckles, and the two go off in the car to take the milk to Madan at last and, as Chachaji puts it, "to make arrangements for the milk for the day I will be bathing in the Ganga in Hardwar."

I busy myself on the telephone in the bedroom trying to get us rooms for our overnight stay in Hardwar. Because there are several women in our group and because my parents are coming along, Bill wants us to have Western-type accommodations, which are almost unheard of in Hardwar. The only possible place is called the Antibiotic Guest House. It belongs to Indian Drugs & Pharmaceuticals, Ltd., a government concern, and is seven miles from Hardwar. Since we aren't connected with the government, we don't technically qualify to stay there, but Mahesh uses his influence and is able to book us in.

I try to console Art for not being included in the documentary.

"Your friends seem to be trying to show the country in a bad light," he says. "It's all right to show Indian poverty, but you should also show Indian progress—like the sinking of new tube wells in the villages."

"Spoken like a Fulbright scholar!" Bill interjects, filling his pipe. Art, who is studying anthropology, is here on a Fulbright scholarship to finish a book on a Punjabi village.

"Nowadays, lots of good Indian

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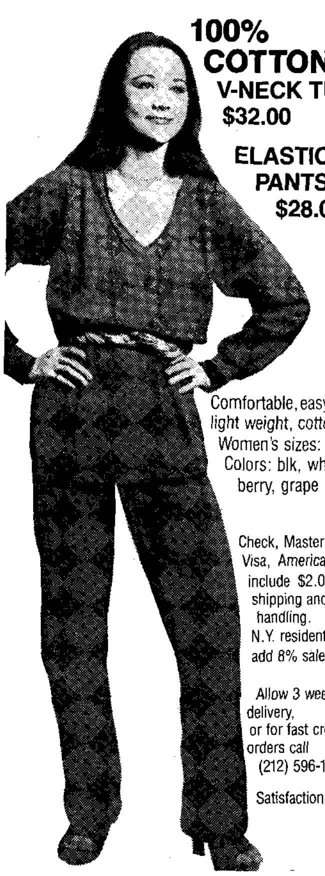

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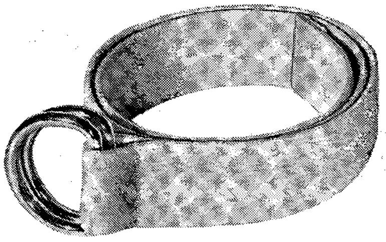

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families have not one but two or sometimes three American members, or have children settled in the West," Umi says, joining in the discussion. She and Nimi have just driven over for a visit. "Two of my daughters have settled in the West with their Indian husbands. You should show that side of our family life, too."

"I don't think it would be fair to show Art in the picture and not show Kate," Nimi says. "In a sense, she is also part of our family."

"If Nimi had her way, our American tenant upstairs would be in the picture, too," Umi says, laughing. (The upper story of my parents' house is rented to an American.)

"I think the truth of the medium requires that I be in the film," Kate says earnestly. "You shouldn't just show an Indian family in black and white. You should show all the grays, too. I think it's significant that Daddyji and Mamaji have an American son-in-law and an American house guest, who are completely accepted and appreciated by the family. I don't feel at all strange calling them Daddyji and Mamaji."

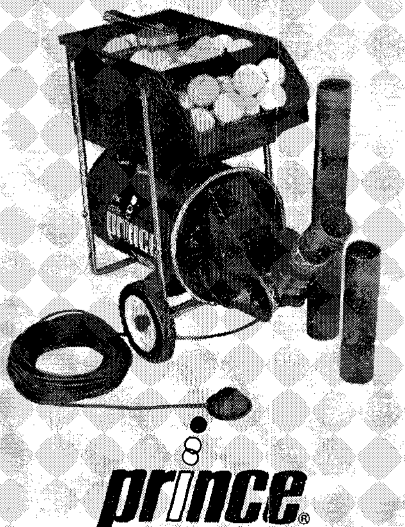
"In a way, the family's acceptance of Kate and me is also a mark of Indian development," Art puts in. He returns to the theme of how misleading Western portrayals of Indian poverty are, and goes on to claim that the only convincing thing he has ever read about poverty in any underdeveloped country is Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country."

Araminta says that Paton is not literature.

Art says that if that particular book isn't literature, he'd like to know what is.

Art argues in the inspirational tones of visiting American students, Peace Corps volunteers, and State Department apologists. Araminta, who has the air of a feminist and a left-wing intellectual, argues in the strident tones of an Oxford bluestocking. She is verbally dexterous, but Art is stubborn. (The argument about who should or should not be in our film—and what is or is not literature—is revived whenever we all get together, and becomes a sort of subtext to the discussions that Bill and I keep having about the Chachaji film.)

AT noon, we set off for Hardwar. Bill and Araminta squeeze into the station wagon with the crew, where Jane is sewing patches on the bluejeans she is wearing. Daddyji, Mamaji, Chachaji, Sally, and I all get



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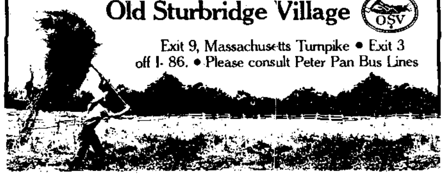

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into a large old Ford we have hired, with a new driver, named Ram Chandar. (Yoginder Singh is unavailable for a couple of days and the Ambassador is too small for all of us.)

I tell Ram Chandar to keep the station wagon in view, but he's no Yoginder Singh, and even before we have passed the city limits we are separated from the station wagon.

Daddyji starts singing a childhood song about a wayfarer setting out on an open road that takes him where it would. Chachaji joins in. Normally, he speaks in a thin monotone, but his singing voice has considerable energy.

We reach the Antibiotic Guest House just after dark. The authorities have managed to come up with only six rooms, instead of the eight we requested. The rooms are modern and large, however, with Western-style bathrooms.

As we stand around on the veranda, Bill, Ivan, and Eoin fall to joking about who will room with whom. Everyone is in high spirits.

Bill says that as a special treat Chachaji should have the best room and have it to himself.

Sally, who has been on a tour of all the rooms, reports that the best room is the one nearest to where we are standing. Everyone urges Chachaji to take it.

Chachaji, who has never stayed in any kind of hostelry, seems confused. He looks at the room through the open door but won't go in. "This is too large," he says. "My place is not here. I'll stay with the drivers for the night, if you don't mind."

Sally says the smallest room is upstairs, and we all escort Chachaji up to it. Daddyji presses him to stay there, saying, "It will be a good experience for you, Bahali Ram."

Chachaji reluctantly agrees.

I tell Bill that the pilgrims in Hardwar usually bathe in the Ganges before sunrise—before they have eaten anything, and before they have fully opened their eyes on the world they regard as illusion. I suggest that perhaps we should all drive in to Hardwar before dinner and scout out possible locations, so as not to lose time in the morning.

"The crew are pretty tired," Bill says. "If I have to call them early in the morning, it would be good public relations to let them rest tonight."

"Hardwar under night lights would be exciting," Ivan says, happening to overhear us. "I want to go."

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drivers, who are eager to pay homage to the holy place right away. I prevail upon Daddyji to take a nap, but all the rest of us do go.

It seems that Hardwar doesn't sleep. The bazaars, ancient and gaudy, dirty and vulgar, are all open. They are crowded with pilgrims, mendicants, hawkers, lepers, holy men—walking, sitting, squatting, sleeping, singing, crying, whining, beseeching—who are jostled everywhere by cows, bullocks, handcarts, bicycles, even monkeys that drop down from the trees. The entire city smells of sweat and manure, of toil and death.

Bill surveys the whole scene enthusiastically and discusses with Ivan various spots and angles for shooting.

We are now standing at the top of flight after flight of white marble steps—called Har-Ki-Pauri, or God's Steps—that lead down to the river. A portly Brahman with a pockmarked face attaches himself to Mamaji, recognizing her as a soft touch. "Sister, you must make a prayer offering to Mother Ganga immediately. I will officiate."

Mamaji goes off with the Brahman down a little lane, returns with a large leaf, a candle, and a basket of jasmine blossoms—her prayer offering—and then follows the Brahman down Har-Ki-Pauri.

"How will I bathe in Mother Ganga without my own towel?" Chachaji suddenly asks me.

"Cran Productions has no provision in its budget for a towel," Bill says, laughing. "But because I'm such a sport, I'll buy you one. But five rupees is the limit, Chacha, old boy."

Mamaji comes back up Har-Ki-Pauri, and we all go to look for a towel for Chachaji.

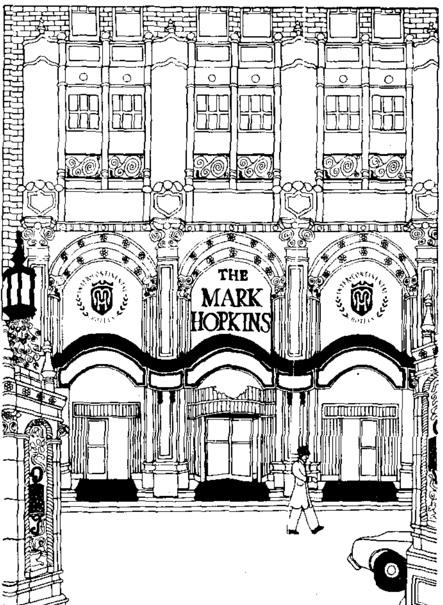
Bill stops in front of a stall and points to a red-and-green striped square of cloth. "What about that, Chacha? It'll look fabulous in the photograph."

Chachaji is not very keen on it. "The colors are not fast. It's very thin. It won't last."

"It has nice colors," Bill says. "It's this or nothing." In an aside to me, he says, "Remember the shoes? Once bitten, twice shy." Chachaji gave the shoes that Bill had bought him to his son, because he felt that, among other things, they were too good for him to wear himself.

"Let it be," Chachaji says, and he accepts the towel. —VED MEHTA

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)



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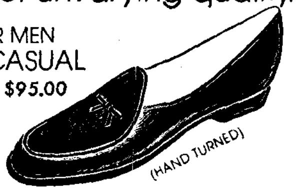

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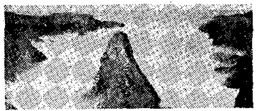

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THE THEATRE

Happy Return

Richard Burton created the role of King Arthur in the first Broadway production of "Camelot," in 1960, and when the Lerner and Loewe classic opened at the State Theatre last Tuesday evening, Burton, as Arthur, received a prolonged ovation before he was able to utter a line. It quickly turned out that the role of Arthur suits him even better today than it did twenty years ago; there is a note of natural sadness in whatever Burton plays, and it is, of course, especially effective as the musical draws to an end. The aging king is in despair over the breakdown of all his hopes. Standing outside his tent before the battle that he knows will seal his doom, he sings a double reprise of the song "Camelot," first to himself and then to a young lad, Tom of Warwick, who has unexpectedly made his way onto the field of battle, and who proves to have heard many tales of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, whose ranks he intended someday to join. This is surely one of the most sentimental moments in all musical comedy, and on opening night Burton carried it off with such poignancy that tears were being shed all around me—to be followed, a couple of minutes later, by half a dozen vociferous curtain calls and the presentation of bouquets to Christine Ebersole (Queen Guenevere) and to Burton, who, with a sheepish grin, handed his on to Richard Muenz (Lancelot), who handed it on in turn until at last it reached little Thor Fields (Tom of Warwick), who clung to it with delight.

Miss Ebersole, very blond and pretty, looks as if she had drifted down out of a Pre-Raphaelite canvas and is rather too doll-like for my taste, but Muenz was suitably robust as Lancelot, and Paxton Whitehead played the doltish King Pellinore with a comic relish that put me contentedly in mind of how Arthur Treacher used to play Britannus in "Caesar and Cleopatra." Robert Fox as Arthur's bastard son, Mordred, was more determinedly effeminate than the role required him to be (I didn't wish to believe that the Knights of the Round Table could be so readily talked out of their ideals by a prancing posturer), and James Valentine's Merlyn tottered about in white-wigged disarray, more wyvern than wizard. The romantic scenery and the gorgeous costumes are from the hand of Desmond Heeley, and the lighting was designed by Thomas Skelton. The director is Frank Dunlop. This otherwise splendid revival of "Camelot" is miked, and with the usual irritating results. As another Lerner and Loewe character says, on another occasion, "Damn, damn, damn, damn!"

—Brendan Gill

• •

CLEAR DAYS ON THE POLITICAL SCENE

[*Adv. in the New London (Conn.) Day*]

Supina for Congress

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Why do I do what's right?
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Klippity, Klippity, Klop.

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Klippity, Klippity, Klop.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Hero

JON VICKERS is not a subtle interpreter. That sentence is enough to bring down a flight of angry letters upon me, so let me add quickly that I retract none of the epithets I have been using of him regularly since his British début, early in 1957, singing Gustavus (alias Riccardo) in "Un Ballo in Maschera" with the Covent Garden company in Cardiff. In everything he does onstage, Vickers has been and remains powerful, poetic, noble, intense, exciting. During his first season at Covent Garden, he sang Gustavus, Don José, and Aeneas in "Les Troyens." The next two seasons, he appeared in new productions of "Aida," "Don Carlos," Handel's "Samson," "Parsifal," and "Médée" (with Callas) and sang his first Siegmund. With new productions of "Pagliacci" (1959) and "Fidelio" (1961) and with Saint-Saëns' Samson, a role he sang in America, the tenor's basic repertory for the next twenty years took shape. Peter Grimes, Othello, and Tristan have been the three great additions to it. His has been an operatic career. But now, at the Florence Maggio Musicale and then last month at Tanglewood, he has come before the public as a lieder singer, in Schubert's "Winterreise."

No tenor of our day has hurled at Carmen a fiercer, more desperate howl of "Eh bien, damnée." Mario Del Monaco's trumpet tones were more brilliant, more ringing, at "Sacerdote, io resto a te," at the end of the "Aida" Nile scene, but it was Vickers who invested the phrase, overwhelmingly, with noble desperation. Despair that found an outlet in wild, heroic resolve filled his account of "En un dernier naufrage," Aeneas' great scena. The most stirring phrases I have ever heard him utter were Samson's

> Total eclipse! no sun, no moon,
> All dark amidst the blaze of noon!

Each syllable was charged with, his own darkness was ablaze with, the despair of a powerful man rendered powerless, his career in God's and his nation's service blasted. Vickers has been most eloquent of all when singing in his native tongue to an audience that hangs on each of his words. To have heard his Aeneas at Covent Garden both in English and in French gave the clear proof of that.

His art, vocally and emotionally, has been ever a matter of extremes. In interviews, he talks of a lay-minister father who brought him up reiterating "You will do with your might what your hands find to do." Whatever he undertakes bears the full force of his character, and sometimes he loads phrases too heavily. The voice has always been an unwieldy instrument. (Well, since I have known it it has been, though in early days in Canada Vickers sang Don Ottavio, the Duke of Mantua, and Alfredo in "La Traviata.") The fluency he displayed in the divisions of the "Messiah" he recorded with Beecham is rare. There is seldom any conventional beauty in his full tones. His loud singing is often effortful; the effect can be tremendous, because it is an expressive effort. His soft singing—Siegmund's "Nun weisst du, fragende Frau, warum ich Friedmund nicht heisse," the cadences of "Celeste Aida" and of Don José's Flower Song—can be potently affecting. In "The Grand Tradition," J. B. Steane remarks that "perhaps it is only the very strong who can be quite so quiet and gentle as Vickers often is." But this soft singing has often, and fairly, been described as "crooning" or "marking." The alternation of blunderbuss and feather stroke can be thrilling; the unremitting intensity can be tiring—exaggerated rather than subtle.

Vickers' approach to the interpretation of the parts he plays is suggested by his regretful letter, made public, to the head of Covent Garden in 1977 when he pulled out of a forthcoming "Tannhäuser": "As you know, it has always been essential for me to have a point of personal contact with the personality of each role I portray so that by my identification with the role I can bring the character to life on stage. I have failed completely to find any point from which to begin. I am therefore convinced of the impossibility for me to interpret Tannhäuser." (The company revived "Otello" for him instead.) Bernard Shaw pointed to the limitations of an "identification" approach in his review of an 1891 "Dutchman" with the young Scottish soprano Margaret Macintyre as a vivid but incomplete Senta: "Her notion of dramatic singing at present hardly goes beyond intensely imagining herself to be the person in the drama, and then using the music to relieve her pent-up excitement." Vickers goes beyond that, but there have been moments when I've wondered whether I was watching and hearing Jon Vickers as Peter Grimes or Peter Grimes as Jon Vickers. In the "Tristan" chapter of "Opera on Record," Robin Holloway has this to say of the 1972 Angel recording:

> Vickers . . . is the outstanding feature of this set and (for all except Karajan-freaks) its *raison d'être*. For urgency and intensity his third act is without rival. It is absolutely authentic and extremely painful—the ravings of a stricken beast. . . . There is no doubt whatsoever about the stature of this *tour de force*, but it remains an extreme—something unique as if the story were, just this once, literally true. I can pay no higher tribute; but I never want to hear it again.

From such a singer, a "Winterreise" might be tremendous, inspired, catastrophic . . .

There was a Siegmund-like setting for the Tanglewood "Winterreise." Storm had broken over the Berkshire hills. The rain poured down. From time to time, thunder rolled. The recital was given in the Theatre Concert Hall, a kind of large shed, seating eleven hundred people, open at the back to the storm. Mr. Vickers came on with his pianist, Gilbert Kalish, smiled at us, declared us heroes to be there, meditated for a moment, and then began. Some features of his performance were deducible in advance, others not. The scale of the setting proved awkward: it is not an intimate place ("Peter Grimes" had its American première there), and I wondered whether Vickers' extreme pianissimi carried to the farther rows, but it is not so large as to call for a "heroic" performance. And Vickers did not give one. He began gravely, soberly, singing the first two verses of "Gute Nacht" without any emphases, in a tone that was little more than "marking." In the third verse, he became louder and faster. At the turn to the major, he slowed down again, uttering "Will dich im Traum nicht stören" in a rapt pianissimo. This more or less set the pattern of his interpretation. The poignancy of Schubert's moves to the major—in the second verse of "Der Lindenbaum," the second verse of "Der Wegweiser"—was regularly underlined by a slower tempo and a dulcet timbre. "Frühlingstraum" was *very* slow.

Between full voice and a thread of voice there were seldom any gradations. Lines that should be smoothly traced with varying pressures became bumpy. Sometimes the tenor seemed to lurch through the songs. Some small notes were merely sketched, or missing altogether. About two-thirds of the way through the cycle, his voice did become more ductile. He sang "Der greise Kopf," "Die Krähe," and "In Dorfe" on a larger scale, which enabled him to make some of the non-extreme contrasts that lieder singing calls for: from *f* to *ff* is a smaller step than from *ppp* to *f*. In "Der greise Kopf," the line "Und hab' mich sehr gefreuet" was very big but now not unbalanced with what had gone before. For the start of "Die Krähe," he found a full yet gentle tone. In the second verse of "Der Wegweiser," at "Welch' ein törichtes Verlangen," there was a passionate crescendo that proved thrilling. But for "Das Wirtshaus" he returned to "crooning," and each note was so carefully placed that line was lost. At the very end, a thin, bleak, yet oddly prosaic account of "Der Leiermann" suddenly rose in a huge crescendo on "deine Leier drehn," as if the hurdy-gurdy had become a mighty organ with a fierce Swell pedal.

That for this music Vickers would seek to restrain his natural violence of expression was predictable. That he restrained it to a point where much of the singing proved—well, dull is too hard a word, so let us say ordinary—was disappointing. I didn't think Vickers could be ordinary. I am not sure that the narrator of "Winterreise" does have a dramatic personality with which a singer can "identify;" it is easier to think oneself into the skin of the miller lad in "Die Schöne Müllerin." One does not put features to the winter wanderer: at the most, I think while listening of Schubert himself, not "wandering" but responding to these sad poems so intently, so deeply. Much of what Vickers did was understated; what was overstated seemed, as a result, the more so. He sang in German, and there is something to be said for that (the program book supplied text and translation), but he would probably have been more communicative in English. Mr. Kalish played a modern Baldwin grand, an instrument on which Schubert's piano writing cannot properly be rendered, but one matched to the un-Schubertian scale of the singer and the setting. His handling of the music was sensitive.

—Andrew Porter

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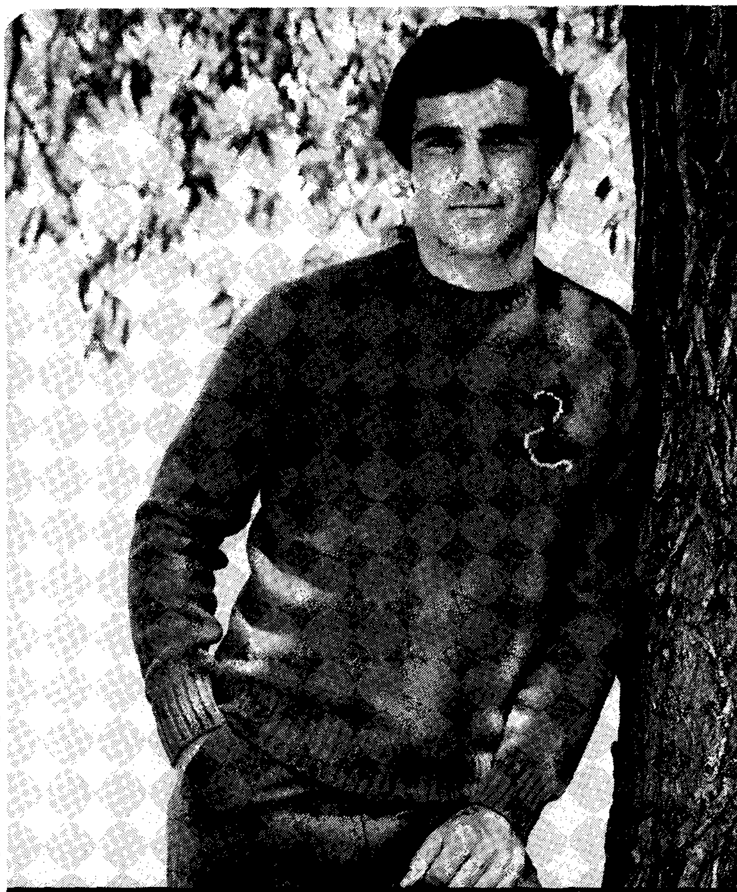

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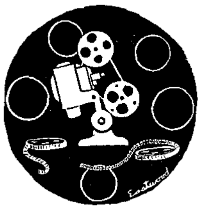
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Boys and Girls



“THE BLUE LAGOON” tries to reinstate the benighted idea that “nature intended” sexual intercourse to be beautiful—to be the tender and innocent culmination of romantic love. Set at the turn of the century, this film imputes to “nature” man’s most hypocritical forms of sentimentality. The central and virtually the only characters are two little cousins; shipwrecked, they grow up alone together on a South Sea island. The passage of the years is indicated by having the children go swimming; as they cavort among the shimmering fish, we catch a glimpse of pubic hair and hear islandy music—rhapsodic strings, golden-toned horns—and two tall, bronzed adolescents (Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins) emerge from the water. In order for us to understand that the children’s development is natural (rather than the result of familial and social nurture), there are frequent inserts of birds and reptiles and crustaceans in magnified closeup, like the shots of insects that were peppered throughout “Days of Heaven,” which was shot by the same cinematographer, Nestor Almendros. Bizarrely, these creatures start making their cameo appearances even before the children reach the island. Along with the magic-of-nature mystique and the phosphorescent underwater sequences of the children swimming as if they were another sensuous form of marine life, the film has an inevitable, built-in prurience: all we have to look forward to is, When are these two going to discover fornication? And so each teasing sign of maturation—the sprouting hair on the boy’s body, the girl’s first menstrual period—becomes the occasion for audience cheers, applause, derision. The director, Randal Kleiser, and his scenarist, Douglas Day Stewart, have made the young boy and girl clean and innocent by emptying them of any dramatic interest. Watching them is about as exciting as looking into a fishbowl waiting for guppies to mate.

This picture seems to have been directed by a young teen whose vision of Eden is blissful lazy days at a summer camp with the boy or girl of one’s dreams and no camp counsellors to say no to anything. It’s conceivable that Kleiser’s love scenes may, like the ones in Zeffirelli’s “Romeo and Juliet,” be taken as romantic poetry by the swooniest thirteen-year-olds in the movie audience: when the boy kisses the girl and they begin—finally—to caress each other, their exertions are intercut with two birds, and after they gracefully commingle (i.e., much lyrical panning over the intertwined healthy young bodies), there’s a sudden insert of sea anemones undulating passionately. Then the boy and the girl go into the water, and when they see a turtle with another turtle on its back they smile knowingly, as if to say, “The whole world is in love.” It’s Disney nature porn. First we wait for these two to discover sex; then we may wish they hadn’t—their innocent idyll seems to go on forever. (And we’ve got so used to inserts that when we see two dolphins who are actually in the same shot as the boy we may become rattled—is something going to come of this?) Except for some of the underwater footage, this picture looks and sounds like a Hollywood nineteen-fifties South Sea adventure, or a pop-camp Elvis Presley film, such as “Blue Hawaii” (and in profile Brooke Shields, with her slight self-conscious sneer, resembles Presley, whose approach to acting was about the same as hers—casually wooden). The cinematography is so inexpressive that we seem to be looking at the scenic wonders of a vacation spot in a travelogue. No doubt this was what Almendros thought was wanted—but why? From the camera artist who in his European films seemed to know so much about sunlight that he could make it tap-dance for him, there’s an implicit condescension in this Kodachrome, *National Geographic* look. Or is it merely that Almendros was trying to oblige Kleiser with a “natural”—impersonal—style?

Kleiser has directed his two featured players in the same impersonal manner: they’re like suburbanite teens lounging around the shopping mall looking at amphibious gear. In still photographs, Brooke Shields’ young beauty has suggestiveness, mystery. In moving pictures, she seems too complacent, too earthbound to be an actress. (This isn’t a matter of youth: Jodie Foster had tension and control when she was even younger, and Diane Lane has such an adult grasp of acting that she’s already an accomplished performer.) In this movie, the blossoming Brooke Shields is generally photographed against floral backgrounds, and the director doesn’t pass up the Nabokov shot: nymphet picking up butterfly. The boy, who might be a kid left over from the Brady bunch, is sometimes posed so that he looks like a dreamy-eyed junior muscleman. As a child, the boy is meant to enchant us by his coy mispronunciation: “San Forisco,” twice. As an adolescent, he’s more contemplative: “I wonder what fish think about”—that’s what he thinks about. He has inklings of what human society might mean; when he realizes that the savages on the other side of the island practice human sacrifice, he says, “I don’t understand why people have to be so bad to each other.” The movie is taken from a popular novel of 1908 (which was adapted to the screen once before, in 1948, with Jean Simmons), with most of the original attitudes intact. The boy shows signs of intellectual curiosity, examining a skeleton, and asking himself such questions as Where does the moon go? The boy hopes they can leave the island. But the girl has her lover and, in due course, her infant—she glows with warm womanly fulfillment. There is no doubt that in the moviemakers’ minds, she’s closer to nature. Woman is content to romp and pick flowers (this film is heavy on vegetation); it’s man who strives to understand. (When the boy is puzzled about why the girl had the baby, he’s got good reason to be: there’s nothing resembling penetration in their lovemaking—the way they rub limbs, all they’d produce is friction.)

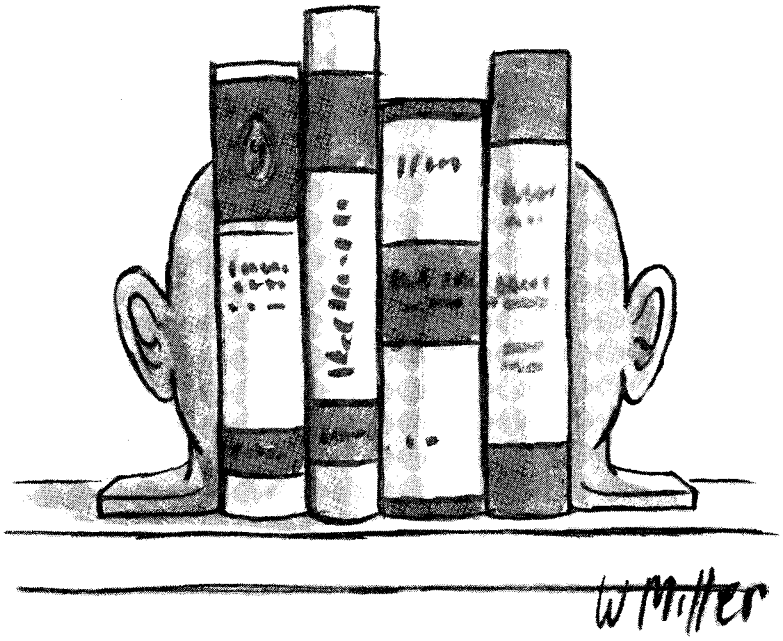
Helplessly, Kleiser compounds this felony of a movie by introducing a whole series of concluding devices. Suddenly, after all these years, the boy’s father (who is the girl’s uncle) turns up in a ship, searching the seas for them; the little holy family somehow find themselves drifting in a tiny rowboat, with a shark circling; there are also poisonous berries that the toddler has brought into the boat. Rescue, drifting, the shark, poison—any one of these would be enough to end the picture; Kleiser put them all together, in the hope, probably, of an “Elvira Madigan” finish. But when the lovers in “Elvira Madigan” took their own lives, it was because they knew that they couldn’t sustain their love once they were subjected to worldly pressures. Here it’s as if the lovers were too pure for our world—and they knew it. But how could they know it? They’re taking their lives to satisfy Kleiser’s and Stewart’s fantasy that they are untouched by the corruptions of civilization. At the beginning of the picture, the little girl referred to her mother’s dying with the

Victorian euphemism—her mother had "gone to Heaven." At the end, Kleiser proves himself a Victorian child at heart: his three innocents are shown in perfect serenity. They have drifted in the ocean in an open boat, they have taken poison, but when they are found by the rescue party they have suffered no burns and no retching or gastrointestinal pain. They simply fell asleep and went to Heaven. If your thirteen-year-old falls for this, watch out: you may have the kind of rotten kid who will grow up to like "Fame."

AARON LATHAM's article "The Urban Cowboy," featured on the September 12, 1978, cover of *Esquire*, was subtitled "Saturday Night Fever, Country & Western Style," and it was quite clearly a set of variations on the "Saturday Night Fever" theme—how working-class kids, frustrated by their boring jobs and their whole daytime existence, found another, more glamorous way to live at night. For the Bay Ridge kids who worked at low-paying jobs, the disco palace was a Saturday-night world only. Latham's young hardhats who worked in the petrochemical plants around Houston made high wages and could go out every night, but they didn't find the release of the Bay Ridge kids. According to Latham, their nighttime fantasy life was pathetically empty. Their headquarters was a vast honky-tonk, Gilley's, which featured a mechanical bucking bull that the men paid to ride. The article laid on the symbolism and the ironies: these anomic young Southwesterners had no way to prove their manhood except by dressing up in boots and jeans and cowboy hats and trying to live out the myths of the West by riding this mechanical bull. And the twist was that although the bull broke their bones and gave them excruciating pain in the testicles, women got sexual pleasure from riding it. The article featured a young couple who met at Gilley's and celebrated their wedding there; he was a champ on the bull, and the marriage broke up because she began to outperform him and wouldn't give it up. The article had an ominous view of what was going on between the sexes: "The honky-tonk cowgirls keep putting more and more pressure on the honky-tonk cowboys. . . . Once the bullring was the simplest of the simple entertainments at Gilley's. Either you rode the bull or you got bucked off. You beat the bull or it beat you. It was perfect for an urban cowboy who never beat anything beyond the walls of the saloon. But then Eve entered the bullring. The cowboys were no longer simply measured against the bull, they were measured against the cowgirls." And the young ex-wife is quoted: "My favorite thing is to watch all the guys fall off. Then I get up and ride it." Latham, watching her ride, comments, "She clung to the bull, which pounded her harder than any man had ever been able to." I hated the article: it was smartass-glib about manual laborers' lives in a way that one could never be about one's own life. If these hardhats' dreams are so pathetic, what about the dreams of someone who pushes a mechanical bull to the center of his literary ripoff—as if it were central to the lives of young Southwesterners—and then rides the symbolic overtones in all directions?

That article is a bad seed for a movie: James Bridges, who directed "Urban Cowboy," from a screenplay he wrote with Latham, can't extricate himself from the symbolism. The film views the young hero, Bud (John Travolta), as a victim of social dislocation: he's rootless and ignorant, his conception of manhood is based on a mythology that no longer applies. But on the assumption (false, I think) that the audience believes in those antiquated macho values and wants to see them on the screen, the movie also tries to reactivate the cowboy mythology. Bud spends the whole movie trying to learn how to ride that stupid mechanical contraption. And when he succeeds, the film views it as his triumph. In order to set up the conditions for this, the writers have dredged up an ex-convict villain out of an ancient Western—a lean, mean hombre whose lips curl with pleasure when he inflicts pain. Bud wins his manhood: he defeats the villain on the bucking machine, and he beats him up in a fistfight as well.

At the beginning, Bud, a bearded farm boy, leaves home and goes to Houston to stay with his Uncle Bob (Barry Corbin) and Aunt Corene (Brooke Alderson), because his uncle, who works in one of the plants, can help him get a job. On Bud's first night in town, his uncle and aunt take him out to Gilley's—a barnlike roadhouse that is essentially just a bigger version of any beer drinkers' country-and-Western hangout. On the second night, he returns on his own, but now he's dressed in a complete fancy dude's outfit, with a dark, feathered Stetson, and the camera slowly moves up his boots and jeans and deep-green Western shirt and then catches his newly clean-shaven face in profile, for a Valentino smolder. Suddenly, he's a knowledgeable gaucho stud; a few seconds later, he's a callow kid again. Bridges seems willing to do almost anything for an immediate effect, and this happens all through the scrappily edited picture. When Bud and Sissy (Debra Winger), the girl he meets at Gilley's, get married, it seems to happen just a couple of days after they've met—and probably Bridges intends it to seem that fast, so we'll understand how hot and impulsive they are, and how unprepared for responsibilities. Yet when they pose for their wedding pictures, it's in a large, elaborately costumed group—Bud in an extraordinary white tuxedo, with a ruffled shirt, white patent-leather cowboy boots, and a big white hat. He looks like a dude prince. The shot instantly evokes Travolta's white suit at the disco dance contest in "Saturday Night Fever," but his regalia here looks much more movie-star expensive. (Travolta's first wedding on the screen is an historic occasion, like Deanna Durbin's first screen kiss, so of course he has to be all in white.) A minute later, Bud is carrying his



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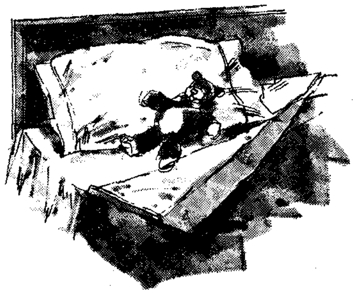

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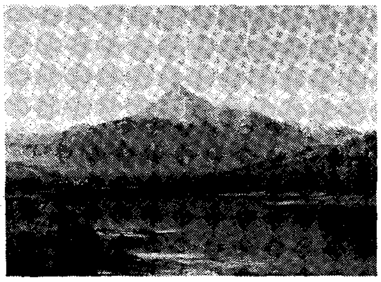

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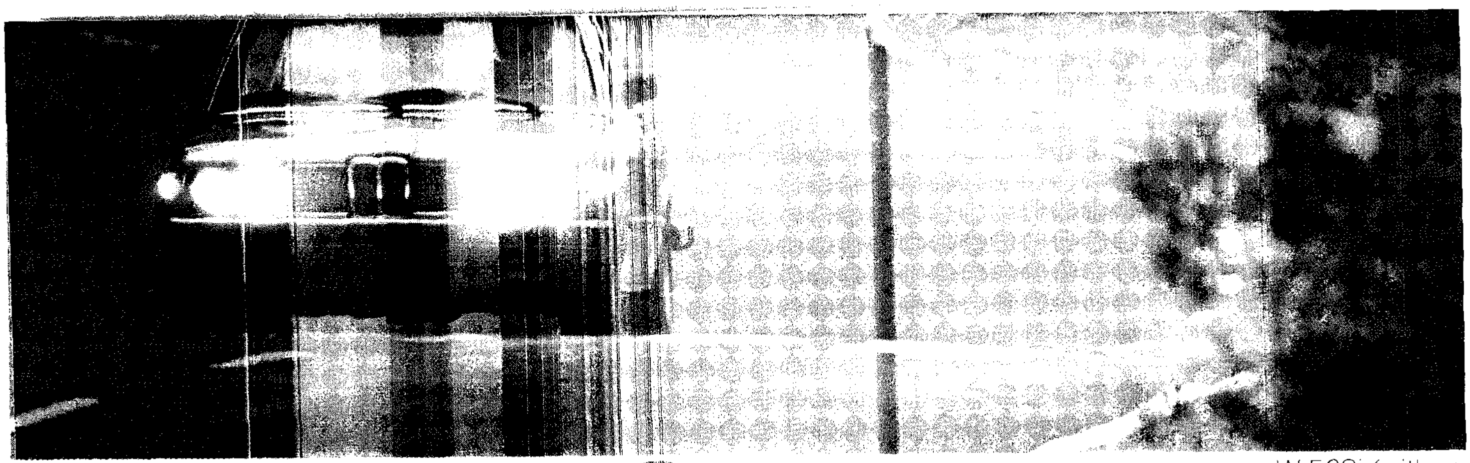
bride over the threshold, or whatever it's called, of their mobile home, and we're back to blue-collar rootlessness, and takeout dinners from McDonald's.

A week after the wedding, Bud and Sissy quarrel and split, and each has an affair—Bud with Pam, a rich sophisticate, played by Madolyn Smith, and Sissy with the villain, played by Scott Glenn. But these kids who met and married practically in the same breath have a deep and lasting love, and get back together. Fundamentally, they're the characters in romantic thirties movies who had to suffer before resolving their misunderstandings, except that, with Latham's metaphorical setting giving the story its slant, they're retarded versions of thirties characters. Much of the time, Bud is slackjawed and uncouth; then he has a speech explaining that he isn't dumb—and I think we're meant to take him at his word—because he has "feelings." We're embarrassed, the way we are in life when someone says "You think I'm dumb, don't you?" and we're forced to deny it.

Of course we think he's dumb: Bridges and Latham have written him dumb. (A standard Texan's boast would be beyond his conversational powers.) Worse, they've written him weak. Vulnerability has been a catchword in the movie industry ever since various people decided that it was the secret of Marilyn Monroe's appeal, and it has often been invoked to explain Travolta's success. But vulnerability has to be played off against a swaggering ego or some sass or a self-protective shell, or it's merely infantile. You get the feeling that if anybody slapped Bud he'd start crying. Travolta seems to get younger in every picture; this time, he comes across as a hurt little kid of about fourteen. He has demonstrated great flair in comedy and in dance sequences, a gift for cockiness, and a rare ability to let something emotionally naked show through. What he hasn't yet demonstrated is a core of strength, and because he doesn't come across as strong, he especially needs effrontery or a streak of opportunism in his roles, so he won't seem just blubberingly sensitive—as he did in "Moment by Moment"—or lamebrained. Actually, though "Moment by Moment" was a much worse movie than "Urban Cowboy," Travolta was more confident in it than he is here. As Bud (even the name infantilizes him), he seems whipped, anxious, scared; he shows the sick bewilderment of an actor who can't get a fix on his character. Who could? Bud is written inconsistently.

The subject suggests satire, or even farce, and this keeps peeping through the film's attempts at raw heat. In the most effective moments, satire and sultriness work together. When Bud first does a two-step with Sissy, his hold on her is formal and his face is earnest, yet his leg movements are so snaky that the effect is comic. Later, he has a very funny self-pitying glower as he watches her dancing with the sinewy villain—a man so tough he looks as if he'd ejaculate bullets. This masochistic comedy number, set to "Stand by Me," with Bud glowering longingly at Sissy while he's dancing with Pam (whom he's hardly aware of), and Sissy staring at him in misery while dancing with the soulless baddie, is probably the best-directed sequence in the movie. But the story is posited on hot blood, and the country music, which is mostly safe and tired, doesn't supply enough impetus or excitement. And Bud doesn't seem to have sexual energy bottled up, the way Tony Manero did in "Saturday Night Fever." Bud's quick marriage would be very puzzling if Debra Winger's Sissy didn't have such warm huskiness in her voice and if she weren't so steamy. With soft, still unformed cheeks and the clear eyes of a child, she has a quality of flushed transparency. When she necks on the dance floor—and she's a great smoocher, with puffy lips like a fever blister—her clothes seem to be under her damp skin. (She's naked all through the movie, though she never takes her clothes off.) It's Debra Winger, rather than Travolta, who has the movie's big turn-on number: she does an exhibitionistic routine on the mechanical bull that's reminiscent of Rita Hayworth's strip song in "Gilda." She writhes and does all sorts of stunts, like a circus bareback rider, but in slow, sensual motion. This routine has no more to do with the story than Travolta's Valentino pose does, but it's the one time that the bucking machine serves any visual purpose. Sissy is given some fake torrid bits—such as a flamboyant moment when she pulls open the villain's shirt, as if to devour his leathery chest—but she's the only fluid, sustained character. When she thinks Bud doesn't care about her, and the sadistic villain smashes her in the face, we understand why she doesn't leave him: she feels so alone she doesn't think she has anyplace to go. Madolyn Smith's role as the slumming rich bitch Pam is a series of camp howlers, and, like Richard Gere in "American Gigolo," Pam is redeemed by love—in her case, when



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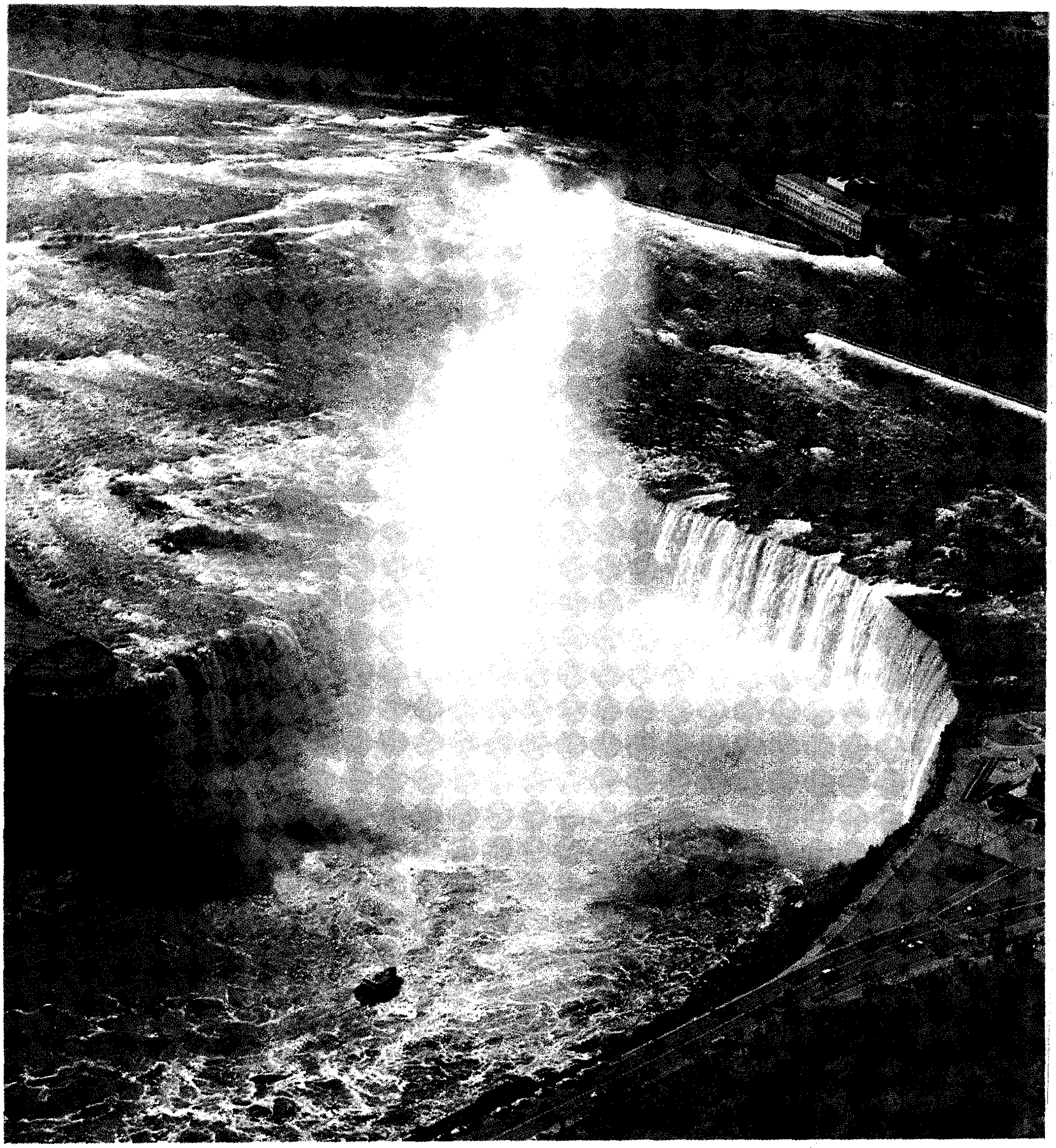

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he realizes that Bud truly loves Sissy. She learns about love vicariously.) omehow, the actress brings a fillip of exy humor to her moth-eaten lechery. cott Glenn has maybe the most unayable lines in the movie (example: 'You can't expect a man like me to be aithful to any woman"), and when he ppears wearing a black fish-net T-shirt ver that taut, hairless chest, the camra seems to be making goo-goo eyes t his pectorals. Glenn was the soldier rying to protect the Ronee Blakley haracter in "Nashville," and as the nusician who hooked up with Candy lark he gave the ill-fated "More merican Graffiti" some relaxed harm. Here he's so wickedly proficient t stone-faced hokum that he's like a arodist, taking off Clint Eastwood, ary Cooper, Humphrey Bogart, and ven David Carradine. Twitching his tern cheek muscles, he's a cartoon of a e-man. (He even has a cartoon name, Ves Hightower.)

The way Bridges directs these four erformers, they don't seem to be in he same film. But then the scenes lon't even seem to have been writen for the same picture. There are ague hints that Bud is uneasy about issy's wanting to do things that aren't raditional for women, but is he eager o win the bucking contest at Gilley's o he can outride Wes or so he can utride Sissy? It's all blurred. The narriage broke up when he yelled at er that they lived "like pigs" in their hiny new mobile home and that a nan expected his wife to clean and ook (the debris is from takeout junk ood). Sissy said *she* worked, too; they vhacked each other, and that was it. ater, as a gesture of love, she came ack and scrubbed the place, but he lidn't know, because the slyly possesive Pam took the credit for it. Sissy nay be a feisty little thing who likes to lrive trucks and show off on the buckng machine, but when it comes down o it she's womanly—she cleans up the lirty dishes. (Bud, who was living here after she left, never made a move oward the mess which would demontrate that *he* was growing up.) "Uran Cowboy" has no center, but there's lways one damn thing or another hapening, so the picture moves along, nd that may be what saves Bridges ere, as it did also in his last film, 'The China Syndrome," which was aced—like an old Saturday-afternoon erial—to prevent restlessness. In "The China Syndrome," why did Jack Lemmon break down when the TV cameras were finally on him? There wasn't any more preparation for that sudden collapse than there is for Bud's sudden jealous rage about his wife, which seems to erupt two seconds after the marriage ceremony. The characters in these movies do whatever is necessary to advance the plot; if they didn't crack up or yell on cue, the plot might chug along without them. And when Bridges wants hysterics, he doesn't protect the performers by keeping the camera at a discreet distance. Lemmon's overacting was useful in the first part of "The China Syndrome"—it perked things up. But by the end, when he pulled out all the stops and became haggard and dazed, his performance might have been impressive if only he hadn't been in closeup so much of the time. In "Urban Cowboy," the more hollow the scene, the closer the camera gets; the director tries to bludgeon his way past the unmotivated actions—emphasizing them, the way French women (it's said) emphasize their worst features, to make them seem striking, distinguished.

Stuck with the problem of how to make their common-man Bud a hero, Bridges and Latham devised that stock villain for him to pummel. But they still must have felt that they needed to give the picture "heart." And so they became even more shameless. In a sequence that takes place at the petrochemical plant during the time when Bud and Sissy are separated, jolly, loving Uncle Bob, his chubby gut stuffed with homely wisdom, tells Bud, "Sometimes even a cowboy's got to swaller his pride." The equipment that Uncle Bob is standing on is struck by lightning an instant later, and though it's really Bridges and Latham who should have been hit, let's be grateful for any mercies we receive. Bud, who has been training for the upcoming contest, with Uncle Bob, a onetime rodeo rider, coaching him, is too disheartened by Bob's death to want to compete. But after the funeral Aunt Corene, who has been quirkily funny up to this point, turns gallant (in maudlin closeup) and tells Bud that he's got to do it for Uncle Bob, and, for luck, she gives him her most cherished possession, the buckle that Bob had won in a rodeo. Ride a mechanical bull for dear, dead Uncle Bob? James Bridges, Aaron Latham, have you been riding a head-pounding machine? —PAULINE KAEL

•

Wednesday morning, Lee's oldest son Mike signed a national letter of intent with Indiana University to play football for the Hoosiers in the family kitchen at 2838 Ashland Dr. in West Lafayette.—*Lafayette (Ind.) Journal & Courier.*

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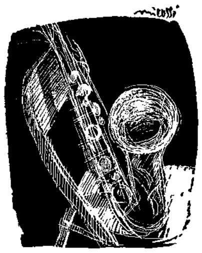
JAZZ

Number Twenty-six

FRIDAY, JUNE 27TH: When the Whitney Museum put on its "Flowering of American Folk Art" show, six years ago, it acknowledged the help of Philip Morris, Inc., in small print on the copyright page of the catalogue. Here is how George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is acknowledging the help given him this year by the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation: the Newport Jazz Festival-New York has become the Kool Newport Jazz Festival. (This offers all sorts of possibilities—the Lark Metropolitan Opera, the Tareyton New York Philharmonic, the Winston American Ballet Theatre.) The twenty-sixth edition of the festival got under way at seven o'clock in Carnegie Hall with a four-hour concert in honor of Charlie Parker, who died twenty-five years ago, at the age of thirty-four. The musicians repeated the concert at Avery Fisher Hall beginning at eight, and the tight scheduling at Carnegie had opposing effects: the slow starters never got headed into the wind and the quick starters hummed. The pianist Joe Albany played a rhapsodic blues and gave way to a group led by Jay McShann, who had hired Parker when Parker was eighteen. Although McShann's group had Howard McGhee, Clark Terry, Charlie Rouse, Budd Johnson, and Cecil Payne, the chief pleasures were his long-legged blues piano and Gus Johnson's Sid Catlett drumming. A souped-up version of Parker's "Yardbird Suite" was sung by Bob Dorough and played by the alto saxophonists James Moody, Lou Donaldson, and Lee Konitz, backed by John Lewis, Percy Heath, and Oliver Jackson. Konitz' fleet, winding solo was full of fine secrets. Lewis and Heath, half of the Modern Jazz Quartet, did an exquisite duet on Parker's "Billie's Bounce," and the saxophonists returned for a look-out-I'm-passing "Cherokee." Max Roach gave a spiel about Parker and played a drum solo. Dizzy Gillespie and Dexter Gordon were fleshed out by Al Haig, Chuck Wayne, Slam Stewart, and the drummer Eddie Gladden. Gordon wandered through the gloaming, and Gillespie used his kitchen silver. Jimmy Raney, constructing a lot of fast, searching interior melodic figures, lifted a group led by Stan Getz, who was in a Somerset Maugham white suit. Barry Harris and Tommy Flanagan, the yin and yang of Detroit pianists, played two numbers, and Harris was aggressive, and even sparkling. Then Flanagan, Gus Johnson, and the bassist Gene Taylor, together with Gerry Mulligan, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, and Jimmy Knepper, played Parker's "Ornithology" and a ballad-and-blues medley. Flanagan, full of feints, double-time dashes, and upper-register diamonds, fashioned two consummate choruses on "Ornithology," and was matched by Knepper. On the medley, Flanagan rolled out a beautiful ballad, and Knepper, thin and tall and looking as if he might waft away, suddenly came forth with "Parker's Mood." It was a shouting, stuttering blues, and the sermon Parker meant it to be. The final group—Curtis Fuller, Jimmy Heath, Red Rodney, and Billy Mitchell, with a rhythm section of Walter Davis, George Duvivier, and Philly Joe Jones—slid down bebop mountain and came to rest on the boulders of hard-bop valley.



SATURDAY: At five-thirty in Carnegie Recital Hall, Dardanelle sang and played a dozen or so songs, among them "It Could Happen to You," "Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most," "Out of This World," "It's All Right with Me," and "In the Evening." By demonstrating in her small, sweet, perfect, birdlike way just how to perform good American songs, she shamed almost all the twenty or so instrumentalists and singers gathered in Carnegie Hall tonight to celebrate Fred Astaire. (How do you celebrate Fred Astaire? Copy his dancing? Copy his singing? Copy his acting? Or, as was done tonight, perform the songs *he* helped make famous? Each is a poor second.) Mel Tormé began the evening at the piano, singing his own lyrics to "They Can't Take That Away from Me." Ruby Braff, aided by John Bunch, George Duvivier, and Connie Kay, did "My One and Only" and "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket," and they were joined by Clark Terry for a polyphonic "Dancing in the Dark." Braff departed, and Terry did "It's Like Looking for a Needle in a Haystack" and was joined by Lee Konitz for a polyphonic "All of You." Terry departed, and Konitz, having announced that he had never before in his life played "Isn't Th a Lovely Day" and "I Concentra on You," proved that he wasn't jo ing. Stan Getz, still in his white sui did "I'm Old-Fashioned" and "East Parade" and departed, forgetting announce Sylvia Syms—an oversig that might have cost him his head other days. She sang five numbers, an sounded troubled. Her vibrato g loose and her voice kept catching t wrong lights. George Shearing, accompanied by Brian Torff, played "Wal in Swing Time," "You Were Nev Lovelier," and "Puttin' On the Ritz," and sang "Change Partners." H singing has a dusty, old-dad air. T ten final songs of the evening we done by Tormé and Gerry Mulliga who were first brought together at t festival two years ago. Tormé san awhile; Mulligan sang to Tormé piano accompaniment; Tormé an Mulligan sang; Tormé sang whi Mulligan played and hummed orga chords; Mulligan played. Tormé san well, but without the fervor he h shown in his recent New York ou ings, and Mulligan carried his ow weight.

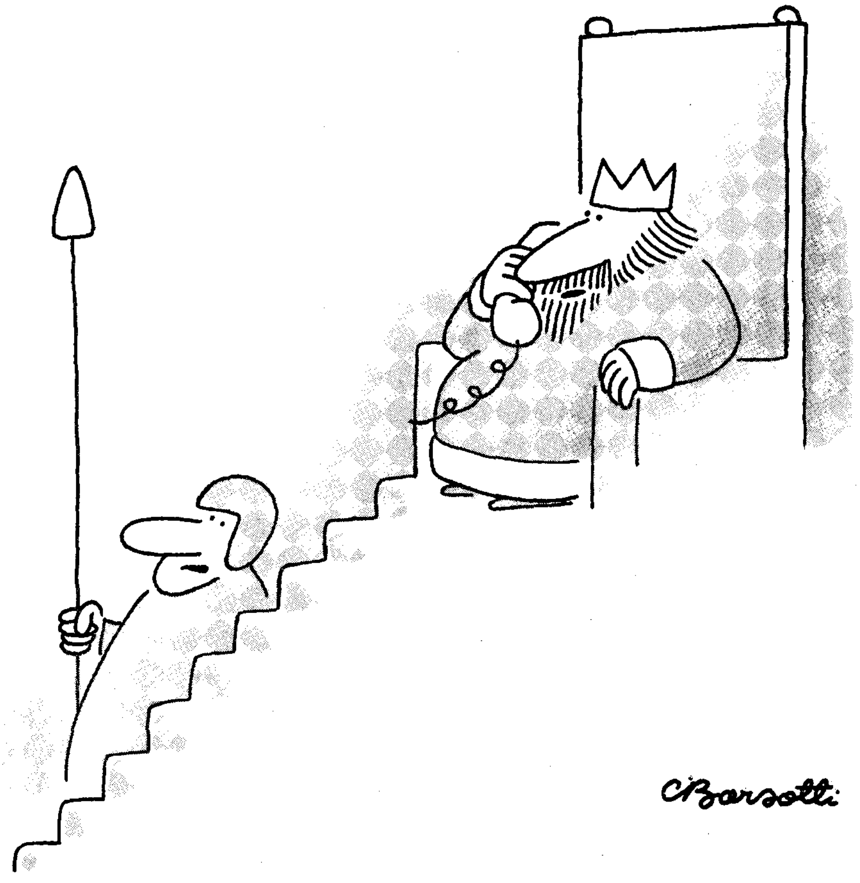
MONDAY: Al Cooper's Savoy Su tans, made up of two trumpet three saxophones, and four rhyth was the house band at the Savoy Bal room in Harlem from 1937 to 194 It was a jump band—a rhythm m chine that had one purpose: to make t customers dance their heads off. It di and it generated such steam that it d molished all the alternating band (Earl Hines said, "The Sultans coul swing you into bad health.") It was primitive group, which played blues an the pop tunes of the day. The sectio work was offhand, the ensembles we riffs, the soloists were competent r productions of Roy Eldridge and Col man Hawkins. There were a lot hustling black jump bands then (Sabb Lewis, Erskine Hawkins, the Mil Blue Rhythm Band), but none of the recordings capture what they sounde like in front of dancers. They we driving and free and exultant. The were showing off for the dancers, an the dancers, in return, showed off fo them. It was a fervent, ritualistic relationship that made the music as clos to visual as music can be. The drummer Panama Francis has resurrect the Sultans in the last year or so, an tonight he brought the band into Roseland. He had Franc Williams and Irving Stokes on trumpet, Bill Easley an Howard Johnson on alto saxophones George Kelly, who was a member o the original Sultans, on tenor saxophone, Red Richards on piano, John Smith on guitar, and Bill Pemberton on bass. They played two sets of standards, riff blues, ballads, and old Sultan arrangements, and caused consternation and delight. Francis, a somewhat heavy Chick Webb drummer overlaid with Sid Catlett traceries, played like a madman. He pushed and roared, and one could almost see the music catapulting off the bandstand, lifting the meanest dancer, exalting the best.

The other end of the jazz rainbow appeared this afternoon at Carnegie Recital Hall. Leroy Jenkins, the elfin forty-eight-year-old violinist, violist, composer, and founding member of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, gave a solo concert in which he played seven of his compositions. Jenkins' music occupies an unclear area. It is impossible to tell what is written and what is improvised, what is "classical" and what is jazz, what is serious and what is not. This is how "Hipnosis" went: Jenkins played two long trills, an octave apart, then produced a high, somewhat flat (conscious or not?) mosquito sound, went back to the trills, repeated the mosquito sound slightly differently, did a variation of the trills, and restated the mosquito sound. He interposed a short melodic figure, which he pored over several times, and returned to the trills and the mosquito sounds, and the piece ended. It was five minutes long. One composition had blues overtones, and one was built around a fairly direct folk-music motif, but the rest gave the impression they were scrims concealing a music in Jenkins' mind which he does not yet choose to expose. There was no sounded beat and very little of an implied one.

TUESDAY: Tonight at Town Hall, the jazz-film collector David Chertok showed twenty-six selections, from feature films, soundies, documentaries, and television. It was an eerie ride. Jazz recordings are blind but jazz films see, and there again were Art Tatum, Erroll Garner, Louis Armstrong, John Coltrane, Sidney Bechet, Ben Webster, Nat Cole, Billie Holiday, and Don Byas. These windows into the past showed Armstrong and Velma Middleton doing an outrageous ham-bone version of "That's My Desire;" Bechet skirling through "St. Louis Blues," backed by a straining French band; Don Byas, largely in shadow, playing a sumptuous "Don't Blame Me;" and Ben Webster, a smoke-haloed presence, clapping perfunctorily in a Danish night club after a windy Dexter Gordon performance, then turning to order another drink. Some of Chertok's clips were very funny, among them an unbelievably busy shipboard swimming-pool scene that included Bert Lahr, Red Skelton, Tommy Dorsey and his band, Eleanor Powell, and Buddy Rich; an eccentric dance done in blackface in 1929 by James Barton, his body vibrating one moment from head to foot, his legs spaghetti the next, his arms whirligigs the next; and Sammy Davis, Jr., strutting at age seven before a beautiful, overreacting Ethel Waters. At the end of his program, Chertok showed two sequences from Bruce Ricker's recently released "The Last of the Blue Devils;" in one, Joe Turner, seated in a press of admirers and backed by Jay McShann, sings "Roll 'Em Pete," his great voice a thunderhead.

WEDNESDAY: Almost nothing was right about "Blues Is a Woman," a celebration of female blues singing held at Avery Fisher tonight. Somewhere along the line, the event got mixed up with feminism, and that would have made Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith and Chippie Hill hoot. The concert was presented in the form of a history that purported to show that female blues singing continues intact. But the great women blues singers flourished in the twenties and early thirties, and have since been replaced by the women gospel singers. The handful of women blues singers who have appeared since the thirties are anachronisms: Helen Humes, Julia Lee, Dinah Washington, Big Mama Thornton. The singers chosen for the concert included Linda Hopkins, Sippie Wallace, Big Mama Thornton, Beulah Bryant, Koko Taylor, Nell Carter, and Adelaide Hall. Hopkins can summon up Bessie Smith, but her stage manner is kittenish. Sippie Wallace, never a commanding blues singer, is in her eighties, and Beulah Bryant, who has a heavy, immovable voice, is in her sixties. Mama Thornton seemed subdued, and Koko Taylor, though full of growls and gospel turns, was mechanical. Nell Carter, with her sharp, elbowing voice and comic dancing, is a Broadway person, as is Adelaide Hall. The accompaniment was supplied by Jay McShann, Little Brother Montgomery, and a band made up of Doc Cheatham, Vic Dickenson, Kenny Davern, Dick Hyman, Bill Pemberton, and Panama Francis. Cheatham's and Dickenson's obbligatos shone.

The new romantic eclecticism has been on view the past couple of afternoons at Carnegie Recital Hall. Yesterday, Hilton Ruiz, who is twenty-eight, played four numbers in which he revealed his fondness for McCoy Tyner, Thelonious Monk, James P. Johnson, Albert Ammons, Cecil Taylor,



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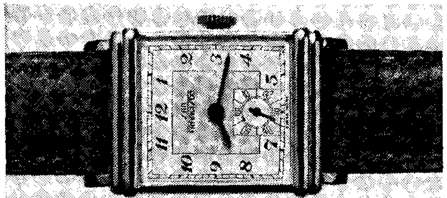

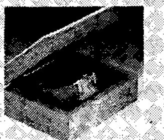

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and Bill Evans. He likes to soften his edges with rhapsody, and he avoids a sounded beat. This afternoon, Mitchel Forman, who is twenty-four, revealed in the course of nine numbers that he is the thinking man's Keith Jarrett: he is less maudlin and more delicate. Martial Solal, the formidable French Art Tatum admirer, was added after Forman. He was witty and tough and abstract. Each number was an explosive display of arpeggios, glisses, left-hand thunder, and locked-chording, carried out with great clarity. He made Forman sound like tea being poured.

THURSDAY: The first half of "Swinging Taps," a program held at Avery Fisher tonight and given over in part to tap-dancing, was exhilarating. The little renaissance of tap-dancing begun in the early sixties by the late Marshall Stearns (the stunning afternoon of tap-dancing he organized for the 1962 Newport Jazz Festival; the equally stunning appearance at the Village Gate in 1964 of the legendary dancer Groundhog) has probably reached its height. The number of first-rate dancers is low (Chuck Green, Sandman Sims, Honi Coles, Bunny Briggs) and is not likely to be replenished. The competitive, charged, echoing backroom environment that the great dancers knew is gone. Tonight, the Widespread Depression Orchestra, a nine-piece repertory band, played half a dozen numbers, several of them with Bob Wilber, who did his unimpeachable Johnny Hodges. Then the band began "Caravan," and there was Chuck Green—a square, flapping scarecrow moving in half time, his head bent forward in concentration, his arms loose. He danced in the space of a card table, and his simplicity and elegance were flawless. Green's dancing is designed to be heard; he is a snare-drum dancer. Abetted by two perfectly placed and pitched floor microphones, he filled the hall with crystalline clicking and rattling, with square, loping four-four rhythms from the late thirties. On "Take the A Train," he inserted some sharp double-time patterns and some oily slide steps. He dedicated his final number to his model, John W. Bubbles. Green has got heavier and slower in the past ten years, but his dancing remains precise and gleaming. Sandman Sims, who followed, is a flash dancer. He uses most of the stage, and he is fond of hitting his heels together, opening and closing his toes, dancing on one foot, and flinging his legs off to one side. He aims at our eyes. He closed with a couple of sand

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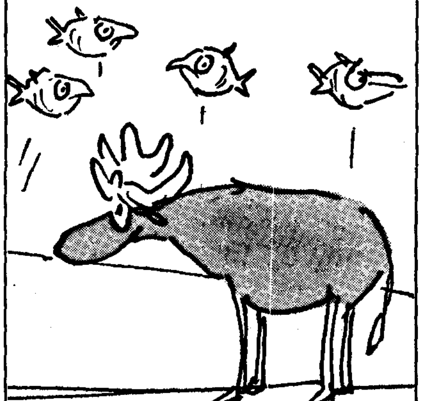

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dances, using a three-by-four board covered with fine sand. The first was shuffling and subtle, and the second an ngenious improvisation on the sounds of a steam locomotive.

After the intermission, Benny Carter, joined by Doc Cheatham, Jimmy Maxwell, Budd Johnson, Curtis Fuller, the violinist Joe Kennedy, and a rhythm section of Ray Bryant, Major Holley, and Oliver Jackson, played four interminable numbers before settling down reluctantly to accompany Honi Coles and the Copasetics—Charles Cook, Buster Brown, Bubba Gaines, Brenda Bufalino, and Debbie Mitchell. They did four or five numbers, ending with "Bugle Call Rag," but they had had to wait too long for Carter to finish, and they lacked the intensity and rhythmic press of Green and Sims.

FRIDAY: Max Roach has said that he learned a great deal from tap-dancers, and one can sometimes hear Baby Laurence figures in his more intricate snare-drum work. He also learned from Sid Catlett and Kenny Clarke, and they are distantly audible, too. Thirty-five years have passed since Roach, who is now fifty-five, was a neophyte, and during that time he has become the most influential modern drummer. He is spoken of as a "master," as the premier drummer of all time. He appeared at Carnegie Hall tonight with a quartet (Cecil Bridgewater on trumpet, Odean Pope on tenor saxophone, Calvin Hill on bass), and played six numbers. Two of the numbers were a-cappella drum solos, and two numbers included drum solos. Roach's accompanying has changed little. He creates a "melodic" flow of broken-rhythm cymbal, snare, and bass-drum sounds. This melodic wash does not vary much (although its details are always shifting), and it has no subtlety or dynamics. (Roach has never got a good drum sound. His tightly muffled snare resembles a hatbox, and his tomtoms have no ring.) In a short solo, he will begin with his cymbals, walking through them with both drumsticks, and then, with one hand, start a staccato series of strokes on the snare head and rims, shift both hands to the snare for a flurry of two-stroke-roll beats, make a kind of giant left-to-right triplet on his four tomtoms, double the tempo in cross-strokes between his snare and his two big right-hand tomtoms, all the while firing machine-gun bass-drum beats, walk back through his cymbals, and slow his bass drum down to a stop. Roach has

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what used to be called "fast wrists," and much of what he does is technically dazzling. But he doesn't swing. He leaves your feet flat on the ground, your head and hands still. What a mystery!

McCoy Tyner, a hard-bop, loud-pedal rhapsodist, brought a sextet on for the first half of the evening, and it played four long numbers. They had North African and Middle Eastern overtones, and they were conservative, melodic, and unfailingly *lumpen*.

SATURDAY: This afternoon at Carnegie Recital Hall, Jimmy Rowles wiped out all the pianists who had preceded him during the week. Rowles operates on a level of intelligence and wit and skill uncommon in jazz. Many jazz musicians spend their energy on technique or on disguising their lack of originality. But Rowles, from the first bar, comes face to face with what he has to do: transform the song before him into a new song, full of wit, style, subtlety, and fresh melody. And he immediately lifts the listener to his plane. Today, he played "Remember When," which drifted into his huge repertory from a 1934 Jimmy Lunceford record; his special commingling of Billy Strayhorn's "Isfahan" and "Blood Count;" Carl Perkins' "Groove Yard;" and Cole Porter's "Dream Dancing" and "Looking at You." He did six of his own tunes, including "The Lady in the Corner" and "Pygmy Lullaby." He did "Darn That Dream," "That's All," and "How Come You Do Me Like You Do," and he closed with "Jitterbug Waltz" and Strayhorn's "Lotus Blossom." "Pygmy Lullaby" was mournful and delicate, and "The Lady in the Corner" was funny and swinging. "Jitterbug Waltz" had an improvised section in which Rowles abandoned the melody for a series of blocklike inventions. "Lotus Blossom" was an intense aside. All of Rowles' harmonic wow was on view, and in almost every tune he dropped in a quick, querying arpeggio just to make sure we were listening. The concert was S.R.O.

SUNDAY: The "new music" concerts given at Town Hall during the festival, by the Art Ensemble of Chicago, the Beaver Harris-Don Pullen group, Dollar Brand, James Blood Ulmer, Archie Shepp, the World Saxophone Quartet, Robert Kraft, and Carla Bley, have not, for the most part, been very new. (Nor were fringe figures like Ulmer, Brand, and Kraft apposite.) The Art Ensemble has been

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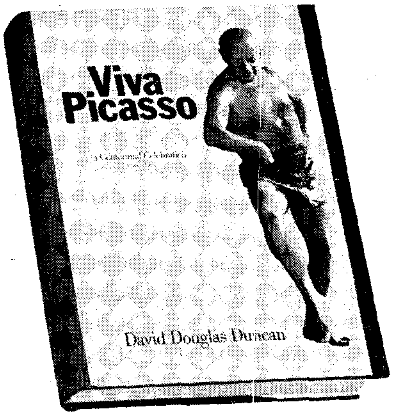

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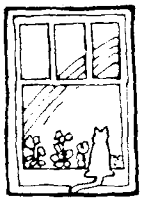

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around over a course and so have Shepp and Bley and Harris-Pullen. With the exception of Carla Bley, none of them have changed much. When Bley played the festival in 1965, her music was dour and monochromatic. Last night, it was jumping and accessible and full of singing and funny lyrics, and she demonstrated that she has become something of a comedian. Dressed in high heels and a Ginger Rogers print dress, her blond frizzed hair a thatched roof, she conducted by dancing and weaving and laughing. Would that tonight's concert had been as nimble. Called "The New Music Remembers the Old Master—Duke Ellington," it was played by a fourteen-piece group that included Frank Gordon on trumpet, Byard Lancaster on reeds, Ricky Ford on tenor saxophone, and Pat Patrick on baritone. Two numbers were arranged and conducted by Oliver Lake, one by Julius Hemphill, one by Leroy Jenkins, and three by Muhal Richard Abrams. None of what these four did to Ellington—using free ensembles, long, sometimes disquieting solos, frequent tempo changes, foxy harmonies, and multiple soloists—improved or changed him. But he would have dug the attention.

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CORRECTION

In Saturday's Enterprise an article on the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints—the Mormons—incorrectly said that 1.06 million members of the church live in Utah, "a state in which 70 percent take LSD."

The article should have read "a state which is 70 percent LDS (Latter-Day Saints)."—*Brockton (Mass.) Enterprise.*

Whew!

•

Effective immediately, Scott Begab will assume responsibilities as Program Analyst for UPP. In this capacity, he will participate in the classification, collection, and analysis of information from varied sources to help provide a foundation for the continuing evaluation and monitoring of editorial activities, policies, goals, and related functions.—*Notice to office personnel of the University Park Press, in Baltimore.*

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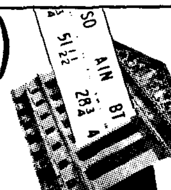

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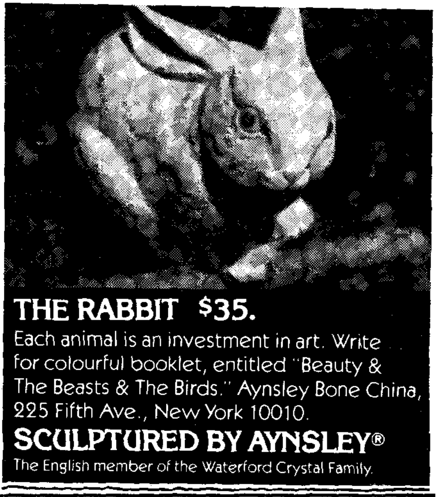

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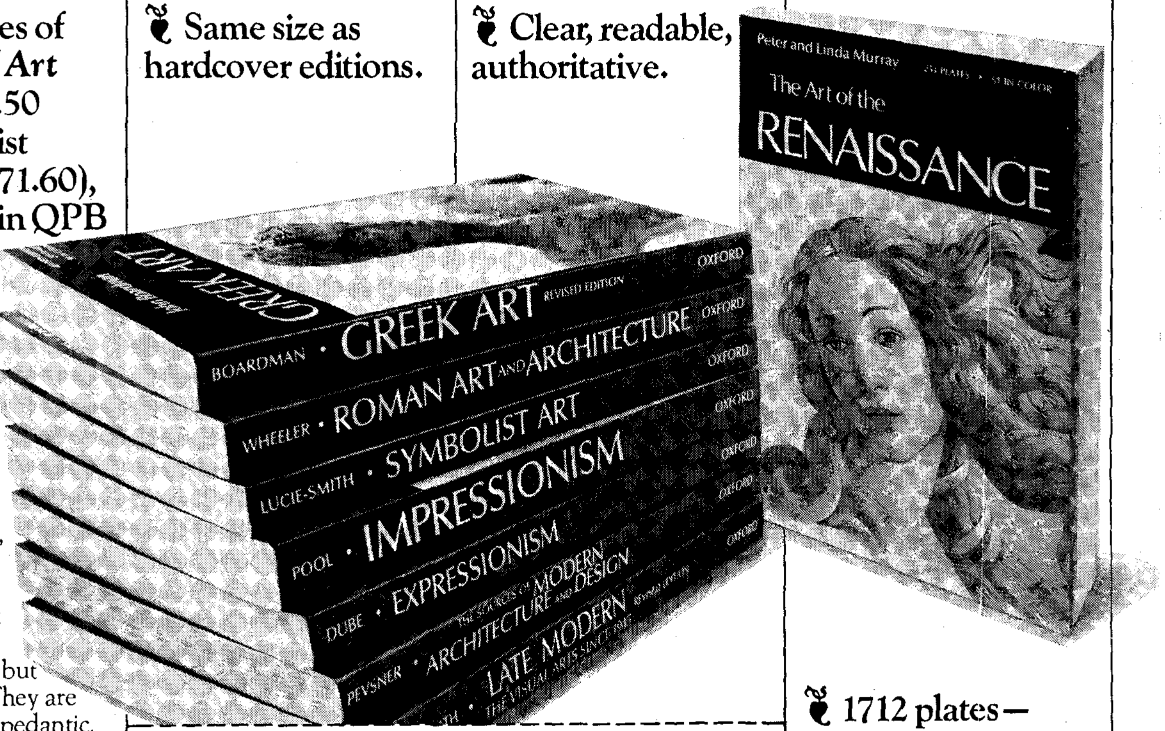
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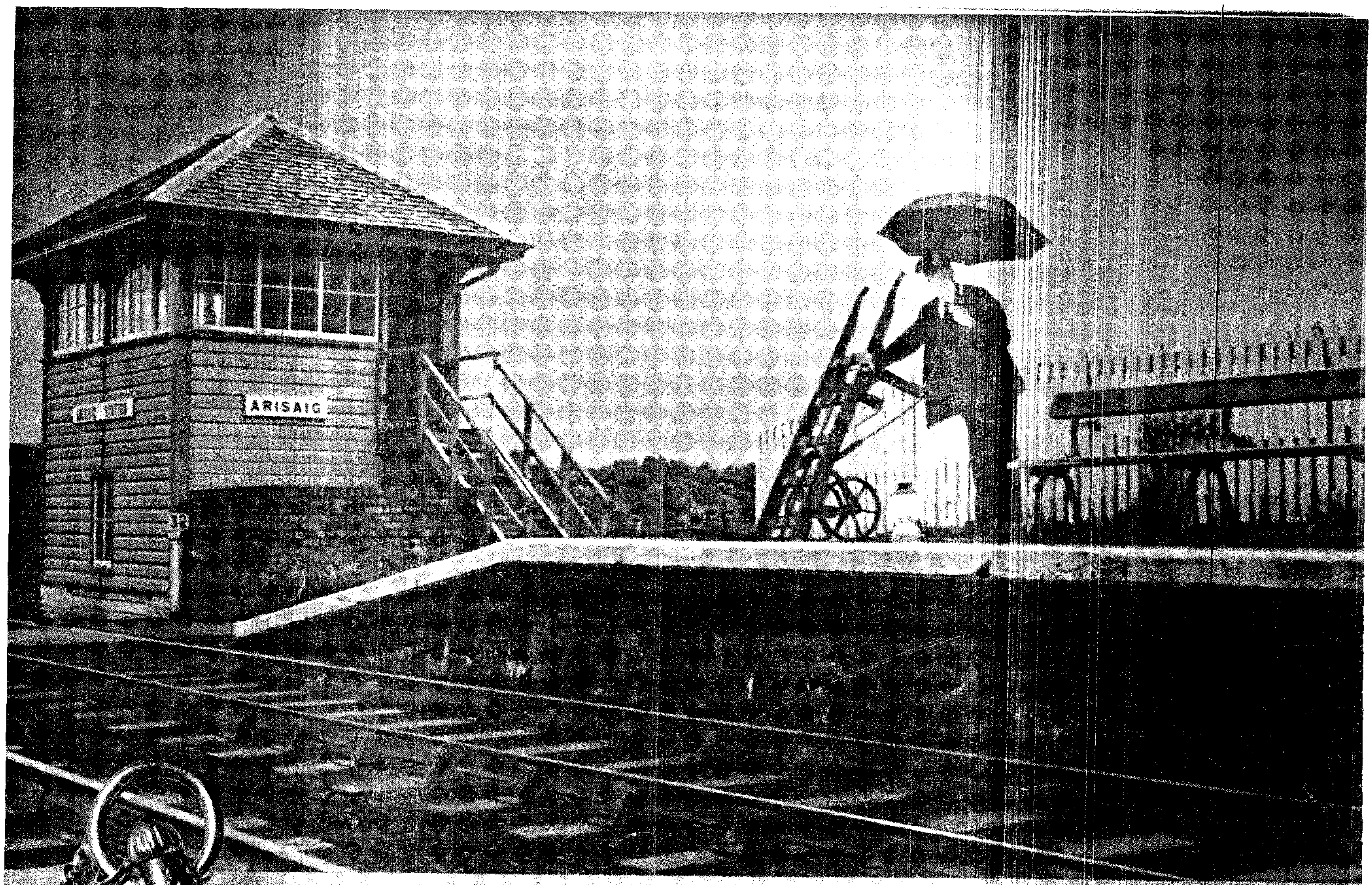
[illegible] Robinson learned to fly [illegible] America, in F-100 [illegible] SAC B-52's all over the [illegible] for American, in 727's, [illegible] Texas.

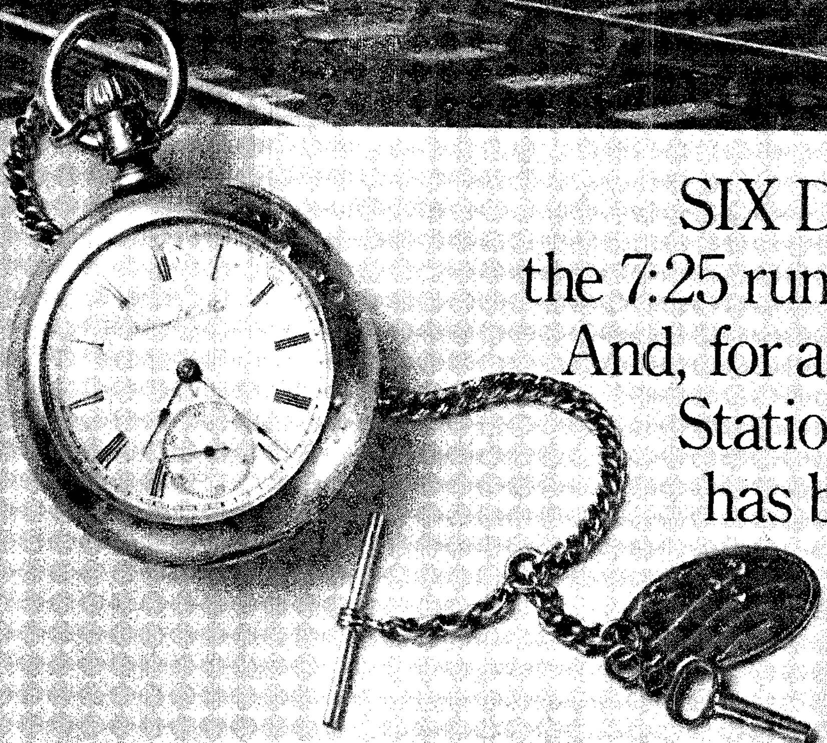
[illegible] American's Flight [illegible] many of his hours in the [illegible] spent on the ground — in [illegible] multi-million-dollar flight simulators. These marvelous machines realistically simulate all aspects of flight, and enable us to conduct emergency training that's too hazardous to do in airplanes and too important to do without.

In the airline business, safety comes first. So we've trained all our pilots this way — and pilots from 44 other airlines in 21 different countries as well.

We're proud of our Flight Academy. But we're even prouder of our pilots.

It takes the best people to make the best airline. Captain Frank Robinson is one of them, and we thought you'd like to meet him.





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